

Symmon's Aeneasis of
Vigil, VOL-1

1820


Sms.
Librarian

Uttarpara Joykrishna Public Library
Govt. of West Bengal

PREFACE.

In the revision of the following pages, on their second passage through the press, I have done what I could to render them less unworthy, I will not say of the public approbation but, of the public pardon; and I conceive that they are now brought nearer to that state of relative perfection, in which I have been solicitous to place them before the reading community of Britain. The alterations in them, however, which I have been induced to make, are not either so numerous, or of so important a na-

ture; as sensibly to affect the great body of the poem; and it is believed that the possessors of the former edition will not regard the value of their property as materially diminished in consequence of the small verbal changes which may be discoverable in this.

In the task of revising my work, I have been principally assisted by the judgment of my son, John Symmous; whose taste has been refined to pure Atticism by an intimate intercourse with the great authors of Greece; and to whom, as my assessor in the present instance, I avow my obligations with the just pride of a father. In the correction of my *Aeneis*, I have also been aided by my public critics, whose exposure of a few of my smaller delinquencies has made them more obviously the subjects of my remark. To these critics I ought, perhaps, to profess myself indebted for something more than the discovery of my faults;

for the praise which they have awarded to me has certainly not been light, or destitute of value in my appreciation. But, wholly separated from me as they are, and shrouded from my eye by impenetrable darkness, they could decide upon my work under no other influence than that of their sense of truth; and, by the consciousness of fulfilled duty, they must be raised above my thanks. In the intercourse indeed of justice, thanks are neither expected nor due: but by the honest conduct of these intelligent critics I have been gratified; and, pleased with their praise, I will not quarrel or dispute with their censure. The charge of latinizing, however, which they prefer against me, I will allow myself just to notice, that I may produce, for my defense, as an occasional borrower from a language more harmonious and powerful than my own, the defense of Dryden when he was exposed to a similar accusation; and may thus bring that great man to plead as the advocate of our common cause. “I will not

excuse, but justify myself," says the illustrious poet in his preface to his *Aeneis*, " for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems, that I latinize too much. It is true: but when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin nor any other language; but when I want at home, I must seek abroad. If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I spend in England. Here it remains and here it circulates; for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessities: but if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires orna-

ment; and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables. Therefore, if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalized; and, if the public approves of it, the bill passes."—If, seduced, then, by my affection for these high-born and vocal aliens, I have erred in my frequent preference of classic words, I have erred with the most eminent of all the improvers of our language; and, in such society, error itself can scarcely be the subject of a blush. But I must withdraw even from the shadow of controversy the remaining portion of my small sheet, that I may consecrate it to the better feelings of my heart. Let me now, then, say that there is a public writer, of extended celebrity throughout the political and the literary world, to whom my thankfulness is largely due, and to whom I am happy in this opportunity of avowing the magnitude of my obligation. Acquainted with me, originally, only by my publications, and conciliated solely by his partial estimation of their merits, the

Proprietor of the SUN paper, has uniformly encouraged me with his plaudit; and, in the circulation of his popular pages, my name has been agitated into life. Unfeud and unsolicited, without the hope of any other recompense than that which he derived from his own approbation, and, let me add, with a high disdain of that party spirit, which in these bad days has arrayed man against man and son brother from brother, he has devoted, not his paragraphs but, his columns to the display of my poor Muse; and has hazarded the established reputation of his own literary judgment, whilst he has been placing wreaths upon her unrespected brow. For all this kindness,

..... *Grates persolvere dignas*

Non opis est nostra.

If, in the train of the Mantuan bard, I could hope to visit posterity, it would be gratifying to me to think that by eyes, yet with-

held by interposing centuries from the light,
this small record of my gratitude would be
read, and the name of JOHN TAYLOR be seen
thus closely associated with that of

CHARLES SYMMONS.

MARCH 20,

1820.



PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

— — —

A DISSERTATION on heroic poetry could no where be more properly in its place than in an introduction to the *Æneis*. But, having been so frequently and so popularly treated by the critics of France and of our own country, the subject is now in the possession of the general reader; and I could not offer the compensation of novelty for the attention which I should exact, and the time which I might consume. This prefatory discourse shall be confined, therefore, to my author and to my translation; and if I cannot make it interesting, I will endeavour to prevent it from being long.

The action of an epic poem, as is universally allowed, must be great, that it may gratify the ambition of the mind; and its fable (or the complication of its incidents) must be entire and one, that it may not distract the attention, and may supply that pleasure which is always produced by the contemplation of a perfect whole, constituted by justness of proportion and accuracy of adaptation. In the *Æneis* are combined greatness of action and unity of fable. It exhibits a hero, the survivor of the wreck of his country, proceeding, under the immediate guidance of Hea-

ven, to establish his gods and his dominion in a distant region, where he is to plant the germ of an empire, destined in after ages to overshadow a large portion of the earth: and the component incidents of this magnificent action are so artificially complicated as to form a single and complete piece; to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be subtracted without essential injury to the symmetry of its parts, and the result of its entire combination. In full correspondence with this admirable disposition of the whole is the excellency of all its subordinate portions. Throughout the Æneis, the agents, divine and human, are justly adapted to the conduct of the action: the effect is uniformly in strong connexion with the cause: the sentiments are always proper; and the diction is every where poetic, dignified, exquisite, and harmonious. The Æneis has generally been regarded as a political poem, the object of which was to reconcile the countrymen of the poet to the new imperial government of the Cæsars; and, in pursuance of this idea, the endeavours of ingenious men have been exerted to discover in its hero the latent person of Augustus, and to prove that the Trojan chief, who is proposed, as they tell us, for the model of a perfect legislator, was intended to be the direct representative of the Roman emperor. Since I was capable of reflecting upon the subject, I have uniformly considered this assignment of purpose to the Æneis as altogether visionary: and I am now happy that I can adduce the opinion of the learned and able Heyne, in the support of my own, against a theory, which has, in truth, nothing on which it can rest but the fancies of those who have advanced it. Between the characters of Æneas and Augustus there is not to be traced the smallest lineament of resemblance: in the events

of their lives there is an equal dissimilarity; and, from the whole poem, not a single passage can be brought in evidence of its author's preference of the imperial to the republican government. With the texture of his great work, the subject of which he unquestionably chose with a reference, generally, to Rome and, specifically, to the Julian family, the poet has interwoven much of the history of the former, and much splendid allusion to the exploits and fortunes of the latter. But, having given to his poem this Roman determination, and having thus made it his occasional altar of incense to his imperial patron, he certainly never dreamt of forming it into a great machine, like his own wooden horse, for the accomplishment of a concealed purpose; or of carrying it beyond its professed and ostensible subject, the settlement of the Trojans under Æneas in Italy. They, therefore, who, following Bossu and some of the other French critics, affect to find more profundity in his design, are assuredly the dupes of their own misdirected ingenuity. For the casket, floating on the surface, they dive with perverse labour into the deep; and thence, to compensate their exertions, bring up nothing but party-coloured shells, and unprofitable weeds. The Æneis, indeed, seems to advance no particular pretensions to the denomination of a political poem; and, if I were compelled to designate its general object and character either as political or religious, I should undoubtedly discriminate them as the latter. In the proposition of the subject of the poem, it is the religion, not the laws, of Troy which the hero, pre-eminently denoted as pious, is to establish in Italy. *Inserretque deos Latio*, are the words of the poet on this occasion; and, soon afterwards, we find the chieftain describing himself as the pious Æneas, who under the

direction of Heaven was transporting his household gods, whom he had saved from the enemy, to the country assigned to him by the Fates. He prays and he fights: but nowhere, unless it be during his temporary residence in Crete, does he legislate; and in Crete he performs only the common duties of the founder of a colony. All the great actions of the poem are accomplished by divine agency; and the leader's conduct is every where influenced and instructed by the predictions of ghosts and of seers; by omens, by prodigies, and by oracles. Can the character of a poem, with such a professed object, such a hero, and such a course of action, be properly regarded as political? If the design of the poet was really to read a political lecture to his countrymen, and to propose in his Æneas the perfect model of a legislator, where are we to discover any evidence of his intention? and by what means are we to ascertain the nature of that political creed which he inculcates, or by which he regulates his own faith? If he pays some illnstrions compliments to the head of the Julian house, be it not forgotten that the chiefs also of the republic share largely in his praise; and that the elder Brutus and the Catos, the Decii and the Fabii, the Scipios, and even the popular Gracchi, assert their due proportion in his pages of honest panegyric. Wherever any opportunity is suggested to her, the Muse of Maro is warm in the cause of freedom; and, if indeed she were instructed to be the advocate of that of usurpation and imperial despotism, it must be confessed that she has betrayed her retainer; and, with splendid faithlessness, has deserted to the adversary. But although these profound divers into inanity, these men who can see what is visible only to themselves, are formidable from their numbers, and still more from

their talents; though of our own countrymen, Dryden and Pope, Warburton and Hurd, are in their ranks, their united powers cannot throw a doubt upon the question; or make us hesitate finally to dismiss it as altogether unworthy of any further consideration.

At the period of its production, in the meridian pride of Roman literature and taste, the *Aeneis* was hailed as one of the most successful efforts of the human mind; and as contesting the palm of victory with the great epic of Greece, "the tale of Troy divine." While learning continued in any degree to be cultivated by Rome, the *Aeneis* lost no portion of its original celebrity; and, on the subversion of that empire, the eternity of which it had so fondly predicted, it passed, in consequence of a species of sanctity attached by admiration to its character, not only safely but, proudly through those stormy and dark ages which subsequently overwhelmed Europe, together with almost all the monuments of her ancient renown. When literature revived in the fourteenth century, the *Aeneis* once more became the theme of tuneful tongues; and all the illustrious wits of Italy, with Dantè and Petrarch at their head, proposed it as their model of imitation, and offered to its author the richest incense of their praise. Well then might it be imagined, that what had thus excited the wonder of such a series of ages, distinguished as they were by such a diversity of character, would be secure in its possession of fame; and would reach the remotest limits of time in a state of unassaulted supremacy. It has, however, been assailed by the cavils of modern criticism; and an attempt has been made, by a general charge of deficiency in the prime poetic requisite of invention, to

degrade it to a subordinate rank, among the productions of human genius. The assertion of Maerobius, (in his "Saturnalia," written in the fourth century, under the Emperor Honorius,) that two of its finest books were borrowed almost wholly from the compositions of Pisander and Apollonius Rhodius, has been echoed from one trivial mouth to another, whilst the numerous imitations of the Greek poets, which sparkle throughout its pages, have been adduced to aggravate the effect of this alarming disclosure; and thus altogether to lower the proud epic of Rome into something little more than a compilation; demonstrative, indeed, of a mind possessing taste, but destitute of native energy and resource. On the admission of these charges, which, as far as they are of a criminal nature, are all open to refutation, we might still confidently assert that the *Aeneis* was the offspring of a powerful and original intellect, and we might assert it without the fear of offensive contradiction. It has been observed by Aristotle (the subject of whose remarks was principally the drama) that the most difficult part of the poet's labour was the construction of his fable; and that more had failed in this prime portion of their work than in any other. What the sagacity of this transcendent critic suggested to him on this topic, has been demonstrated to be true by the experience of all ages, from his own to the present; and, on the evidence of the event, that power of mind, which can combine the various incidents of a great action into one just and perfect whole, must be regarded as of rarer occurrence than that which can either delineate character, or exhibit sentiment, or supply the colouring of diction. For the proof of this assertion, we need not wander from our own country as it exists in our own times:

for, affluent as it is in writers of poetic fancy, it has not produced one who has shown himself equal to the construction of a poetic fable. Now the *Aeneis* must be admitted to be a grand structure, in the formation of which this presiding faculty of mind has been exerted with the most unquestionable success. Every part of the magnificent edifice has been so disposed by the hand of the consummate architect as to fall into one great plan, and perfectly to combine the charm of variety with the impression of unity. Of this praise it is impossible to deprive the *Aeneis*; and with this, associated with his supreme mastery of poetic diction, it will not be easy to dispossess its author of that high rank among the sons of the Muse to which he has been elevated by the unanimous suffrage of so many successive generations. But if we examine the charges which have been alledged against him, they will be discovered either to be false, or to be inadequate to the purposes of their adduction. The same writer, who asserts that the whole of the second book of the *Aeneis* is taken from Pisander, affirms also that the whole of the fourth is, in like manner, derived from Apollonius. Now, although the poem of Pisander be unfortunately lost, that of Apollonius is preserved; and we can determine, from our knowledge of the fact, that, whatever Macrobins may advance upon the subject, the obligations of the fourth book to the Argonautics are very inconsiderable. Might we not reasonably, then, infer, that the testimony, which stands convicted of error in one instance, was equally defective in the other; and that as, without Apollonius, Dido might have loved, have been deserted, and have immolated herself on the funeral pile; so, without the suggestions of Pisander, Troy might have flamed, Priam have been slain, Creusa have

perished, and Anchises have been carried through the burning city upon the shoulders of his son. This, I say, we might fairly have inferred from the evidence alone of Apollonius, as it positively contradicts the unqualified assertion of Macrobius. But it is made more than probable, by the learned investigation of Heyne, that the whole of what is affirmed by this grammarian, respecting the pillage of Pisanter's page, is the falsehood (strange as it may seem) either of gross ignorance, or of inaccoutable and almost incomprehensible inadvertency. Of the only two poetical Pisanders of whom any record is to be found, and to one of whom Macrobius must necessarily refer, the more ancient lived about the time of Hesiod, and the more modern towards the close of the second century, under the reign of Alexander Severus. To the former, of these time-sundered writers, one poem alone in two books, on the exploits of Hercules, is ascribed by the concurring voice of antiquity; and to the latter, a much larger poem, comprehending the whole compass of the fabulons history of Greece. In the first of these compositions it is impossible that the second taking of Troy could be noticed; but of the last it would naturally form a part of the multifarious subject. Clear, therefore, is it almost to demonstration that, from the most extraordinary and rash ignorance, Macrobius has confounded a writer, not very far removed from his own days, with a writer very remotely ancient; and has thus perversely imputed, as the effect of a robbery, to Virgil, what most probably was taken from his own page. Pisander, then, must be thrown entirely out of the question; and, even without this strong refutation of their defamer, any competent reader of those unrivalled compositions (the secoud and fourth books of the *Aeneis*) must be so

forcibly impressed with the characters of original geniis, stamped upon their entire substance, as confidently to pronounce them to be the results of one great and inventive intellect. The clay, of which they are formed, might be dug from any field; but their symmetry was modelled and the breath of animation infused into them by the great Promethens of Rome. The improbable tale of the wooden horse was obtained by Virgil, as there can be no doubt, from the *Odyssey*, in which it is first found, and from the Cyclic poets, as they are called, or the old ballad singers of Greece, with whom probably it was a favourite theme. But how wonderfully does it rise into importance under his management; and with what surprising artifice has he attached probability to a fiction, which, in its naked absurdity, could only repel belief and be the subject of ridicule?

It is impossible, then, not to regard the large body of the *Aeneis* as an original production, in the full and legitimate sense of the term: but can no evidence be drawn from it in any way to convict its author of a barrenness of poetic invention? In the first half of this immortal poem, the *Odyssey*, as we are told, is followed, as is the *Ilias* in the last. *Aeneas*, in short, wanders as *Ulysses* did before him; and is instructed to fight by the example of *Achilles*. Of the first six books, however, of the *Aeneis*, one only, as passed upon the seas, and one, as conversant with the regions of the dead, can be regarded in any way as connected with the adventures of *Ulysses*. Now, in the first of these books, a single incident alone of any consequence, that of the Cyclops, is transferred from the Grecian page; and in the last of them, the idea is so changed, so enlarged, so sublimed, and

so adapted to the poet's peculiar and magnificent purpose, as fairly to claim the merit of the proudest originality. In the sixth of the *Aeneis*, the description of Tityus and the silence of Dido are the chief, if not the sole, circumstances derived from the Necyomantia (or the evocation of the dead) in the eleventh *Odyssey*; whilst all the scenery of Elysium, with the glorious vision which is there exhibited, is the undivided and gorgeous property of the Roman poet. In the last six books of the *Aeneis* there are, as in the *Ilias*, a catalogue of the forces, a Vulcanian shield, and a battle terminating in a single combat between the leaders of the hostile armies. But all these facts are so diversified, so appropriated, so originalized (if I may thus express myself) by the inventive faculty of the more modern artist, as justly to be placed to the credit of his wealth, and not to be adduced for the demonstration of his indigence. If the catalogue in the seventh book, beautiful and rich in poetry as it is, must be confessed to be inferior, in some respects, to the catalogue in the *Ilias*, we must look at the inferior materials, from which it is fabricated; and then we shall not withhold our wonder from the powers of the poet, which could raise it into any competition with the muster-roll of Greece. In the *Aeneis*, the forces of a few towns, or rather villages, of Latium and the small neighbouring states, are all which are to be arrayed: but, in the *Ilias*, the ten myriads of warriors, raised by the combination of the numerous communities of Greece, stand before the bard to be ordered and described. The whole of the former also, as it must be recollectcd, with the exception of a few ancient names, is an emanation from the mind of the poet; whilst in the latter, tradition at least, if not written documents, supplied the subjects of the recording verse. In their respective

catalogues, therefore, whatever may be the relative merit of these pieces, the exhibition of the inventive faculty must be acknowledged to be greater in the Roman than in the Grecian poet; and on this we may decide without referring to the second catalogue (that of the Tuscan auxiliaries) which altogether belongs to the former.

With respect to the Vulcanian armour, given to the heroes of the two poems, the shield of Achilles, with all its exquisite beauties, must be admitted by the most zealous admirers of Homer to be a subordinate production to that of Æneas; accommodated as this is to the grand purpose of the poet, and charged with a glowing outline of the Roman history, from the founder of the city to the establisher of the empire. And here by the way it may be remarked, that the Vulcan of the Roman epic is a being of a higher order and more godlike dignity than the Vulcan of the Grecian; and that the forge of the god of fire in the former, with his Cyclopean servants and their terrific labours, far exceeds, in sublime and awful effect, whatever is to be found upon the subject in the latter.

If the battles in the *Æneis*, which occupy a relatively small portion of the poem, be examined with attention, they will be discovered to be essentially distinguished, by their incidents and general character, from those in the *Ilias*. Horses and chariots, swords and javelins, are the instruments of fight in one poem as in the other; but in this inevitable resemblance alone will the wars on the Phrygian and on the Latian plain be found to be alike. In the ninth book of the *Æneis* it is true that two chiefs open and defend the gates of their fortified camp, like

Polypœtes and Leonteus in the twelfth of the *Ilias*: but the result of their adventure is altogether different; and the attempt of Nisus and Euryalus, to penetrate to their absent leader through the besieging host, cannot be compared with the enterprise of Dolon, though their exploits may be likened to those of Dionied and Ulysses. In the tenth book, the conflict is quite of a new species, between a disembarking army endeavouring to seize upon the shore and an army contending to defend it. The eleventh is occupied with an equestrian combat, of which Homer could not supply the example; and the twelfth, in which Turnus falls by the spear of Æneas, as Hector, in the twenty-second of the *Ilias*, bleeds beneath that of Achilles, is diversified with so many unexpected, yet probable, changes of fortune, as to be rich in excellence unborrowed from any alien page.

To descend more into detail on this occasion would, probably, be thought tedious: but there is one observation in which I must indulge before I take my leave of the subject. The almost inexhaustible fancy, with which Homer diversifies his pictures of war, has been the frequent and just topic of admiration. He certainly fights his battles like a master: his heroes perish by an endless variety of wounds; and his combats, always arrayed in new circumstances, rise one above another with an augmentation of horror. If we examine, however, the epic of the Mantuan, we shall be compelled to confess that, in the effect of variety, it greatly, on the whole, exceeds that of the Grecian poet. Each book of the *Æneis*, with much intrinsic diversity, forms a striking contrast, though each is precisely in its proper place, with that which is next to it; and the mind, alternately agitated and composed, is perpetually transported

into new scenery and circumstances ; which at one time amuse the imagination, and at another awaken the passions. If the truth of this assertion could be questioned, we might confidently appeal to the arguments of the several books of the poem, and to the feelings of every reader, for its perfect establishment.

But if neither in the entire fabric of the *Aeneis*, nor in its great constituent parts, are discoverable the proofs of deficient invention, where beside are we to look for them ? In the paucity, as we are told, of its characters; in its few original similes; and its numerous imitations, or translations, from the poets of Greece ? In the *Aeneis*, as it is allowed, the characters are fewer, and perhaps less finely discriminated than in the *Ilias*. But the agents of Virgil are equal to their allotted parts in the action; and if we contemplate the characters of *Aeneas* and *Dido*, of *Turnus* and *Mezentius*, of *Lausus* and *Camilla*, of *Latinus* *Amata*, and *Drances*, we must surely pronounce that their poetic creator cannot justly be arraigned of defective invention.

That few only of the similes of Virgil are original, and that he may perpetually be tracked in the epic and dramatic pages of Greece, are facts which his admirers may be as little desirous of concealing, as he seems himself to have been ambitious of displaying. With opinions, on the subject of original composition, different from those of some of the poets of the present age, he conceived that by a masterly use of the material he made it substantially his own; and that, by adapting it to the embellishment of his work, he lost no more of his credit as a poet or an inventor,

than an architect would of his, as a designer, by adjusting a marble from an ancient temple to a place in his dome or colonnade. We must recollect, also, that the Roman literature was wholly derived from that of Greece: that the first poets of Rome did little more than translate from their Grecian masters: that her youth were trained in the schools, and their taste, of course, was altogether formed on the models of the elder country; and that, in the brightest hour of her genius, a happy imitation of a Greek poet, or an allusion which recalled to the mind of the reader some beauty, the object of his early admiration, was productive of a distinct and superior pleasure. This, at least, we may strongly infer from the practice of all her bards, in her golden age of composition. From the few wrecks of the lyric poetry of Greece which have floated down to us, and which we see inserted almost wholly by Horace into his odes, we may conclude that this consummate master of the lyre, who wrote for an Augustus and a Mecænas, borrowed most largely from the stores of Grecian inspiration: and would such, we may ask, have been his conduct, had he not been conscious, that he was thus conciliating more respect for his compositions; and enduing them with the greater power of communicating delight? It was, indeed, in Virgil, a species of authentication of his work; and little could he suspect that, by this display of his erudition and his taste, he was exposing himself, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, to the charge of deficiency in the prime requisite of the poetic character. Having evinced himself, in short, by the construction of his poem to be a poet, as the term is defined by the illustrious critic of Greece, he might very justly imagine that he was only exhibiting other and subor-

dinate powers of his mind, when he was thus fashioning, and improving for his purposes, what he had solicited from the affluence of the Grecian Muse.

But if we must admire the *Aeneis* as one magnificent composition, and contemplate with delight the beauty, the symmetry, and the diversity of its constituent parts, can we be otherwise than struck when we attend to the inimitable graces of that diction, through which the whole is presented to our eyes? In the praise of this, at once harmonious and varied, compressed and luminous, simple yet figuratively bold, every suffrage has been united; and every tongue has pronounced its excellence to be unrivalled by any preceding or subsequent production of the Muse. With an instrument of smaller compass and weaker power, he has generally been acknowledged to have achieved, in this respect, something beyond the most successful efforts of Greece; and the works of other countries, in their relatively barbarian dialects, cannot be raised into any kind of competition.

Of this magnificent poem, thus accomplished and adorned by the powers of song with the richest of their stores, have I presumed to offer a translation to the public of Britain! What led me to the adventure cannot be of any interest with the world; and whatever relates personally to myself must necessarily be unworthy of their attention. Let it suffice, that the undertaking was the result of accident, and a peculiar concurrence of domestic circumstances. The version of the fourth book was made solely for my own amusement. It was published to fill a chasm in a volume, which I was fondly desirous of consecrating to the memory of a darling child; and its success, announced by the voice of private

and of public criticism, induced me, in a peculiarly secluded situation and after an interval of some years, to attempt the translation of the entire poem. This may account for the composition: but the publication must either be justified, by its success, as an act of venial presumption; or must expose me, by its failure, to the imputation of an overweening and illusory conceit: for it cannot be denied that what I thus offer to the public is offered with the persuasion that it will not be wholly undeserving of their regard. When I reflect on the united power of those numerous and enlightened minds, of which the British public consists, I must inevitably be struck with awe as I present myself to its eye. But it would be a departure from truth were I not to say that, though awed, I am not confounded; and, though trembling, I am not without hope at least, if I dare not say confidence, in the event.

Of all the classic writers, with the single exception perhaps of Horace in his lyric compositions, Virgil is the least susceptible of an adequate translation into our inferior language. My reasons for this assertion must be known to every scholar; who cannot be otherwise than sensible that the exquisite beauties of the great Mantuan's diction, the varied harmonies of his numbers, and that peculiarly nervous brevity, with which he sometimes suggests more to the mind than he expresses to the ear, absolutely deride and baffle translation. He, indeed, who fancies that he can transfuse them into our language, betrays either a taste incapable of appreciating them, or an assumption of power which it is impossible that he should possess. If full justice could be done to the style of Virgil in any modern language, it probably would be in ours: for inferior

as in smoothness and melody it may be to some, in energy and compressibility it must be acknowledged as superior to all. On the subject of the powers of our language, I cannot resist the temptation of citing an anecdote from the letters of Mr. Enstace. That intelligent traveller relates that, many years ago, he was in a party at Paris, when the Abbé de Lille, being asked by an English gentleman why he did not translate the *Aeneis*, answered in a style of delicate compliment, "*Monsieur, donnez-moi votre langue, et je commence demain.*" But, alas! the brevity of Virgil is, equally with his harmony, unattainable in English. With reference to the concise energy with which he impresses his thoughts, the great Dryden has admirably remarked: "There" (in his brevity) "he is like ambergris; a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language." For my own part, conscious at once of my author and of myself, and glowing as I read, but trembling as I write, I cannot affect to raise my pretensions to the force of his diction or to the power of his numbers. To convey his thoughts in the best language of poetry which I could obtain is the utmost of my claim; and I entreat not to be compared with my mighty original, but with those who have preceded me in the endeavour to exhibit him as an English bard. Without discussing the question, which has so frequently been debated, between the relative merits of free or of close translation, I have felt assured that whatever was unpoetic, however verbally true, could not be a just translation of what was eminently poetic. On this assurance alone have I acted; and, studious of the meaning of my author but not solicitously regardful of his

expression, I have laboured to impart to him in my version as much of the cast and air of an original as I could. To make the *Aeneis*, in short, a fine English poem has, as I will confess, been the loftiness of my aim: but whether I have reached it, or in what degree I may have approached to it, is beyond my jurisdiction to decide.

For my preference of rhymed verse, as the instrument of my translation, I conceive that no apology can be necessary to the British public. I was certainly induced to this preference not, as must be obvious to any person who reflects for a moment upon the subject, by any greater facility of execution which it offered to me, but by the persuasion that I was thus consulting at once the character of my author, the genius of my native language, and the general feeling of the English ear. The advocates of unrhymed verse are sometimes specious, but more frequently vehement in the defense of the cause which they undertake. They tell us, that rhyme is a monkish invention, a barbarian adjunct to verse, unacknowledged or rejected by poetry in its best age, and not required for the perfection of its language; which is attainable only by the selection of its words, the modulation of its rhythm, the perpetual change of its pauses, the flow of the sentence from line to line, and the general effect resulting from a number of these lines, combined into the fabric of one full, round, and harmonious period. They proceed to assure us, that rhyme is a fetter which, restricting the free pace of the Muse to the narrow limitation of a couplet, is essentially adversarious to the high musical expression required by her epic grandeur; and, then, they consistently endeavour to convince us, that all the loftier graces of heroic diction are to

be found only in that unshackled verse, in which the poet may arrange his pauses at his pleasure, and may roll his sense through all the varied modulation of a long and sympho-nious paragraph. For all this they adduce the evidence of passages, selected from the works of our great masters of blank-verse composition; and, lastly, they exult over the poverty or the vice of those ears which can find a compensation, for this rich and full harmony, in the similar sonnds that tinkle in the closes of a couplet. Not yet contented with their imaginary advantages, they struggle hard to persuade us, that to write without rhyme is a more arduous labour than to compose under that restraint; and both Dr. Trapp and Mr. Cowper, who follows undeviatingly in his predecessor's track, produce their own experience for the support of what they assert; the former, affirming, that, "thongh he may not have made one good verse, he has made many good rhymes; a very conceivable feat!" and the latter, that "he has written more verses in a day with tags, than he ever could write without them." Each of these writers, of whom (as the artificers of blank verse and with a reference only to their translations) I must give the decided preference to the Oxford professor, attempts the disparagement of rhyme, by stating that it will cover the defect of prosaic expression; and Mr. Cowper, to prove its more easy production, very confidently appeals to "the multitudes who rhyme; but who have no other poetical pretensions." This, as I believe, is a fair abstract of all that has been advanced to elevate unrhymed above rhymed verse; and, if a part of it may be admitted to be specious, much of it must be pronounced frivolous, and some, obviously favourable to the cause which it is intended to impugn.

On the origin of rhyme, much has been said but little ascertained. Its source seems to be hidden in the depths of antiquity : for it may be traced to the old poetry of the East ; and, from its prevalence in that of Wales, its existence in the Celtic, that primitive language of a large portion of Europe, may confidently be inferred. With the birth of the Muse of modern Europe we know that it was coëtaneous ; and that her first feeble articulation was lisped in it alone. In the Italian, the Spanish, the French, and the English languages, not to mention those of a different parentage in the north, rhyme was embraced by poetry as a necessary support ; and it was long before the experiment was made in any one of them of its walking without it. If the tasteless idler of the convent, therefore, corrupted the verse of Rome, and compelled it to jingle (not indeed for the first time, for it had previously jingled in the hand of a literary Roman emperor^{*},) he acted under the influence of the popular taste ; and erroneously imagined that to be an universal grace, which he perceived to be a power essentially requisite to the very existence of the popular poetry. From this diffusive adoption, then, of rhyme by the nations of the East, the West, and the North, something surely may be concluded in favour of its general accommodation to the human ear. But it was rejected by the classic languages of Greece and Rome ; and the finest productions of poetry, ever witnessed by the world, delight us with their intrinsic and, with reference to rhyme, their independent harmony. The fact cannot be contradicted : but we must recollect that the frame of these privileged languages is peculiarly musical ; that the quantity of their syllables is so accurately

* Adrian.

defined as to form the base of a system of metre, immediately and incommunicably their own; and that their words, distributable into unequal feet of harmonious effect, were susceptible of an arrangement at once varied, symmetrical, and euphonious. Can this be said of any of the languages of modern Europe, in all of which quantity (for quantity, under certain modifications, must exist in all languages) is found in a state of subserviency to accent? If it cannot, how are they to supply their inevitable deficiency? by vainly struggling for graces, the effects of a symmetry not compatible with their constitution? or by employing an expedient which the experience of far-divided nations has discovered to be productive of grateful and musical effect? We admit that, by some powerful hands, our unrhymed verse has been so constructed as to be copiously harmonious; and we are, of course, sensible that, in any language, rhyme is only one of the charms of verse, which cannot be availing when unaccompanied by the other requisites of poetic diction,—the proportions of rhythm, the diversity of pause, the nice selection and the melodious disposition of words. We contend, however, that rhyme is a beauty which requires not the surrender of any of the beauties of metre, and is to be considered only as their perfection and crown. Are the modulation of rhythm, the changeful pause, the curious choice and nice adaptation of words to the ear, inconsistent with lines terminating in rhyme? We not only cannot discover any reason why they should be, but we can confidently appeal to experience to demonstrate that they are not. If we open some of the happiest pages of Dryden, will the ear complain of weariness from their monotony, or of offense from their harshness? That the rhyme, indeed, may strike

with a proper degree of independent effect, the sentence (or at least a significant portion of it) is generally confined within the couplet; and, though it may occasionally, without injury, overflow this boundary, as we are taught by the practice of our best rhymists, we are willing to concede that rhyme cannot attain to the beauty of a long and harmonious period. To compensate, however, for this single inferiority of power, the rhymed verse can boast of the higher finish of each of its lines, and of its exemption from those weak finals and from that violent and offensive divorcee of words, the most closely connected by the sense and the syntax, which is admitted by unrhymed composition and which perpetually occurs in its very best examples.

But we have, hitherto, been regarding our unrhymed verse only in its most felicitous construction. Fairly to ascertain the relative merits of these two species of composition, we must regard them as they are fabricated by the common poet; and then the advantages of the rhymed will at once evidently appear. As it is generally seen, blank verse seems to be only a laborious and doubtful struggle to escape from the fangs of prose. To avoid the perpetual and pressing persecution of this enemy, it has recourse to pompous and turgid diction, to foreign idiom, to compound epithets, to harsh and violent inversions; and, if it ever ventures to relax into simple and natural phraseology, it instantly becomes tame and the prey of its pursuers. It would be to insult the feeble and the prostrate, were we to adduce, for the proof of this assertion, Mr. Cowper's translation of Homer; for the greater part of this composition is nothing more than stiff, quaint, and oddly fashioned prose, frequently obscure and sometimes

ungrammatical, printed under the semblance of verse: but, with a few illustrious exceptions where the great poet triumphs with his own proper and inalienable power, we may appeal, for the truth of what we affirm, to all the blank-verse efforts of our English Muse. Far from being more easy, with reference to their phraseology and fabric, they will be found more hard, more involved, and more remote from all freedom of diction than the compositions assisted by rhyme. In crimination, indeed, of rhyme, it has been advanced, that even the language of prose will pass under its sanction: and can any thing more strong be alleged on its behalf, than that the potency of its charm will supply even the absence of the great poetic requisite of poetic expression? But the writers of blank verse boldly contend, that their task is of more difficult execution than that of the writer in rhyme. The greater or the less facility of either of these species of composition cannot be considered as connected with the present question; which refers, not to the labour of the writer but, to the pleasure of the reader. It will be difficult, however, to persuade us, that to find homoiotonal closes for our lines in a language not peculiarly favourable, like the Italian, for their discovery, and to keep this part of the mechanism of the verse in strict subordination to the sense, is a work of such singularly facile accomplishment as not to weigh a feather in the scale of difficulty. If, indeed, we were to receive as authentic all that our opponents affirm upon the subject, we must admit that rhyming possessed a sort of gaseous levity, which not only required no exertion to lift it, but which buoyed up the hand that was in contact with it. But, alas for myself and my brother rhymers! the case is unhappily very different. That there are, as Mr. Cowper

asserts, more rhymers than poets, and that multitudes contrive to rhyme without any other poetical pretensions, the experience of every day rather painfully assures us. But to execute any part of the mere mechanism of verse is attainable by industry alone; and very few of this host of rhymers could by other means have the smallest chance of conciliating any part of the public attention. They rhyme, therefore, not because it is easier to write with rhyme than without it, but because, unassisted by it, their object would be hopeless. As we possess none of honest Trapp's rhymes, we cannot form a judgment on these easy productions of his: but of Mr. Cowper's "lines with tags to them," we have many; and, without intending any offense to the friends of this ingenious and worthy man, we may confidently affirm, that it is not on his rhymed verse that his reputation can safely be rested. If he had not, indeed, written the "Task," his name, however swelled by the inflating breath of Mr. Hayley, would not have been sufficiently buoyant to float down the current of time. By the example of these writers, if I could feel myself warranted to refer to my own experience, as of any importance on the occasion, I could say with strict truth, that I have always found the toil of rhymed verse, I will not say greater but, incomparably greater than that of unrhymed; and that without the impediments of rhyme, to which I subjected myself for what I conceived to be an adequate cause, I could easily have performed my task of translation in one third of the time which it has now imperiously exacted from me. But neither Dr. Trapp's and Mr. Cowper's extraordinary aptitude for rhyme, nor mine for blank verse, can be worthy of the regard of the reader. Let me cite, therefore, the authority of Dryden on a subject, on which it

is entitled to the highest respect. In his preface to the *Aeneis*, written in his old age, this consummate master of rhymed and unrhymed composition observes, with reference to Annibale Caro, “ His translation of the *Aeneis* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme. Now if a Muse cannot run when she is unfettered, 'tis a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it: but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better” (it is evident that he means more readily) “in blank verse. Rhyme is, certainly, a constraint even to the best poets; and to those who make it with most ease: though, perhaps, I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it, may be called a gainer. As if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow and divert it from the white.” By his introduction of Quarles and Withers on this occasion, Dryden was sensible that there is a species of rhyming of very easy execution, exemplified by the ballad-mongers of his and of our days. But this was not the subject of his remarks, nor is it of mine: and as to the difficulties of rhyme, when employed in translation, Mr. Cowper himself asserts, that they are so great as not to be completely surmountable by any degree of human ingenuity. On this topic he observes, what Dryden has expressed more happily before him, that in original composition (I cite the substance of what he says in my own words) if the thought

be not easily subduable to the poet's mechanical purposes of expression and rhyme it may be dismissed, and another of more pliancy may be sought: but that in translation the case is manifestly different; for there, every thing must be made to submit, whatever efforts the feat may exact, to the thought of the original author. In consequence of this remark, the truth of which cannot be controverted, he proceeds to decide that rhymed verse is totally unfit for the translation of the Greek and Roman epic, since it is impossible in it, as he confidently affirms, to convey the whole sense, and nothing more, of the original poet. He then adduces the example of Pope, who, having overcome, as Mr. C. remarks, every difficulty which, with his intractable instrument of rhyme, it was possible for him to overcome, has yet produced so inadequate a translation of Homer as to make another version of the old Greek bard a work of very general demand. Leaving the inconsistency of Mr. Cowper, (with whom rhyme is, in one instance, a mere plaything and, in another, an insurmountable labour,) to be settled by the ingenuity of his friends, on the question between his Homeric version and Pope's the public have now irrevocably determined; for whilst the latter continues to be read with delight by thousands and by myriads, the former is discarded even by the scholar as a libel on the subject of his idolatrous admiration. It is, in truth, as wide a departure from the character of the illustrious original as the translation by Pope, with this unfortunate distinction, that its deviation is into the coarse, the harsh, the vulgar, and the unpoetic. Pope has erred by communicating alien and sometimes, perhaps, meretricious ornament to the simple and majestic poet of Greece. But

Mr. Cowper has shorn him of his poetry, as the Philistine harlot shore the strong man of his strength, and has exhibited him in a state of deformity and degradation.

Whether the Greek or the Roman epic can be successfully translated into blank verse, I cannot assume to decide : but if the feat is to be accomplished, it must be by hands of far greater power than those which have hitherto been exerted in the attempt. Dr. Trapp's Work, however, is highly respectable ; and his ideas on the general subject of translation are at once liberal and just. The translation of a poet, as I have already observed, must necessarily be poetic, or it cannot resemble him ; and by this test I am willing that my production should be assayed. If the English reader shall pronounce the *Aeneis*, now before him, to be an indifferent poem, he will without my exhortation throw it aside ; and I shall be compelled to admit that my *Aeneis* is a most inadequate representative of that which delighted the court of Augustus. If, on the contrary, my work shall obtain the approbation of the general reader, I shall be the less tremblingly solicitous when it awaits the sentence of the learned. They, who are conversant with my original, will probably be satisfied, when they find none of the ideas of the great Roman falsified or omitted ; and they will not expect to see, what they know in our inferior language to be impossible, the inimitable beauties of the Virgilian diction transplanted and flourishing in my English page : they will allow, in short, for inevitable deficiency ; and will, perhaps, indulgently accept for the much, which they must lose, the all, which my acquaintance with the powers of my native numbers will permit me to offer in compensation.

On the subject of English rhythm much has been written since the time of Dryden: but it cannot be said that our rhythmical science or execution has been improved since the death of that great master and refiner of the English Muse. In his prefaces we may still find the best rules for poetic composition, and in his works the happiest illustrations of them. By the criticism of Johnson, able as in some respects it is, we have not been advanced in the doctrine of poetic numbers: for his ear was not formed for the higher harmonies of verse; and he seems not thoroughly to have understood the principles from which they result. The modern schools of Cowper and Darwin, as their systems tend to two opposite extremes, are both evidently tainted with error; the disciples of the former degrading verse into prose in their eagerness to avoid tumour, or shocking us with discord as they pursue the charm of variety; whilst those of the latter satiate our ears with a dull and stagnant monotony, under the pretence of gratifying them with perpetual and unmitigated harmony. By the just award of the public taste, the Darwinian school is now happily no more, and may consequently be dismissed from our notice: but some of the corrupt tenets of that of Cowper, under the false names of simplicity and varied diction, have still those who espouse them; and their influence on our composition may yet slightly be traced. In the short and weak preface to his Homer, Mr. Cowper speaks contemptuously of poetic composition, '*bedizened*' with metaphor; and, in defense of his broken and discordant numbers, he asserts that they were the subjects of his choice, to relieve the ear from a palling sameness of cadence. But surely metaphor is pre-eminently, if not peculiarly, the property of poetry; and that which

constitutes the living principle of its language. The diction of the classic Muse is almost uniformly figurative; and throughout the productions of Virgil it will be difficult to discover ten lines in continuity of which some are not ornamented or made picturesque with metaphor. The same may be affirmed of the lyric compositions of Horace: and simple as on many occasions may be the diction of the Grecian bards, it will be found to be generally metaphoric. Metaphoric, indeed, it must be in proportion as it is poetic: and metaphor, as we may confidently assert, has no necessary connexion whatever with tumour or meretricious embellishment. For the support of what we advance, passages without number might be adduced from the poets of Greece and Rome, of Italy and England: but the obviousness of its truth makes citations, for its confirmation, unnecessary; and if we are desirous of seeing what is poetry (if poetry it may be called) when *unbedizened* with metaphor, we have only to open Mr. Cowper's *Ilias*, and we shall immediately be satisfied. As to the other tenet, maintained by this ingenious man and his followers, of introducing discords for the production of variety, it stands equally refuted by all the great classic examples, and by the very nature of the thing itself. Our ear, indeed, solicits variety in verse; but it can be only within the precincts of verse that it solicits it. If it ask for what is beyond these limits, it asks for an incongruity, and seeks for pleasure from something monstrous, a thing unacknowledged either as verse or as prose. In the compositions of Homer and of Virgil, the variety of cadence is nearly infinite, and the ear is relieved and delighted by the still shifting position of the pause. The line is sometimes quickened and sometimes impeded; now roughened with aspirates and consonants, and now smooth and flowing with

liquids and vowels. But, under every change and mode of adaptation to the poet's purpose, the line is still an hexameter; constructed upon certain principles, and invariably constituted of a due proportion of spondees and dactyls. In no one instance has either of these poets presented us with an unmetred line, or with a verse in any other measure than the heroic.

The English heroic verse may generally be considered as consisting of five iambic feet, or of syllables so distributed, that the first portion of the foot shall be unaccented, or, which in effect is the same, short, and the last accented, or long. As two short syllables sometimes occupy the time only of one long, the number of syllables in the verse is less rigorously determined than the station of the accent, which, must invariably fall on the close of every foot, with the exception only of the first. If this rule be not observed, the line ceases to be an English heroic verse, and becomes in fact divested of metre. In the following line of Milton, which evidently is not a verse,

“ Burnt af[ter them] to th[e] böttom[less pit:]”

in the third and fourth places the proper accent is wanting; and, two pyrrhic feet being substituted for two iambic, the result is a line of inharmonious prose. By restoring the long or accented syllables to their proper station we revive the verse:—c. g. •

“ Burnt ~~af~~[ter them] to hell's[•] unfath[om'd gulf.]”

My readers will probably think that I trifle with them, when I thus affect to communicate knowledge of which they

are already possessed. But, in refuting this dangerous and weak doctrine of the Cowperiah school, it was necessary for me to consider the general strueture of an English heroic verse, that we might ascertain the bounds within which a variety of cadence can allowably be sought. If a line be deprived of its metre, we affirm that an unlicensed liberty has been taken; and that the result is, not pleasure from the variety but, pain from the discord and resentment in consequence of the transgression. In the pages of Mr. Cowper, and of his pupils, oeeur numberless instances of these no-verses, which we are commanded to admire as the produce of refined taste, and as justified by the authority of Milton and of some of our other great masters of song. That Milton, with his exquisitely fine car for poetic harmony, has produced many of these maimed lines, is a fact beyond dispute: but that they were deliberately produced with the sanction of his cool judgment, is a question much more open to debate. His perfect rhythm possesses all the variety that can be required by the ear; and, without any classic authority for the transgression, it is not easily conceivable that he would violate his metre for an object which he could rightfully obtain. Far more probable is it, that these defective lines fell from him in the earelessness of rapid composition; and were subsequently withdrawu from his revision by that calamity whieh prevented him from reading his own page. In any event, no example, however great, can sanetion what is destructive of the very thing in the cause of whieh the offense is committed. Let the capacities of our rhythm be restricted or spacious, we are certainly prohibited from subverting it for the indulgencee of any of our capricious fancies; and, if we cannot accomplish our purposes with it as our engine, we must at once desist from the

use of it. If the man has not those organs which are requisite to grunt, we must not wave over him the wand of Circe and change him into a swine. But our heroic verse will be found susceptible, without any violence offered to its essential vitality, of all the diversified modulation which the ear can require; and, if it ever palls, the fault must be imputed, not to the instrument but, to the artist: for, when we read the best pages of Milton or of Dryden, we must be sensible that thousands of such lines in continuity, unbroken with a single unrhythlical discord, might be read without any satiety or weariness of ear. On all questions, to be decided on established principles, the adduction of personal authority must necessarily be as irrelevant and inadmissible as ~~it~~ it of general character against evidence, when a man stands at the bar under the charge of a specific felony. But, since the great name of Milton has more than once been ostentatiously produced by these egregious delinquents against metre, it may not be foreign to our purpose to examine into the fact, and to see how far the pretended sanction of this great master of poetic numbers can justly be pleaded in their defense. The ear of Milton was, unquestionably, of the finest organization; and to him, beyond a doubt, our poetry is most largely indebted for the music with which it delights. But the ear of a nation, as we may observe, or that mental sensibility which perceives the harmony of numbers, is susceptible of progressive improvement; and neither to it, nor to its result in the melodies of rhythm, is it easy to fix the exact point beyond which it cannot advance. Chaucer, as is probable, possessed an ear, for the tunesfulness of metre, equally fine with Milton himself. He reformed, accordingly, the barbarous rhythm of his time; and his verses, uncouth as they sound

to our ears, were undoubtedly read by his contemporaries with abundant admiration. Between his days and those of Spenser, some proficiency, though but little, was made in the cultivation of our ear and our numbers: and Spenser discovered the improvement of the former by the considerable excellence to which he carried the latter. From the degree of perfection, which he was enabled to reach, Milton and Dryden (not to notice Waller and Denham) proceeded to higher attainments in rhythmical harmony: and, if we have not advanced beyond where they stand, it cannot hence be inferred that we have yet gained the very summit of the metrical art. By Milton and by Dryden many niceties of rhythm were either unknown or unobserved; and it is far from impossible, that in the lyre of the Muse may yet slumber more exquisite music than has hitherto charmed our ear, and which waits only to be awakened by the touch of some adequate master. In the science, in short, of poetic numbers, it is our business, as in holiness, not to look back at those things which are behind, but to strain after those which are before; and, without any other respect to the failings of our illustrious ancestors than what may be necessary for our caution, to study their beauties that our emulation may be excited to excel them. If poetry, like geometry, were a science of demonstration, its perfection would be readily ascertainable. But, belonging appropriately to genius and taste, it admits of no certain limitation; and we can speak of it as existing only in progression.

These preliminary observations I have judged it proper to make, as introductory to our examination of Milton's deficient metre; which has been alleged by some of our

modern poets, with Mr. Cowper at their head, not in extenuation but, in proud defense of their own. That the example of this great poet has been strained much beyond its actual extent will immediately be evident, when we have glanced through the first book (selected only because it is the first) of his *Paradise Lost*. In the 798 lines, then, of which this book consists, there are but six in which the metre is notoriously broken by the introduction of false quantity, or, which is in effect the same, an erroneous distribution of accent. In l. 273,

“Which but[the Omni[potent] none cōuld] have foil’d,”

the harmony is disordered by the long syllables nōne and have (which even the power of accent will not *sufficiently* abbreviate) falling into the place of short ones. Remove these offensive misplacings, and you have an harmonious verse. e. g.

‘Which but[the Almigh|ty none] hād pōwer] to foil.

Or

Which but[the Omnip|ótēnt] nō power] hād foil’d.

The flow of l. 312 is disturbed by a similar error; but not in an equal degree, as the offense is only once committed.

“Abject and lost lay these, cōv’ring the flood.”

For the pyrrhic foot, cōv’ring, substitute an iambic, and the perfect rhythm is obtained —

Abject and lost lay these, and strēw’d the flood.

The reader need not be cautioned that, here and elsewhere, the substitution is intended merely to exemplify the fault of

the verse, and not to refer to the expression, which is unconnected with the present question and is generally insusceptible of amendment. A like fault breaks the harmony of l. 509,

“ Gods, yet confess'd later than heaven and earth.”

By changing the trochee, later, for an iamb or a spondee (for spondees are admitted by our heroic measure) and the verse is made whole;—

Gods, yet confess'd more late than heaven and earth.

In lines 666, 703, and 797, the same cause is productive of a similar effect.

“ Far round illumed hell ! highly they raged ;
 “ With wondrous art, founded the massy ore.
 “ Frequent and full after short silence then.”

By replacing the faulty with a right foot, the metre in each of these instances will be restored;—as the reader may satisfy himself by substituting for the marked words any dissyllables with their finals long, or accented. Of other decided trespasses against metre I can find but one, where a redundant syllable is interposed in the middle of a verse, — l. 202,

“ Created longest that swim the ocean stream,”

and in this breach of rhythm, I am aware that some admirers of Milton discover a peculiar beauty; the redundancy of the line, according to their notions, admirably expressing the bulk of the animal which is described. But how corporeal bulk is to be represented by the structure of a verse, or what connexion there is between the idea of a

monster and an overflow of syllables in a metrical line, is beyond my power to comprehend. If it be, however, as these critics contend, I can really see no reason why the redundancy should be limited to one syllable, and not extended to two or to ten, as the different sizes of an elephant or a whale are respectively to be imitated by the bulkiness of the verse. When such canons of taste are seriously proposed to us, it is almost impossible to be grave: and I can only say that, if these gentlemen will not be satisfied on such an occasion with a verse heavy with spondees, and laboring with open vowels ("the ocean stream") as adequate to their purpose, they must seek the gratification of their fancies from some of the other imitative arts, and not from that of poetry, whose imitation is altogether of a different character, ideal, if I may so express myself, and not mechanical.

To return from this short digression: the harmony in the following verses, though not broken, is slightly injured by a syllable *rather too short*, in despite of accent, or as not very susceptible of its force.

- L. 429. "Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure."
- 438. "Came Ashtoreth whom the Phœnicians call."
- 786. "Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance."

In l. 446, this defect (according at least to the general mode of accenting Thammüz) amounts to an unmritical discord:

- "To idols foul Thammüz came next behind."

In all the other verses of this astonishing display of poetic power, the harmony, though not uniformly sustained, (and who would wish it to be so sustained?) is not destroyed

by any absolute violation of metre. In some of them, the ear feels a deficiency in consequence of ‘Heaven’ being placed for a dissyllable, which it has not a sufficient distinction of syllables to represent; and in others there is a roughness occasioned by the contraction into monosyllables of such dissyllables, as ‘riot,’ ‘sorrow,’ ‘spirit,’ &c. &c. Milton’s almost uniform custom of abscinding the y, in such words as ‘only,’ ‘stately,’ &c. before a vowel (though not, as I believe, now very generally followed) is productive, in my opinion, of agreeable variety; and not, consequently, to be ranked with his offenses against metre.

After these breaches of our just epic rhythm, may be noticed some lines, amounting, if I mistake not, to six, which terminate with the dissyllabic excess of our dramatic measure, such as,

- L. 38. “Of rebel Angels ; by whose aid aspiring.
- 102. “That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring.
- 174. “Of heaven, received us falling ; and the thunder.
- 606. “The fellows of his crime, the followers rather.”

Having now seen all the violations of our perfect epic metre of which Milton, in the first book of his wonderful poem, has been guilty, let us ask, whether, with reference to the time in which he lived and the state of our rhythm as it fell into his hands, their proportion be not astonishingly small; and whether, in an age of more rhythmical refinement and with the capacity of deliberately revising his pages, he would not altogether have avoided them? I cannot persuade myself that he ever dreamt of proposing them as beauties for the imitation of future poets;

and certain I feel, that no part of that charm of varied modulation, with which his numbers now gratify our ear, would have been lost in consequence of their non-existence. And yet these are the examples which have been proposed to us as models; and which have been forced into the vindication of lines, without any one attribute whatever of metrical rhythm! Milton is justly to be admired as a mighty master of numbers, and we are to emulate his beauties if we can: but we are not to deify his faults, and to worship them as imaginary excellences. “It is as much commendation as a man can bear,” says Dryden, speaking of the author of *Paradise Lost*, “to own him excellent: all beyond it is idolatry.” In the present instance, this idolatry would be peculiarly pernicious, as it would sanctify error, suspend the progress of improvement, and make (as we know that it has made) deficiency proud. If the taste of the Augustan poets had been satisfied with the numbers of Ennius or even with those of Lucretius, the world would have lost the imitable harmonies of the Virgilian Muse.

Having detained my readers thus long upon the subject of English metre, may I hope for their indulgence, if I extend my observations on it to a somewhat greater length?

Accent being acknowledged as the chief instrument in the formation of English verse, they, who have arranged its syllables into feet and given to these feet their classic denominations, have either been accused of impropriety or have been ridiculed for learned affectation. But since long and short, though not ascertainable by the rules of Greek and Roman prosody, must subsist in the syllables

of all languages, and since in ours their definiteness is abundantly strong, there can be no reason why we should not combine our syllables into feet and designate these feet by their classic names. Why, for instance, should we not call *terriblē* a dactyl, *quādrānt* a spondee, *ālērt* an iamb, *fairlȳ* a trochee, *ānimate* an anapaest, or *evērȳ* a tribrachys? In his preface to Terence, the great Bentley has adduced various species of English metre, which, from the prevalence, in each of them respectively, of these several feet, precisely correspond to the ear with certain denominations of classic measure; and he has accordingly arranged them under the titles of iambic, trochaic, bacchiac, and cretic. Dryden also and Gray, when treating on the subject of our rhythm, have availed themselves of the same classic vocabulary; and, by these authorities, I regard myself as justified in using the terms long and short, as more comprehensive than accented or unaccented; and in applying the language of classic prosody to that of my own country. With this apology for my language, which I conceive to be appropriate and intelligible, I will proceed to the immediate topic of my disquisition. A perfect English heroic verse has, generally, been affirmed to consist of five iambic feet, or of ten syllables, every other one of which is strengthened to the ear by its being accented, or, in other words, by its being made effectively long: and this arrangement, as it is said, will admit of no change without injury to the harmony of the verse, unless it be by the admission of a trochee (or a dissyllabic foot accented on the first syllable) in the first place. Of those assertions, the following lines of Dryden may be produced as illustrations:

“ But shē| whō fēlt} hēr fate| approāch|ing nīgh,
· Seised thē| cōld heārt,| and heāv|ing tō| hēr breāst,” &c.

the first of them being a pure iambic verse of ten syllables; and the second differing only in its first foot, which is a trochee. What is thus affirmed of the structure of our heroic verse is true, but is not comprehensive of the whole truth. The lines, with which I have exemplified the position of Dr. Johnson and of other critics, are indeed perfect English heroic verses: but others not precisely of the same fabric are entitled to the same name, as possessing the same rhythm and susceptible of equal harmony. In the second of these examples, we discover a refutation of that canon which excludes all feet but the iamb (with the exception of the initial trochee) from our heroic verse: for here we have a spondee, or a foot of two accented or long syllables, immediately after the trochee; and, in this situation, it seems to be indispensably requisite; the ear after the short demanding the rest of a long syllable:

“ Seised thē cold heart,” &c.

and we shall find that spondees as well as anapæsts are admissible into other places of the verse: the trochee alone, in any other than the first place, uniformly destroying the metre. But the assertion, that this verse consists necessarily of ten syllables, is as manifestly incorrect as that of its being formed invariably of iambic feet: for two short syllables, especially in the same word where one vowel is followed by another, will be found to stand perfectly in the place of one long, the time of which only they occupy; and thus the extreme length of an harmonious verse (and not an alexandrine) may be extended to thirteen syllables, as in

“ The brilliant rá|diance of} émpyré|al dāy.”

In this line each of the syllables is distinctly marked to the ear; and it must consequently be distributed into other than iambic feet, though the iambic rhythm be still preserved: for to talk of crushing two of these syllables into one, for the purpose of scanning, when the voice discriminates each of them, is certainly not to be admitted. Our heroic numbers, therefore, must be regarded as susceptible of much greater variety than could belong to them, if the established theory, respecting their constituent parts, were accurately just. By the combination of all the feet which they will admit, and by a skilful management of the pauses, they may be so constructed as to gratify the ear with a rich diversity of harmony. If our heroic verse cannot vie in this essential requisite with the classic hexameter, which, including a greater compass of notes, can command the combination of more musical tones, it will be discovered, with its musical termination of rhyme, not to be very greatly inferior in power to that instrument with which Homer and Virgil accomplished their metrical wonders. For the effective construction of our verse, when its general principles are ascertained, the ear alone is to be consulted: but it must be that ear which is exercised and conversant with harmonious rhythm. Principles must be sought for the foundation-stones: but taste and talent must raise the super-structure. As our language is accused of being over-charged with consonants, the best vowelled words must in most instances be selected by the artifice of our numbers. He must studiously avoid all harsh collisions of consonants; and, as a general rule admitting however of exceptions, he ought to abstain from leaving one vowel open, or unabsorbed, before another, which always offers some-

thing of violence to the ear. Dryden objected to a verse formed of monosyllables; and conceived that it must necessarily be impeded and inharmonious. He produces, indeed, two examples which directly contradict his theory, one from his own page and one from that of Creech: but the rapid glance of his thought overlooked the truth which was lying at his feet. Polysyllables are, of course, nothing but knots of monosyllables; and the latter, when properly combined with reference to quantity and accent, will perfectly coalesce into all the feet of which our verse is composed. Their rhythmical effect must, consequently, be precisely the same with that of polysyllables; and, as the constituents of a verse, they must therefore be productive of equal harmony. The line, cited from Creech by Dryden on this occasion,

“Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame,”

is unquestionably very beautiful: but the following examples of monosyllabic lines, the first seven of which are taken from Pope and the rest from Dryden, will sufficiently attest, what hundreds of others might easily be brought to attest, that the success of Creech in this instance was not singular, or obtained against the nature of the thing.

An arm as strong may lay thee in the dust.

The time shall come when free as air or wind.

And the new world launch forth to meet the old.

* O! stretch thy reign, fair Peace, from shore to shore.

The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.

And thanks his stars, he was not born a fool.

To read and weep is all they now can do.

Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

How much he durst, he knew by what he dared:

The less he had to lose, the less he cared.

- Thus year by year he pass'd, and day by day.
• Help was at hand ; they rear'd him from the ground.
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart.
•

That monosyllables in our language are loaded with more than their proportion of consonants, is an objection to their use, which it belongs to the skill of him, who employs them, to foresee and to obviate. With respect to the triplet rhyme and to the alexandrine verse of six iambic times, Dryden, after citing the authority of Spenser and of Cowley for their adoption, observes ; “ I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry, and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity : strength and elevation are our standard.” That this great poet indulged too frequently in these licenses, is felt, as I believe, by the greater number of his readers, and seems to be a fact very generally admitted : but whether he ought to have indulged in them at all, is a question not so easily to be determined. The great masters of Greek and Roman numbers exhibit no examples of any analogous irregularity, and the Muse, in proportion as she is cultivated, is pleased with symmetry and limitation. She may still, indeed, occasionally roll her wild dithyrambics : but her epic numbers she builds on an uniform system, and, shrinking from disorder, she reconciles variety of modulation with unity of structure. Reverently however as I bow, on subjects of taste, before the throne of classical authority, I cannot make an entire surrender to it of my own judgment and feeling. The frugal use of the triplet and the alexandrine I find it impossible to condemn. In their union they form occasionally the happiest termination of a paragraph ; and sometimes, in their de-

tached state, they may be introduced, in other situations, with much felicity of effect. Since our quinarian iambic, (as Bentley has justly called our heroic verse) cannot be so capable of diversified modulation as the sesquipedalian hexameter, it may allowably supply its deficiency with these harmonious anomalies; and its license will not be reproved by any poetic ear. I feel therefore as unwilling, as my illustrious master, to resign this Magna Charta of our epic numbers; and my practice will demonstrate that I have availed myself of its privileges. In the structure of the alexandrine, it has been laid down, as a law never to be infringed, that the great pause of the verse is to be upon the last syllable in the third place, dividing, in fact, the line into two verses of three feet each. But this law has occasionally been violated by Dryden, and without an inharmonious result. I have not, however, presumed to follow his example in this instance, any more than I have in the hyperalexandrine, or the line of seven feet, in which he has sometimes expanded himself.

On the subject of imitative harmony, or, as it has been called, representative metre, which has engaged so much critical attention from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and which has been made the theme of so much praise by Vida and by Pope, I am at a loss what to say that may correspond with its attributed importance. It appears to me, in truth, to possess little more than imaginary existence; and in any case to claim a very subordinate portion of the poet's regard. In all languages there are certain words, dictated by Nature at their first formation, that resemble with their sound the simple idea which they communicate: and in the more expressive and copious dialects of Greece

and of Rome, combinations may be formed, productive of these sonorous imitations, or an adaptation in some degree of the sound to the sense. Of the many examples of this last perfection, as it has been termed, of the metrical art, which have been adduced by Dionysius from the verses of the great Grecian bard, some may be allowed to be just: but, whilst in some the correspondence may be supposed to escape us in consequence of our ignorance of the musical intonation of the Greeks, some must be acknowledged to be altogether the creatures of the critic's imagination. In the numbers, also, of Virgil, several of these vocal imitations are obvious to the ear; and, if in the Greek poet they may be considered as the unmeditated effusions of a mind vividly possessed of its object, in the Roman, they must, perhaps, be viewed as the results of artifice and design. Our language, however, and the powers of our shorter iambic metre are less capable of this production of effect; and, after all, its limitation is very narrow, and its importance very questionable. Nothing but sound, as is manifest, can perfectly be represented by sound; and beyond this, the resemblance, between the flow of a verse and the idea excited by the words, must be wholly conventional, and not in any degree actual and self-existent. It is, as an able critic has happily remarked, very truly an echo to the sense, which never speaks first, till our acquaintance with the meaning enables us to speak and thus to supply it with a tongue. To examine the very small extent, in which even this imperfect imitation is to be accomplished by metre, would lead us into a discussion, the length of which would not be justified by its consequence: but it may be amusing to see the absurdity into which an ingenuous man can be betrayed by the pursuit of this fanciful

beauty. In the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* the labor of Sisyphus is described in numbers, which may be regarded as the most perfect exemplification of representative metre. The lines, though familiar to every scholar, shall be transcribed :—

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, χρατίξ' αλγε' ἔχοντα,
 Λᾶαν Σασάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρησιν.
 "Ητοι δὲ μὲν, σκηνιπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε,
 Λᾶαν ἄνω ὕθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον, ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
 "Ακρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ' ἀποσρέψασκε χραταιίς
 Αὗτις, ἔπειτα πέδουδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδῆς.

In this passage, the stone evidently toils up the hill in verses roughened with the harshest consonants, and, in one place, made laborious with one omega open before another ; and it rebounds to the plain in a line, fluent with vowels and rapid with dactyls. The result of this management is not to be mistaken by any ear ; and the effect must be allowed to be happy. This success of the Greek poet has, of course, excited the emulation of his translators ; and the attempt of Pope (or rather of Broome, who translated this book of the poem) must be regarded with respect.

“With many a weary step and many a groan,
 Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone,
 The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.”
 •

But here follows Mr. Cowper’s unfortunate essay :

“There—Sisyphus I saw,
 Thrusting before him strenuous a vast rock.
 With hands and feet struggling, he shoved the stone
 Up to a hill top : but the steep well nigh
 Vanquish’d, by some great force repulsed, the mass
 Rush’d again obstinate, down to the plain.”
 •

On this exhibition of metrical skill, I shall leave the reader to remark; contenting myself with observing, that the last line is not in the iambic, but the cretic rhythm; and that it might possibly be improved by the addition of another cretic foot, which would give a fourth bound to the stone: e. g.

Rush'd *āgāin*| obstināte| down to thē| drēary plāin.|

To be as serious, however, as we can on this occasion: if we are thus ambitious of these vocal imitations, and will not be satisfied with the compass of our own instrument for their achievement, there will be no limit to the idleness and absurdity of our tricks. We shall be mimicking, in our poems, the croakings of ravens and the barking of dogs; and, when we have formed some rugged combinations of the alphabet in defiance of metre, grammar, and sense, we shall applaud ourselves on our inhuman success. If some happy coincidence of the sound of words with the object, the idea of which they excite, should fall into the poet's path, he may allowably stoop to possess it: but if he is to make it the subject of his pursuit, his time and ingenuity may be more profitably expended in attaining the higher and more certain beauties of poetic composition; the power of accommodating his expression to the general character of the sentiment or the specific tone of the passion; that it may be elevated in the great, simple yet elegant in the little, strong and rapid in the vehement, soft and quiet in the pathetic. When the poet has gained this mastery of the mechanism of his art, he may be satisfied without descending to the idlenesses of mimickry, and thus degrading the tripod of the Delphic god into the stage of a mountebank at Bartholomew's fair.

Augustus*, as his biographer records, was particularly offended by the use of obsolete words: and, on questions of literary taste, this imperial authority may be admitted as of considerable weight. But Virgil sometimes borrowed from the vocabulary of Ennius: and, with reference to our own language, many words, “such as wise Bacon and brave Raleigh spoke,” of pleasing sound and strong significance, may surely be revived by the poet without blame, in opposition to the capricious operation of time. The archaism of Spenser must be confessed to be too great; and that of Milton has sometimes been subjected to censure. But Dryden has occasionally availed himself of our old phraseology with success; and by his example we may determine, that a sparing and judicious use of it is rather to be applauded than condemned. My licenses of this description are so few, that I may be regarded as speaking in this instance more on the behalf of others than of myself. The artifice of Dryden, in the employing of words in their derivative, and not their popular, sense, has been eminently happy; as he has thus frequently changed the current copper of our language into poetic gold.

Having offered these remarks on our poetic numbers and diction, it may be asked if my practice be illustrative of my theory, and if I have acted, in every instance, in the spirit of the precepts which I have maintained. My answer must be the trite one, that it is much easier to say than to do, and that, in these as in moral cases, the doctrine is far more readily ascertained than the conduct is formed. I can only confidently affirm that I have spared

* Suet. Aug. 86.

no labor on this occasion; and cannot accuse myself of any want of respect for the sovereign tribunal before which I stand. I am, indeed, ashamed to acknowledge the shortness of time in which this translation has been completed: for it was begun in the first week of December, 1813, and (with the exception of the fourth book which had been previously translated in the course of about a month) it was finished on the 18th of May, 1815. When the copious and fluent Dryden apologizes for his not having allotted more than three years to his version of the whole of Virgil, which is scarcely by a third part longer than the *Aeneis*, I feel that I ought to blush at the avowed rapidity of my own composition. To be rapid, however, cannot properly constitute the boast of any writer; and, in the execution of my voluntary task, to be rapid was not the necessity of my situation. With this avowal, I solicit no indulgence for any of the faults of negligence which may be discoverable in my page; and I beg that it may be considered as brought to the last perfection to which my powers were capable of advancing it. Unseduced by the examples of Dryden and of Pitt, who have omitted or slurred many passages of their original, I have glanced over nothing; and am not conscious of having shrunk from the translation of a single line, the authenticity of which could be established. My numbers I have labored to the best judgment of my ear; and their defective harmony, whenever it may occur, must be ascribed to my want, not of care but, of that fine mental perception or sensibility, which is requisite for the full attainment of the music of metre. In this respect, as in all others, I see much beyond my reach; and there is a phantasm of perfection, beanteous

and radiant, before me which invites my embrace, but which mocks my possession like a dream.

*Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago:
Par levibus ventis, volucrisque simillima somno.*

Throughout this long poem, of more than 13,000 verses, not many open vowels, as I flatter myself, will be found to give an effort to the voice; and in no single instance can I charge myself with having compromised sense for rhyme: as to my rhyme also, it will generally be discovered, as I hope, to be sufficiently correct to satisfy the requisition even of the modern ear.

The great Gibbon declares that, during the progress of his immortal work, he never submitted one of its pages to the revision of a friend. Specious as may be the reasons which he assigns for his conduct in this instance, they will not exempt us from a feeling of regret that, in his proud confidence in himself, he has thus neglected the means which might have freed his composition from many of its errors. But be the merit and the result of his lofty independence altogether his own. With far less consciousness of power, and with a different view of the effect of mind when communicated with mind, I have always been happy to impart my MSS. to any friend, or even foe, who would indulge them with his remarks. Those whom I have consulted on these occasions have, of course, been unequal among themselves in talents, in attainments, and in taste: but from the least qualified of them have I, in some instances, obtained hints which, by suggesting oversights, have enabled me to give my work in a less imperfect state

to the public inquisition. In consequence of my secluded situation, from the effect of some domestic circumstances, the present translation of the *Æneis* has obtained less of this advantage than I could have wished. The fourth, sixth, and seventh books indeed, having been separately printed, have been submitted to many eyes; but the remaining nine to very few. The two first of these have been benefited by the taste of my accomplished friend, Mr. Wrangham; and all of them have been revised by the reverend Mr. Cary, the well-known translator of Dante; and by a gentleman, whose partiality for a brother can alone bring the acknowledged excellence of his judgment in this single instance into suspicion. Of Mr. Cary I must be permitted to say, what may be painful to his singular modesty to hear, that in the same man it has seldom been my fortune to meet so much deep and accurate erudition, united with so much rectitude of understanding and so much elegance and refinement of taste. From his observations my work has derived essential improvement; and if I had been capable of writing up to the requisition of his judgment, my *Æneis* would not now have much to apprehend from the scrutiny of the public. But I have accomplished what I could; and I can only say in the spirit, though not with the object, of the Athenian orator, *Kai εὶ μὲν καλῶς καὶ αξιῶς τῆς ἀδικήματος κατηγόρηκα, εἴπον ὡς ἐβελόμην· εἰ δὲ ἐνδεεπέρως, ὡς ἐδυνάμην.* If I have executed my task well and worthily, I have done according to my purpose: if with inferior success, according to my power.

As I have declined the plea of rapid composition, so will I abstain from adducing any circumstance, of merely per-

sonal regard, in extenuation of my defects as the translator of the *Aeneis*. Precisely in my situation, Dryden made a reference to his age, either to lessen the wonder on the contingency of failure or to increase it on that of success. With the strictest truth I might affirm, that the age, at which I entered on my present adventure, was as remote from youth as was that of this illustrious man at the period of which he speaks; and I might also say, that what he undertook under the patronage of the public as a great national work, and with the first names of the realm on his subscription-list, I have executed in a state of melancholy insulation; without a patron, without the encouragement of reward, without the cheering influence of a single smile, beyond the narrow limit of my own domestic pale. All this I might advance, and by the few its impression might be felt:—but to the public it would be irrelevant; and to the public, omitting wholly the author, I presume only to offer the work. Where this is to be classed among the English translations of Rome's immortal epic, belongs solely to the public of Britain to determine: and from their award, as I possess not the ability so, I feel not the inclination to appeal. To insist upon the errors of the great Dryden, whom I venerate almost to idolatry, would in me appear to be invidious; and, with reference to general poetic power, to place myself any where but at his feet, would discover such a degree of blind vanity as must expose me to the ridicule of all who are capable of weighing our very unequal magnitudes in a just scale. That, however, with many and splendid beauties scattered over his page, he has not altogether succeeded as the translator of the *Aeneis*; that he is often unfaithful to the sense, and frequently may commonly departs from the character of his original;

that he falls on many occasions where his author rises, and exhibits throughout his work an inequality of composition, unknown to the great Roman, are facts which are now, as I believe, very generally acknowledged. In any event, the public are in possession of his work ; and the only specious claim on their favor, which any new translator can advance, must be his persuasion, at least, of the superior (certainly not of the inferior) value of the production, which he tenders, to that which is already in their hands. In the estimation of my own wares, it is very possible that I may be deceived : but without some favorable presumption, (erroneous or otherwise,) as I will candidly confess, of their relative merit, no motive should induce me to be their public exhibiter. I might write for the idleness of amusement; but never would I publish for the mortification of defeat. In Dryden's translation, which, with all its inequality and unfaithfulness, must be regarded on the whole as a noble and animated composition, the several books are distinguished by their different degrees of merit ; and, though the labor of translating grew on him, as he assures us, in its progress, the last three (with the exception perhaps of the fourth) are the most happily executed of the entire poem. From a comparison, with these more felicitous results of his genius, it is now too late for me to shrink. I may tremble as I am thus confronted with my illustrious master : but, placed within the lists, I must even abide their decision ; and if it be against me, I shall at least have the consolation offered to the dying hero, *Æneæ magni dextra cadis.* As the avowed competitor of Dryden, I stand certainly in an awful situation : but I entreat not to be cast without the solemnity of a trial ; or to be resigned to the overpowering dominion of a mighty name.

On Pitt's translation of the *Æneis* I can look with far less agitating apprehension. In its reference to Dryden's; this production occupies a very subordinate rank; and, even regarded by itself, it cannot be admitted to any high class of merit. Many of its passages are neat; and some of them elegant: but its general character is that of level and uninteresting mediocrity; of a dry and uniform plain, bedecked with a few uncharacteristic parterres, over which it is fatiguing to travel. As a translation, it is not less unfaithful than Dryden's, and as a poem it is far less attractive. It discovers, indeed, in no place energy of expression, or vigor of poetic conception; and, every where throughout it, are we deadened by tameness, wearied with diffusion, and chilled by frigidity. He has succeeded, perhaps, better in the first and in the last two than in either of those books which intervene.

To Dr. Trapp's unrhymed version of the Augustan Epic, which preceded Mr. Pitt's publication, I am disposed to attribute much more praise than it has been its fortune to obtain. Trapp was a scholar and a critic; and, fully possessing the sense of his author, he has communicated it, at all times, in flowing numbers, and, occasionally, in poetic diction. His notes discover accurate learning; and his prefaces contain much erudite and tasteful criticism. To any reader, unversed in the Roman language and desirous of becoming acquainted with Virgil, I would recommend Trapp as his instructor: for in the volumes of the Oxford professor is to be found a greater mass of Virgilian information than can be obtained from any other single work in our language. From my school-days, to those in which I completed my translation, I had never opened his pages;

and I now feel surprised at the general neglect into which he seems to have fallen.

To speak of the translations of my author, antecedent to that by Dryden, can be gratifying only to curiosity: for, in their present sepulchral rest on the shelves of the literary virtuoso, they are consulted only for the purposes of antiquarian research. Without noticing the prose version by Caxton, the printer, of which I know nothing but the name, I refer to the translations of the *Aeneis* by Gawen Douglas, the Earl of Surrey, Phaer * and Twyne, Churchyard, Stanyhurst, Sir T. Wroth, Sandys, Waller and Sydney Godolphin, and May †: for those by Vicars, Ogilby, Sir T. Howard, Fanshaw, and the Earl of Lauderdale, may be regarded as of the age of Dryden; though all of them preceded his work, and some by the intervention of several years. Among these more ancient versions of my author, that by Gawen Douglas, the learned and accomplished

* Thomas Phaer was a physician who flourished in the sixteenth century, and passed the greater part of his life at Forest, near Cilgerran Castle, on the banks of the Teivy, an estate which formed a part of my family property. Here he translated the first seven books of the *Aeneis*, which were published in London, in 1558. He continued the translation to the third part, as he informs us, of the tenth book; and the entire version, which was completed by Thomas Twyne (who also was a physician) was given to the world by a London press, in 1584. In this work was included the supplementary book by Maphæus. To his translation of the first book Phaer has subjoined a latin memorandum, informing us that it was begun on the 9th and finished on the 25th of May, 1555!! For a part of this information I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Fenton, who has instructed and entertained the Public by his tour through Pembrokeshire.

† To these elder translators of Virgil, I must add, on the respectable authority of Mr. Malone, the names of Fleming, Boys, and Harrington, with whose productions I am wholly unacquainted.

Bishop of Dunkeld, is eminently distinguished by its poetic merit. But our unstable language, shifting beneath his feet, has plunged him into darkness, which the vision only of the few is able to penetrate. I speak of him from the small portions of his work which I can understand; and from the report of those, whose studies have made them conversant with the old Scottish dialect; by which his Muse is profoundly veiled, like the son of Venus by the impervious and supernatural cloud thrown over him by his mother.

The translation by Lord Surrey, comprehending only the second and the fourth book, is remarkable for its being the first essay of our poetry in blank verse, or, as it is termed by the noble author, in *strange metre*. It bears, also, honorable testimony to the talents and the erudition of that accomplished nobleman, whose murder forms one of the many sanguinary blots, which contaminate the reign of the second tyrant of the hateful family of Tudor. Of Stanyhurst's translation, which is not carried beyond the sixth book of his author, the striking peculiarity is its hexameter metre. I have not been able to procure the work: but an extract, which I have seen from it and which has been published in one of our literary journals, forms a curious specimen of its whiniscal execution, and of the strange taste of its author.

Sir T. Wroth, May *, Sandys, Waller and Sydney Godolphin, Sir Robert Howard, and Fanshaw confined their

* May, the continuator of Lucan, was one o. the most determined opposers of despotism in the long Parliament: and Sandys is so generally known as the translator of Ovid, that it is unnecessary to say more of him.

ambition each to the translation of a single book of the *Æneis*. On these I shall only remark, that the version of the fourth by Waller and Sydney Godolphin, very ill corresponds with the praise which has been attributed to it by Dryden, or with the reputation of Waller; and that the version of the same book by Fanshaw exhibits, as far as my knowledge of the subject extends, the first specimen of that liberal style of translation, asserted in its excess by Cowley, and established by the precepts and the example of Dryden. The names alone of Vicars and Ogilby (the latter of whom has equally violated the Muse of Homer and of Virgil) will supersede the necessity of any further notice of their performances: but the work of Lord Lauderdale is of a much higher character, and is entitled to considerable respect. Though finished before Dryden commenced his Virgilian undertaking, its publication was subsequent to that great man's; and did not take place till after the decease of its noble author, when it was offered to his memory by the just regard of his family. Dryden, to whom it was communicated in MS. by Lord Lauderdale, availed himself very largely of its beauties; having transplanted from it not fewer than three hundred and seventy entire verses into his own page, beside more than double that number, which he has made his own at the expense of no very laborious variation. On this particular topic, I may observe that Pitt has acknowledged his obligation to Dryden for sixty of his lines; and that I am not conscious of standing indebted to either of my predecessors for the loan of a single verse. Similar thoughts will sometimes suggest, to different writers in the same language, a similarity or even an identity of expression: but wherever I have detected the property of another in my pages, I have studiously relinquished it, not

from the affectation of originality, but from a wish to offer to the public nothing which was not new, and, as it was professed to be, my own. On the subject of a coincidence of rhymes I shall say nothing, as it is a coincidence which must necessarily occur in almost innumerable instances.

Between the years 1716 and 1726, Doctor N. Brady, the well-known versifier of the Psalms, published a version of the *Æneis* in blank verse, which fell, as I believe, still-born from the press: and in 1764, another unrhymed translation of the same poem was presented to the public, with similar ill-success, by Mr. Hawkins, Professor of poetry in the university of Oxford. After a pause of two years, (in 1766,) a new translator of Virgil, of the name of Robert Andrews, was ushered into the world from the printing office of Baskerville; of whose production (whether in rhymed or unrhymed verse I cannot tell) I know only a single line; which, being cited by a wicked Reviewer of the time, impressed itself by its absurdity upon my youthful memory: “Pears at my pate arch Galea softly throws;” the translation, as it may be necessary to inform my readers, of “*Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella*”. In the interval between Dr. Brady’s and Mr. Hawkins’s publications, (in 1753,) a gentleman, of the name of Strahan, offered to the world a blank verse translation of the *Æneis*; and the rear of the English translators of this poem was closed in 1794, by Mr. Beresford, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, who published by subscription a version of it, with an equal superiority to the fetters of rhyme. Of this work, and of its immediate predecessor, I can only say, that they were and are not. So numerous has been the host of translators whom the renown of Virgil has encouraged to attempt him;

and so many of them has his power laid prostrate in the dust ?*

Of all these translations of my author's great poem, two only, those by Dryden and by Pitt, can now be regarded as alive ; and of these again, the latter, as being little read and opened more from curiosity than for pleasure, must be considered as in a state only of doubtful existence.—And now the fortune of my adventure is to be proved. If I cannot, with prophetic confidence, say to my Æneis,

*“Nate!”—te majoribus ire per altum
Auspiciis manifesta fides :*

I may address it, with a wish at least for its success, in the words of Deiphobus to Æneas,

I nostrum ! melioribus utere fatis !

If these better fates should attend it ; and, like Æneas, it be destined to survive and to conquer, my friends may rejoice, and the world can have no cause to lament. If, on the contrary, it should be doomed, with Deiphobus, to fulfil its just sentence in darkness, my enemies (if, unoffending as I am, I should have enemies) may indulge in exultation. In either event, I shall neither be elated, nor

* In 1787 a rhymed version of the second and the fourth book of the Æneis was published by a very young author of the name of Morrison. In the preface he is stated to be only twelve years old ; and, with reference to this immaturity of age, his performance is remarkably good.

depressed into the feebleness of complaint. The judgment of the public must eventually, as I am sensible, be right: and I have not, I thank God, lived so long without knowing how small a portion of man's happiness can be affected by the prosperous or the adverse fortune of a few thousands of rhymes.

February 6th, 1816.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK I.

Argument.

THE poem opens with a general proposition of its subject; and its action commences with the sailing of the Trojan fleet from Sicily, in the seventh year after the destruction of Troy. The fleet is dispersed by a tempest, excited by Æolus at the request of Juno; and is saved from destruction, after the loss of one of its number, by the interposition of Neptune; who sees its distress, and tranquillizes the seas. Æneas, with seven of his ships, gains a port in Africa, in the vicinity of Carthage. To pacify the alarms of Venus for her son and his Trojans, Jupiter reveals to her the secret counsels of the Fates, as they respect the subjects of her solicitude; and discloses the future greatness of their descendants—the Julian family, and the Romans. As he wanders, accompanied by Achates, to explore the country, Æneas is met by his mother, and receives from her the information requisite for his present state. Concealed by her with a cloud from the eyes of the multitude, he enters Carthage, where he finds the leaders of his forces, whom he had imagined to be lost; and has an interview with Dido (or Elissa) the queen, by whom he and his friends are royally entertained. Cupid, at the desire of his mother, assumes the form of Ascanius, and inspires the queen with the love of Æneas. Dido solicits from the chief a relation of the taking of Troy, and of his wanderings subsequent to that disastrous event.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK I.

ARMS, and the man who first, by Fate's command,
From Ilion flying, sought Italia's strand,
And gain'd Lavinium, are my themes of song.
Long toss'd by waves, on land he suffer'd long:
From power supernal, such his doom of woe; 5
Pursued by vengeful Juno as her foe.
Much too in war he bore, ere Fate assign'd
His walls to rise, or gods to be enshrined
In Latium: whence the Latin offspring came;
Old Alba's chiefs, and Rome's majestic frame. 10

Speak, Muse! the causes of effects so great:
What god was wrong'd? or why, incensed with hate,
Should heaven's high Queen, with toils on toils, confound
The man for piety to heaven renown'd;
And urge him with a ceaseless tide of ills? 15
Ah! can such passions goad celestial wills!

Opposed in site, but far from Tiber's flood,
By Tyrian hands an ancient city stood,
Carthage: in wealth supreme, and martial art;
By Juno cherish'd with a parent's heart; 20
More than her Samos loved: here shone her ear;
Here blazed her arms in all their beamy war.
Here too, if Fate would bow beneath her mind,
To rear earth's mighty empire she design'd.
Even now she fondly watch'd the growing power; 25
And breathed her vigor on its nascent hour.
But she had heard—a race of Trojan source,
In years to come, should crush her Tyrian force:
A monarch-people, raised by war, should stand
On Libya's ruins, and the world command. 30
This she had heard, as Fate's supreme decree;
And, fearing, strove to baffle destiny.
Nor yet unin mindful of the wars she bore,
For her dear Greeks, to Troy's contested shore:
With other wrongs, deep settled in her breast, 35
(Wounds that, still rankling, kept her soul from rest,)
The award of Paris, and her slighted charms;
Her Phrygian rival in her consort's arms;
And all the offenses of the hated brood,
To rouse her vengeance, and inflame her blood; 40
She now, as victims of her hate and fear,
Doom'd the sad relics of the Pelian spear:

And fiercely scatter'd Ilion's exiled host,
O'er the broad billows, far from Latium's coast :
And long they wander'd from their destined home. 45
So mighty was the toil to found imperial Rome !

Scarce lost in distance were Sicilia's shores,
As, high in hope, the Trojans plied their oars
Through the plough'd foam ; when Juno thus express'd
The undying pangs, that tore her vengeful breast : 50
“ Then baffled must I yield ; too weak my hand
To keep Troy's monarch from the Latian land ;
Controll'd forsooth by Fate ? Could Pallas' ire
Whelm in the deep the Greeks ; their navy fire,
For the sole crime of mad Oileus' son ; 55
And make the guiltless many die for one ?

Through bursting clouds the flames of Jove she hurl'd ;
Dash'd the rent ships, and shook the watery world.
Him, scath'd and pouring from his shatter'd breast
The fires of heaven, she singled from the rest : 60
Caught in a whirlwind ; and, with stormy force,
Fix'd on a pointed rock his flaming corse.

But I, who walk the queen of gods above ;
Sister, and consort of the thunderer Jove,
Am doom'd for years a puny war to wage : 65
Nor sweep from earth one nation in my rage.
And who will, then, Saturnia's godhead own ?
What altar breathe its incense to her throne ?”

While thus she gave her boiling bosom vent,
 Her course the goddess to Æolia bent, 70
 Parent of storms; within whose pregnant womb
 The whirlwind grows in power, and heaves for room.
 The winds, his restless subjects, here with chains,
 In a vast cave, king Æolus constrains.
 Mad with controll, they shake their prison's bounds; 75
 And the high mountain with their howl resounds.
 Aloft in state their sceptred lord presides:
 Soothes their fierce spirits, and their fury guides.
 By him uncheck'd, their lawless force would tear
 Earth, seas, and skies, and scatter them in air. 80
 Prescient of this, in caverns, deep in night,
 The Sire of Nature plunged their dangerous might:
 With mountains crush'd, and gave a king to awe;
 To hold or loose them with the reins of law.

To him now spake the suppliant queen of heaven: 85
 "O Æolus! to whom by Jove is given
 The sceptre of the winds, to raise the seas
 In mountain-billows, and at will appease:
 A hostile race, that has my power withheld,
 Now, borne audacious on the Tuscan flood, 90
 To Latium steers the baffled gods of Troy.
 Release the storm; the hated fleet destroy:
 Whelm it beneath the deep; or scatter wide,
 The sport of tempests, on a distant tide."

Of twice seven nymphs, who near my person shine, 95
 The brightest, Deiopeia shall be thine.

Her, for thy merits in my sovereign cause,
 My hand shall bind to thee by nuptial laws :
 To bless for endless years thy love's embrace ;
 And make thee father of a beauteous race." 100

To her the god : " O Queen ! the care be thine
 To give the mandate ; to obey be mine.
 To thee my state, with regal power increased,
 The smile of Jove, the gods' celestial feast,
 I owe :—by thee enthroned in high command, 105
 I sway the tempests with my potent hand."

Ardent he hurl'd his sceptre as he spoke ;
 And pierced the mountain with the forceful stroke.
 Through the cleft rock the winds, in close array,
 Burst from their dungeon, and alarm'd the day. 110
 Earth felt the shock ; then, prone with direful sweep,
 They seize the billows, and convulse the deep.
 The South, and East, and Afric's stormy wind *
 Rush in one mass ; and, with their powers combined,
 Stir Ocean's depths and bear him on the land. 115
 Loud clamors rise from Troy's astonish'd band.
 Their shivering masts resound : clouds drown the light ;
 And the storm raves beneath incumbent night.

* Africus, the south-west wind; thus called, as blowing immediately from Africa upon Rome and Italy.

Loud thunders shake, and lightnings fire the skies ;
And death—dire death close presses on their eyes. 120

At once Æneas felt the alarm of Fate :
On all his nerves a chilling horror sate.
With hands upraised to heaven, “ Thrice bless’d ! ” he said,
“ Oh ! greatly favor’d, who in combat bled !
Whose fathers’ eyes beheld them nobly fall, 125
In patriot battle, by the Trojan wall !
Tydides, first of Greeks ! beneath thy hand
Why fell I not upon my native strand :
And press’d the soil which great Sarpedon press’d ;
Where Hector sleeps in ever-honor’d rest, 130
Slain by Æacides ; where shields and helms,
And hero-myriads blood-stain’d Simois whelms ? ”
Scarce had he finish’d, when, with adverse stroke,
The furious North his shivering canvas broke.
To the fierce waves, unheeding of her guide, 135
With shatter’d oars the vessel yields her side.
Then swells abrupt a precipice of surge :
Some, borne aloft, on its curl’d top emerge.
Some, in the dusky vale, that slopes beneath,
View the bared sands, o’ercanopied by death. 140

Three ships the whirlwind South compell’d to reel
On rocks, the covering waters ill conceal.
(Their huge backs, dimly through the surface shown,
Are by their Latin name of Altars known.)

- Three more, the victims of the driving East, 145
On the dread shallows from the main are press'd.
There, wretched sight! on neither sea nor land
They beat, entangled in the gathering sand.
One, with Orontes and his Lycian crew,
Near to the chief and striking on his view, 150
A monstrous sea o'erwhelms; and with its sweep
Bears o'er the stern the master to the deep.
The ship herself, by forceful eddies toss'd,
Circles awhile, and then ingulf'd is lost.
Struggling in vain are seen the floating few; 155
And arms and Trojan wealth the flood bestrew.
And now Ilioneus, Achates brave,
Abas, and old Aletes see the wave
Prevailing on their ships; whose gaping sides,
With many a mouth, imbibe the unfriendly tides. 160
- But now the monarch of the sea perceived
His liquid realms with strong commotion heaved;
The depths upturn'd; the waves in heaps constrain'd;
And all the furies of a storm unrein'd.
Moved with unusual wrath and proud disdain, 165
He rear'd his head august above the main:
And straight Troy's scatter'd navy met his eye;
Half crush'd beneath the ruin of the sky.
He saw; and, conscious of his sister's hate,
Her wiles and fury in her war with Fate, 170

Sternly he call'd the winds of East and West,
And thus with injured majesty address'd :

“ Lives there such daring in your vassal kind,
To shake our seas, without our power assign'd ?
To roll such watery masses in your rage ; 175
And heaven and earth in lawless fight engage ?
Ye Winds ! whom I—but first my hand must still
The waves, thus urged to war against my will.
Hereafter ye may feel and know my might.
Hence to your king ! and speedy be your flight ! 180
Tell him, not his the sea's sublime command :
Fate placed the trident in our mightier hand.
His is the realm of rocks, your bleak domain :
And there let Æolus unquestion'd reign :
High in his hall of ruin there preside ; 185
And o'er the imprison'd winds exert his pride.”

He spoke ; and, swifter than his words, his deed
Allay'd the waves ; heaven's shrouded splendor freed,
And open'd all the day. The sea-god train
Lift from the rocks the vessels to the main. 190
The monarch's trident, of supreme controll,
Dashes the quicksand and removes the shoal.
Then, mounted on his car in sovereign pride,
His wheels roll smoothly o'er the level tide.
As when Sedition, from her lofty stand, 195
O'er some proud city shakes her flaming hand,

And fires the crowd : the ignoble vulgar swarm ;
Intent on outrage, and for mischief warm.

Now stones and brands in thick disorder fly ;
The readiest arms that fury can supply. 200

If then they haply see some man, endear'd
By patriot worth, for sanctity revered ;
At once their clamors die ; attent they stand :
He soothes their breasts, and bends them to command.
So, calm'd by Neptune's eye the billows sleep : 205
When the great father, glancing o'er the deep,
Shakes his loose reins ; and, under smiling skies,
His steeds rush swiftly, and his chariot flies.

The nearest region with their weary oars
The Trojans seek, and gain the Libyan shores. 210
There, in the bosom of the land recess'd,
Screen'd by a fronting island's rocky breast,
Which breaks the surges rolling from the main,
Spreads a deep haven in a glassy plain.
Cliffs threat on either side ; and o'er them rise
Two giant summits, that invade the skies. 215
Mute at their feet the subject waves repose ;
And woods, sun-crown'd, wave sparkling on their brows.
Gloomy beneath, the shades collected throw
A sable horror on the flood below. 220
Where the barr'd waters meet the closing land,
A grot is arch'd by Nature's curious hand.

- Within the fretted dome fresh fountains play ;
 And seats of spar reflect a living ray ;
 Haunt of the nymphs. In this environ'd sea 225
 The wave-worn vessels float at liberty :
 Safe, though by no retaining cables bound ;
 Nor held with biting anchors to the ground.
 Here, relics of his fleet, Æneas finds
 Seven ships alone recover'd from the winds. 230
 The Trojans now, rapacious of the land,
 Spring with a lover's transport on the sand ;
 And dry their briny limbs. Achates first
 With arid leaves the flint-born sparkle nursed,
 And rear'd it into flame : the men for use 235
 Their Ceres, tainted by the wave, produce.
 With fire they parch, with stones they break the grain ;
 And, tired of Fortune's eumity, complain.
 The chief, meanwhile, ascends a rocky height ;
 And thence o'er ocean hurls his rapid sight : 240
 If Antheus, tempest-tost, he there may view ;
 Or Phrygia's navy with its hardy crew ;
 Or Capys : or Caicus' arms discern,
 Yet proudly planted on his lofty stern.
 The sea was desert : on the land beneath 245
 Three stags he sees, that wander'd o'er the heath.
 To them the herd, a numerous train, succeed :
 Bound o'er the copse ; or in the valley feed.

He stands ; and takes the bow and feather'd store
Of shafts, his arms which good Achates bore : 250
And first the leaders feel the mortal wound ;
Their branching heads extended on the ground.
Then, turn'd against the herd, his deaths pursue
The flight, through thickets, of the ignobler crew :
Nor from the work of blood his shafts abstain, 255
Till seven, the number of his ships, lie slain.
Then, to the harbour tracing back his way,
Among his comrades he divides the prey.
The generous wines, Acestes lately gave
To his friend, launching on Sicilia's wave, 260
And stored in casks, the hero next imparts ;
And with the words of comfort chears their hearts :
“ O Friends ! not now acquainted first with woes :
Worse have ye known, and these the gods will close.
Have ye not braved fell Scylla's howling den ? 265
And rocks by Cyclops dash'd with shatter'd men ?
Collect your souls ! Be bold ! even toils like these,
Recall'd by memory, will haply please.
Through various labors, through a storm of fate,
We struggle onward to our Latian state. 270
There peace awaits us ; there, reviving Troy.—
Endure ! and keep yourselves for coming joy.”

He spake ; and on his cheek hope lightly play'd,
To hide the cares that on his bosom prey'd.

- And now the men prepare their future feast: 275
 Flay, and expose the bowels of the beast.
 Some cut, and fix the trembling flesh on spits':
 One fills the caldron; one the fire submits.
 Then, on the grassy couch reclined, they share
 The needful banquet, and their strength repair. 280
 Old Bacchus, with the flesh of deer, supplies
 Health to their hearts, and vigor to their eyes.
 When hunger ceased, their anxious talk dilates
 On the dark subject of their comrades' fates.
 In doubt, 'twixt hope they fluctuate and despair, 285
 If yet their friends may breathie the vital air:
 Or if o'erwhelm'd, beneath the stormy deep,
 No more to hear their fellows' voice, they sleep.
 Absorb'd beyond the rest, Æneas hung
 On the sad theme, by stronger sorrow wrung. 290
 For Lycus now, now Amycus he grieved;
 Now the deep sigh for lost Orontes heaved:
 Now fondly claim'd, with anguish, from the grave
 Gyas the valiant, and Cloanthus brave.
 At length 'twas o'er: when Jove, enthroned in light,
 Bent on the subject universe his sight: 295
 From the high citadel of heaven survey'd
 Earth, in her spacious lineaments display'd;
 Her sail-white seas, her realms, her human brood:
 And then his beaming eye o'er Libya stood. 300

Him, as he there imperial cares revolved,
With checks grief-stain'd and eyes in tears dissolved,
Venus approach'd, and spake; “O Thou! whose hand
Holds, with the thunder, heaven's and earth's command:
Eternal Monarch! say, what crimes unknown 305
Must my loved Trojans and my son atone?
Victims of Fate, with Latium still denied,
They wander outcasts of the world beside.
And yet from them, and Teucer's blood restored,
Thou said'st should spring mankind's majestic lord, 310
Great Rome; who, in a distant age, should hold
The land and seas, beneath her power controll'd.
This thou didst promise, Sire! ah! what has wrought
A change of counsel in the Eternal's thought?
This was my solace on the tomb of Troy: 315
One was my fate of woe, and one of joy.
But the same fortune, cruel now as then,
That razed the city still pursues the men.
Ah! when will Jove allow them to repose?
Antenor, circled by his Grecian foes, 320
Escaped; and, piercing through the Illyrian waves,
Pass'd the nine sources whence Timavus raves:
Bursts in a sea the roaring mountain's side;
And whelms the region with a billowy tide.
Safely he pass'd; and there Patavium stands, 325
Through time the proud memorial of his hands.

There to a state, sequester'd from alarms,
 He gave the name, there fix'd the Trojan arms :
 And there, his perils and his labors past,
 Finds a calm haven for his age at last. 330

But we, thy race, to whom thy nod has given
 A bright reversion in the courts of heaven ;
 Wreck'd far from Latium, harass'd and undone,
 Are falsely yielded to the wrath of one.
 Is this the crown thou givest to pious worth ? 335

This our proud sceptre of the conquer'd earth?"

On her, the Sire of men, and gods above,
 Effused the radiance of almighty love :
 The smile, by which the tempest stands controll'd ;
 And heaven is clothed in more ethereal gold : 340

Then touch'd his daughter's lip, and mildly said ;
 " Cythera's Queen ! dismiss thy causeless dread.
 Still shalt thou see (unmoved thy fates remain)
 Lavinium's walls, and thy predestined reign.
 Æneas here, a god by gods confess'd, 345

Shall prove the eternal purpose of my breast.
 He, (for I now, if any mist of care,
 Still hovering o'er thy mind, should sicken there,
 Drawn from their mystic darkness will display
 The Fates, and bring unborn events to day,) 350

He with victorious war shall sway the field ;
 And make Italia's martial nations yield.

Then, great in peace, shall rear the city's frame ;
And a wild race with laws and morals tame :
And thrice the seasons in their orb shall roll, 355
While conquer'd Latium feels his mild controll.
But young Ascanius, as Iulus known,
(Iulus he was whilst Ilion had a throne,) For thrice ten years shall reign, and shall translate
To his own Alba the Lavinian state. 360
In Alba, rear'd by him with warlike pride,
Three centuries entire shall Troy preside :
Till Ilia, priestess-queen, the ravish'd fair,
To Mars her double progeny shall bear.
Thence, nourish'd by the wolf, in Fate's great hour, 365
Shall Romulus assert the nation's power :
Raise to his parent god the eternal wall ;
And Romans from his name the people call.
To them no bounding limits I decree :
An endless empire is their grant from me. 370
Juno herself, whose now infuriate soul
Shakes with her storm earth, ocean, and the pole ;
Shall change her counsels then, her rage resign ;
And, softly yielding, blend her will with mine :
With us shall love the race of Trojan birth ; 375
The nation of the gown, the Roman lords of earth.
'Tis thus decreed : the day, as time shall flow,
Will come when Argos to thy Troy shall bow :

When Iulus, in his progeny, shall chain
Phthia ; and victor o'er Mycenæ reign. 380

From Tencrian blood shall mighty Cæsar rise,
(Whose realm the main shall bound, whose fame the skies,) Named from Iulus. Fraught with trophies, won
On lands first gleaming with the rising sun,
Thy Julius thou shalt crown in triumph here ; 385
While prostrate nations feel his holy fear.

Then, heavenly influence calming human rage,
Sweet Peace shall brood upon the lucid age :
Vesta and hoary Faith maintain the laws ;
And Rome's twin founders re-assert her cause. 390

The gates of war with bars of steel secured,
Within shall impious Fury rave immured :
And stretch'd on shatter'd arms, and foaming gore,
Compress'd with hundred-folded brass, shall roar."

He spoke ; and gave to Hermes his behest, 395
To open Carthage for her Trojan guest.
Lest Dido, stranger to the will of Fate,
Might haply drive the wanderer from her gate.
The herald Power quick shot through air profound ;
And instant closed his wings on Libyan ground. 400

There the soothed Tyrians own the god's controll ;
And yield their stern' barbarity of soul.

The queen above the rest, by heaven inclined,
Gives to the Trojans all her pitying mind.

But, with his thought revolving through the night, 405
The pious chieftain longs for dawning light:
With its first rays intent to leave the shore;
Pierce the new region and its scenes explore:
See on what realms the storm had thrown his fleet;
Of beasts the desert, or of men the seat; 410
For all was waste that lay within his ken:
Then, fraught with tidings, seek his friends again.
First under rocks, embower'd in forests, laid,
His ships he hides beneath the veiling shade.
Then, with Achates, climbs the steepy land; 415
Two radiant javelins quivering in his hand.
Now had he gain'd the centre of a wood,
When in his path his heavenly mother stood;
In form and habit like a Spartan maid:
So was the goddess arm'd, and so array'd. 420
Or like Harpalyce, the pride of Thrace;
When, taming her fierce steed, with flying pace
She leaves swift Hebrus laggard in the race.
A bow the mimic huntress slung behind;
And gave her locks to dally with the wind: 425
Bare to the knee: her mantle's swelling pride,
A simple knot beneath the bosom tied.
“ Ho! Youths!” she first accosts them, “ have ye seen
One of my sisters, wandering o'er the green?
Or driving with her shafts the foamy boar? 430
A spotted lynx supplied the cloak she wore.”

So Venus spake, and thus her son replies :
 “ No sister, Nymph ! of thine has met our eyes.
 Nymph shall I call thee ? No ! thy higher race
 Speaks on thy tongue, and kindles in thy face : 435
 Or Dian’s self, or Dian’s goddess-friend.
 O Power ! propitious to our woes attend !
 Tell us to what strange region are we led :
 What clime is this, and whose the soil we tread ?
 For here we roam, unknowing and unknown ; 440
 On a new world by stormy ocean thrown.
 O aid us, and inform ! and I will lead
 The frequent victim at thy shrine to bleed.”

“ Give not to me,” fair Venus makes reply,
 “ The honors due to natives of the sky. 445
 Like me, in chase the Tyrian virgins wear
 The purple buskin, and the quiver bear.
 The realm you see is Punic : but around
 Libya’s fierce nations press the hostile ground.
 Agenor’s race, the Tyrians, here command : 450
 Theirs is yon city and the subject land.
 The sceptre Dido holds : from Tyre in dread,
 Elusive of her brother’s rage, she fled.
 Dire was his crime, and deep the inflicted wrong :
 The eventful tale is intricate and long : 455
 Its heads I will disclose. Above the rest,
 From Sidon sprung, of lands and gold possess’d,

Sychæus was her lord : on him her mind
Had fondly doted, ere their hands were join'd.
Her youthful choice her kingly sire approved ; 460
And early nuptials gave her him she loved.
But soon, in wickedness supremely great,
Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, ruled the state.
To fire his breast the demon fury came ;
And cruel Avarice more incensed the flame. 465
Gold-mad, and reckless of his sister's heart,
In the safe hour, from every eye apart,
Even at the holy altars as they stood,
His impious weapon shed Sychæus' blood.
Then, conversant with fraud, he tries his wiles ; 470
And long his sister's anxious love beguiles.
But, pale to horror, at the noon of night,
Her husband's spectre glared upon her sight :
Bared his pierced bosom, shew'd the secret guilt,
And the sad altars where his blood was spilt : 475
Then urged her, with precipitated speed
To fly the land, polluted with the deed :
And, to support her flight, the vault disclosed,
Where heaps of countless wealth had long repos'd.
Warn'd, and aghast, she summon'd all her friends : 480
Explain'd the danger, and reveal'd her ends.
All, who felt pressing fear or deadly hate
Of the dire tyrant, cluster'd round her state.

Ships ready arm'd, which in the harbour lay,
 They seize, they load with gold; and, borne away, 485
 The greedy murderer's treasure rides the wave:
 A woman leader of an act so brave.
 Here, then, they came, where, rising on the sight,
 You walls declare the Carthaginian might;
 And here, what with a lide they could surround, 490
 (Hence Byrsa's name) they bought of Libyan ground.
 But now your lineage speak, your native home:
 What your designs, and whither do ye roam?"

To this, his bosom torn by struggling sighs,
 With faltering accents thus the chief replies: 495
 "O Goddess! should I from their birth relate
 My woes, still growing in the wilds of Fate;
 And you could hear; the day-star, from the main
 Rising, would circle to the deep again.
 From ancient Troy, (if Troy's unhappy name 500
 Has hither floated on the breath of Faine,)
 From sea to sea on adverse billows cast,
 Wreck'd by the storm, we reach'd these shores at last.
 Æneas I; my fleet my gods conveys;
 Snatch'd from the foe and Troy's funereal blaze. 505
 Renown'd for piety; from Jove my source;
 To my own Italy I steer my course.
 Studious the fates assign'd me to obey;
 My goddess-mother pointing still my way;

In twice ten ships I launch'd from Phrygia's strand : 510
Scarce seven, surviving, now have gain'd the land.
Myself, from Europe and from Asia chased,
Roam a sad exile o'er the Libyan waste."

But Venus (for her mother's mind sustain'd
No more to listen while her son complain'd) 515
Here interposing spake : "The care of Jove
Surely you live, and guarded by his love,
Whoe'er you are, who, thus redeem'd from harms,
May rest within the Tyrian city's arms.
Go o 'v on your way, and seek the queen : 520
Hush'd be your fears, and all your mind serene.
For, if my parents taught me not in vain
The augurial science, from the stormy main
Safe shall you see your friends and ships again.
Lo ! you twelve swans, who lately, in a flock 525
Rejoicing, felt the imperial eagle's shock,
And scattering fled ; reform'd into a troop,
Now stoop to earth, or meditate to stoop.
As they, returning, play upon the wing
In airy rounds, and while they circle sing ; 530
So now your ships and men, with glad resort,
Meet on the land, or sail into the port.
Proceed but onward, as your path directs."

She said ; and, as she turn'd, her neck reflects

A rosy lustre : her ambrosial hair 535
Breathes heavenly fragrance, as it plays in air.
Full mantling o'er her feet, her robe flows down ;
And as she moves the ethereal Power is shown.

He, when his mother manifest he views,
With fond reproaches thus her flight pursues : 540
“ And canst thou too be cruel to thy son ;
His love so oft in borrow’d forms to shun ?
Why may I not embrace ? ah ! why not join
Dear converse with thee in thy shape divine ?”

Thus he upbraids her ; and then bends his way, 545
To where, not far remote, the city lay.

But Venus, as they pass, their persons shrouds
In a thick mantle of involving clouds :
That, veil'd from every curious eye's regard,
No tongue might question them, or hand retard. 550

She to her Paphos, borne through air sublime,
Inhales the perfumes of her favor'd clime :
Where, crown'd with wreaths, her hundred altars rise ;
And sweets, from flowers and incense, mount the skies.

Meanwhile along their guiding path they went
With eager pace, and climb'd the hill's ascent :
Which, swelling o'er the ramparts, from its brow
Sees towers, and fanes, and palaces below.
Where late were cots, Aeneas with surprise
Views in its stately pride a city rise :

Amazed, its circuit, ports, and streets surveys ;
And the glad tumult of its crowded ways.
The Tyrians urge their labors : some emboss
The wall with battlements ; some sink the fosse :
Some straining heave the stone upon the mound ; 565
Some choose their site, and with a trench surround.
Here numbers hollow the capacious dock :
Here, hew vast columns from the parent rock,
To grace the future scene : while numbers there
Found the proud theatre to mount in air. 570
When the young summer strews the lawn with flowers,
So toil the bees in noon-tide's glowing hours :
As from their waxen nurseries they lead
Their youth, scarce fledged, to taste the balmy mead :
Or honey from a thousand florets' bells • 575
Coudense, and with rich nectar swell their cells :
Or the tired laborers, returning home,
Ease of their loads ; or from the invaded comb,
Form'd in a band, the drone devourers drive.
All stirs ; and thymy fragrance fills the hive. 580
Struck with the bulwarks' height, Æneas cries,
“ O ! happy they whose walls already rise ! ”
Then, entering, passes in the impervious cloud,
Wondrous to tell ! unseen among the crowd.
A grove, within the city's middle space, 585
Cast a soft twilight o'er the hallow'd place.

The wave-worn Tyrians, digging here the ground,
 The sign, foreshown by regal Juno, found,
 A courser's head; a portent, that proclaim'd
 A race for war and wealth through ages famed. 590

Herc to the guardian goddess Dido raised
 A gorgeous fane, that rich with offerings blazed:
 While the felt presence of the Power divine
 Struck holy horror from the living shrine.

To the high threshold steps of brass ascend: 595

On joints of brass the massy beams depend:
 On brazen hinges turning, sounds the gate;
 And all is rare, and beautiful, and great.

Here first, from objects that surprise his view,
 Æneas dared to cherish hope anew: 600

Here first with rapture, in his fortune's night,
 Hail'd the pale gleaming of reviving light.

For, as his eye, while waiting for the queen,
 Explored the wonders of the encircling scene;
 The nation's wealth, the workman's toils, admired; 605

Where several arts to deck the fane conspired;
 He sees, in order, Ilion's wars portray'd;
 By Fame to earth's remotest realms convey'd:

Sees Atreus' son, and Priam's hoary head;
 And fierce Achilles, either monarch's dread. 610

Forced into tears, “Ah! where, my Friend!” he cries,
 “Are realms unconscious of our miseries?

Our sorrows fill the world. Lo Priam here !
Here worth finds praise ; affliction Pity's tear :
Here human hearts are touch'd with human grief. 615
Fear not ! our Troy will bring us here relief."

He spake ; and, feeding on the pictured woe,
Groans heave his breast, and tears his cheek o'erflow.
For he beholds as, on the Phrygian plain,
Here fled the Greeks, and Troy pursued amain : 620
There trembled Troy : high-crested on his car,
The dread Achilles gored their routed war.
Not far removed, with streaming eyes he knows
The tents of Rhesus, white as Thracian snows :
Which, in her first embrace by Sleep betray'd, 625
Tydides ravaged with his midnight blade :
And led away the fiery steeds, before
Xanthus they drank, or tasted Trojan store.
With scatter'd arms, amid the warring throng
Here wounded Troilus is dragg'd along : 630
Unhappy boy ! who, with unequal might,
Dared to confront Achilles in the fight.
Prone from his car, but grasping still the rein,
His neck and tresses sweep the gory plain.
The sand is furrow'd with the inverted spear : 635
Guideless the horses fly, and wild with fear.
To Pallas there, too partial to the foe,
In mournful pomp the Trojan matrons go :

With hair dishevell'd, spread the sacred cloak :
 Beat their sad bosoms ; and the Power invoke. 640

In vain ! averse and, heedless of their cries,
 Gloomy on earth the goddess bends her eyes.
 Here Hector's body, stain'd with dust and gore,
 Which thrice round Troy the vengeful coursers tore,
 Achilles, soften'd by the imploring sire, 645

For gold surrenders to the funeral fire.
 When thus the well-known spoils and, stretch'd along,
 His friend's pale corse, defaced with many a wrong ;
 And reverend Priam on his suppliant knees,
 Raising his feeble hands, the hero sees ; 650

A bursting groan betrays his inward pangs ;
 And o'er the scene, indulging pain, he hangs.
 There too, engaged with Grecia's chiefs in fight,
 Himself he views ; and swarthy Memnon, bright
 In blazing arms, amid his Eastern host. 655

There, raging where the conflict storms the most,
 Penthesilea, with her moony shield,
 Leads on her Amazons, and scours the field.
 A golden zone her naked breast beneath,
 She blends with heroes in the ranks of death. 660

While fetter'd thus with interest and surprise,
 His soul absorb'd and centred in his eyes,
 Æneas stands ; with all her regal train,
 Dido, in beauty's pride, ascends the fane.

- Like great Diana, when she walks the meads 665
Laved by Eurotas; or on Cynthus leads
Her virgin choirs: in dance around their queen,
A thousand mountain goddesses are seen.
She wears her quiver with diviner grace;
More awful beauties lighten from her face; 670
And, as she towers illustrious o'er the rest,
With conscious pride exults Latona's breast.
Such Dido was: with such imperial gait
She moved to council for her growing state.
And now beneath the temple's middle roof, 675
Circled by guards, to keep the crowd aloof,
She mounts her lofty throne, and there august,
Sits in proud duty to the sovereign trust:
Distributes laws; on private rights decides;
Inquires into the works, the workmen guides; 680
Assigns their labors, or by lot divides.

But now, in concourse bursting on his view,
A band advanced, whom well Æneas knew.
For there through crowds, the sovereign to invoke,
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus, broke; 685
With other leaders, whom the stormy heaven,
O'er the wild waves, to distant lauds had driven.
Amazed the chief, amazed Achates stands:
Both long to rush, and press the friendly hands.
Strong joy impels them; but by fears retain'd, 690
While yet the darkling tale is unexplain'd,

Within the hollow cloud they pause conceal'd :
 Till, each mysterious circumstance reveal'd,
 Is known where lies their fleet ; or why they came,
 From all the ships the men of chosen name : 695
 Why thus with clamor to the throne they press ;
 To sue for favor, or to claim redress.

When now the Trojan delegates had gain'd
 The royal presence ; thus, with leave obtain'd,
 Ilioneus, the first in years, express'd, 700
 With placid mien, the dictates of his breast ;
 " O Queen ! beneath whose just and potent sway,
 New cities grow, and ample realms obey ;
 As sovereign Jove ordains : see ! wretched Troy,
 Whom winds and seas confederate to destroy, 705
 Bends suppliant at thy throne. Oh ! check the flames,
 That threat our ships ; and weigh our righteous claims :
 Ah spare the pious race ! We came not here
 To waste your Libya, or to scatter fear.
 No pirates we, that drive the coasts for prey ; 710
 And bear their bleeding robberies away.
 Not such our force ; not thus the vanquish'd feel :
 We plead with prayer ; not arrogate with steel.
 A land there is, by Greeks Hesperia named ;
 Peopled of old ; for arms and affluence famed : 715
 Cænotria once ; but as Italia known
 By later races, from a chief's renown.

Thither we steer'd : when, rising in his force,
Orion shook the seas, and dash'd our course.
On shoals and rocks our ships his fury hurl'd ; 720
Or drove them vagrant o'er the billowy world.
We, feeble relics of our ruin'd host,
With weary struggles gain'd at length your coast.
But what barbarian nations here command ?
What savage manners stain this Libyan land ? 725
They bar us from the shore : in arms dispute
The sand's bare treading with the shipwreck'd foot.
If men you slight, yet fear avenging Jove :
The oppress'd have still their advocates above.
Æneas was our king, renown'd afar, 730
O'er all, for justice, piety, and war.
If, Fate's high care, he sleep not yet in night ;
But breathes our heaven, and drinks the golden light ;
Fearless, the first in amity contend :
The great Æneas can requite his friend. 735
Troy yet has power : in Sicily's domains
Her cities rise, and her Acestes reigns.
Give us your woods our vessels to restore ;
Adapt the beam, and slope the tapering oar :
That thus Italia (if the Fates decree 740
Italia with our king we e'er should see)
We yet may gain : but if our orphan'd host
Must thee, our father, thee, our nation's boast,

Deplore, entomb'd within the Libyan main ;
 And young Iulus' lofty hopes be vain ; 745
 That then, we may our former course retrace ;
 And rest in friendly Sicily's embrace."

He ceased : the assenting Trojans gave applause ;
 And hail'd the pleader of the general cause.

Her female softness tempering regal pride, 750
 The queen with modest dignity replied :
 " Fear nothing, Trojans ! all your care resign :
 Suspicion hangs on sceptres new as mine.
 My tender state, encompass'd with alarms,
 Exacts the circling jealousy of arms. 755

Who knows not Troy and all her hero-birth ?
 Her blaze of fate has lighten'd over earth.

Our Tyrian breasts are not so dead to fame :
 Nor shoots our sun so virtueless a flame.
 Whether your way to Italy you hold ; 760
 Hesperian climes, where Saturn reign'd in gold :
 Or seek with shorten'd toil your nearer rest,
 With good Acestes, in Sicilia's breast ;
 Safe shall ye sail, with stores and wealth supplied.

Or would ye in these realms with me abide ? 765
 My city shall be yours : unrig your fleet :
 Troy shall with Tyre^{*} my equal favor meet.
 Would that your king Æneas, also press'd
 By the fierce south, were now my princely guest.

Straight will I send to search our Libyan land : 770
Its peopled regions, and its desert strand.
If haply, guideless, and unknown the way,
To some far town, or o'er the wilds he stray."

Cheer'd by her words, Æneas and his friend
Already burn their veil of cloud to rend. 775

Achates first the Goddess-born address'd :

" Say what are now the counsels of thy breast ?
Lo ! all is safe ; our fleet, our friends restored :
One loss alone remains to be deplored :
The ship that, sinking, perish'd in our view. 780
In all beside thy mother's word was true."

Scarce had he said, when, melting into day,
The covering cloud resolved itself away.
Illustrious in full light Æneas trod :
In form, in face, in gesture, like a god. 785

For his celestial mother, breathing there,
Swell'd the bright volumes of his floating hair :
Waked laughing glories in his eye ; and threw
Youth's light around him, of purpureal hue.

As ivory, labor'd by the workman's pains,
Till its last grace the polish'd beauty gains : 790

As beaming silver, or the Parian stone
Shot with the rays of circling gold, he shone ;
When, bursting sudden from the ethereal cloud,
He flash'd in brilliance on the gazing crowd ; 795

And thus bespoke the queen : “ Behold in me,
The man you seek, redeem’d from Libya’s sea ;
Dardan Æneas. O imperial Fair !

Alone who make afflicted Troy your care :
Who us, poor gleanings of the sword of Greece, 800

By war exhausted, not refresh’d with peace ;
Whom want and toil on lands and seas o’erwhelm,
Cheer with your wealth, associate in your realm,
Give, in your walls, a home of rest and joy :

O ! ’tis not mine, nor in the power of Troy, 805
Where’er, dispersed, she still survives on earth,
To offer praises equal to your worth.

No ! Dido ! no ! the gods alone, if they
Respect the pious, must your deeds repay.

From Heaven, from virtue’s large and sweet regard, 810
And your own conscious breast, expect reward.

O happy age, on which your childhood smiled !

Thrice happy parents, bless’d with such a child !

While still the river to the main shall flow ;
While shade shall circle round the mountain’s brow ; 815
Whilst ether shall the starry fires sustain ;

Your name, your praise, your honor shall remain
Living and ever bright ; however Fate
May urge my wanderings, or may shape my state.”

He spoke ; and instantly, with either hand, 820
Gave eager welcome to his friendly band.

Ilioneus, Serestus first he press'd :
Gyas, Cloanthus then, and then the rest.

The queen gazed, wondering, at the glorious man ;
Then with his fortunes touch'd, she thus began : 825

“ What Power, O Goddess-born ! your virtue's foe,
Pursues you thus o'er length'ning tracks of woe ?
What fate has wreck'd you on a savage coast ?
And art thou he ? that chief ? Fame's loudest boast ?
The great Æneas, whom, on Simois' shore, 830
Celestial Venus to Anchises bore ?

The banish'd Teucer, when he came to sue
For other realms, at Sidon's court I knew.
(My father Belus then by arms had gain'd
The wealthy Cyprus, and with power retain'd.) 835

Thence with the fates of Troy familiar grown,
I learn'd your fame, and all your foes' renown.
Teucer himself, though hostile to your state,

Praised Trojan valor, and confess'd it great :
And oft would he delight, with pride, to tracce
His ancient lineage from the Teucrian race. 840

Come, Trojans ! then, within my walls repose.
Like yours, my fortune has been versed in woes :
Like yours, my race through storms and toils has run ;
Till here from Heaven a place of rest I won. 845

By woe's experience taught, I pity woe ;
And pleased, that aid, I wanted once, bestow.”

She said ; and to her dome the prince conveys : .
 And bids with incense all her altars blaze.
 Then she directs her bounty to the fleet : 850
 A hundred lambs that by their mothers bleat :
 A hundred bristly hogs, and twenty kine ;
 With Bacchus, laughing in full skins of wine.

Meanwhile the interior palace stands display'd,
 In all its lustre for the feast array'd. 855
 Bright purple strews the floors ; and o'er the walls,
 The needle's labor, rich embroidery falls.
 The tables, spread in all the pomp of state,
 Float with the radiance of imperial plate :
 Whose fretted surface, in historic gold, 860
 Shows all the nation's mighty deeds of old :
 Her heroes ; and her monarchs, son and sire,
 From the first infant days of hoary Tyre.

Æneas now, not able yet to rest,
 Paternal fondness working in his breast, 865
 Sends swift Achates to the hope of Troy,
 Ascanius, all his father's care and joy :
 To him the fortunes of the day to bear ;
 And lead him in the joyous scene to share :
 To bring, beside, for Tyre's imperial dame, 870
 Some presents, saved when Ilion sank in flame ;
 A cloak, with figures wrought, and stiff with gold ;
 A robe, round which the bright acanthus roll'd ;

- The dress that Helen from Mycenæ bore,
When the fair mischief, to the Phrygian shore, 875
Pass'd for unhallow'd love the Ægean wave :
The wondrous gift her mother Leda gave.
With these the sceptre, once, in proud command,
Held by Ilione's majestic hand, 879
Priam's first-born daughter ; and, with pearls encased,
The costly circle that her neck embraced ;
With the tiara-crown, which round her brow
Threw, from its gems and gold, a flamy glow.
Commission'd thus, and eager to obey,
Achates to the vessels speeds his way. 885
- But Cytherea in her careful heart
Revolves new wiles, and plans of deeper art :
That Cupid should supply Ascanius' place,
To the sweet boy transform'd in shape and face ;
And, when the queen the gifts of Troy admires, 890
Should seise, and wrap her inmost soul in fires.
For still the goddess fears, with doubting mind,
Tyre double-tongued, and Dido's faithless kind.
Fierce Juno on her startled thought recurs ;
And all the mother in her bosom stirs. 895
- Thus she addresses then the Power of love ;
“ My Son ! my Pride ! of all the gods above,
Alone who canst defy the bolts of Jove ;

My Son! thou energy, with which I sway!
 To thee I fly, and to thy godhead pray. 900

The storms that shake thy mortal brother's state,
 Hurl'd by the hand of Juno in her hate,
 Which drives him still an exile o'er the sea,
 Full well thou know'st, and oft hast mourn'd with me.

Him now Phœnician Dido entertains 905
 With soothing blandishments, and costly pains.
 Her port is friendly, yet I feel not ease;
 Still must I dread Junonian courtesies.

Our foe's exertions will not now relent,
 When Fate hangs trembling on the nice event. 910

Then with thy flames I purpose to subdue
 The queen, and keep her by her passion true:
 With me to great Æneas bound in love,
 Beyond the power of any god to move.

Now mark the means, efficient of our end. 915

Glad on his father's summons to attend,
 The royal boy, great object of my cares,
 To bring Troy's presents to the queen prepares.

Him will I lift in sleep's ambrosial rest;
 And lull upon Idalia's rosy breast: 920

Or hide in high Cythera's holy shrine,
 Lest, obvious, he should baffle our design.

For one short night usurp his vacant room:
 A boy thyself, the boy's disguise assume.

That when, her soul from every care released, 925

The queen unfolds in pleasure at the feast :

When she shall hold thee to her breast, and press

Thy soft child's lip with many a sweet caress ;

Then thou may'st wound her in the vital part ;

And breathe thy subtle fires through all her heart." 930

Love hears his mother's wish, and straight obeys ;

Drops his light wings, and veils his heavenly rays.

As young Iulus now the god is seen ;

And walks exulting in his borrow'd mien.

But o'er Ascanius Cytherea strews 935

Sleep's soft oblivion, in nectareous dews :

Then, cherish'd in her lap, the boy conveys

To where Idalia's breezy foliage plays.

There, in a wilderness of fragrance laid,

He draws sweet spirit from the breathing shade. 940

Cupid, meanwhile, officious to fulfil

The wily dictates of his mother's will,

Walks by Achates' side with joyous port ;

And bears the presents to the Tyrian court.

There, when he came, upon a couch of gold, 945

Whose shining frame embroider'd vests infold,

The queen, reclining with majestic grace,

Expects her guests, and holds the middle place.

The guests convene : the Trojans, with their lord,

Repose on purple at the regal board. 950

Then water, for their hands, the menial train
 Present, with napkins of the softest grain ;
 And bread, in glittering canisters heap'd high,
 The gift of Ceres, for the feast supply.

Within, the viands to prepare, a band 955

Of fifty damsels, ranged in order, stand ;
 Whose tending cares with sacred fires provide
 The genial powers, that o'er the hearth preside.

A hundred youths, a hundred maidens more
 The goblets place, and spread the costly store. 960

To the glad board the invited Tyrians throng ;
 And rest on painted beds the hall along.

The Æneian gifts the assembled guests admire ;
 The cloak and robe, the Spartan queen's attire :

And gaze on young Iulus with surprise ; 965
 As the god breaks in lightning from his eyes.

But hapless Dido, rapt beyond the rest,

By Fate predestined to the fiery pest,

With restless pleasure looks and looks again ;

Till the hot venom works in every vein. 970

Now here, now there, her shifting eyes enjoy

The royal presents, and the royal boy.

He, in the embrace of his fictitious sire,

First gave the love a father's claims require ;

Then sought the queen : she pores upon his charms ; 975

With joy delirious holds him in her arms :

Nor conscious of the mighty god she press'd,
Strains him with fatal fondness to her breast.
He, not regardless of his mother's care,
Moulds the soft bosom of the victim fair ; 980
Steals from its grasp the memory of the dead;
And plants a living passion in its stead :
By soft degrees bids new sensations move ;
And rouses every energy of love.

Now hunger ceased : the meats resign their place 985
To pleasure, sparkling in the wine-crown'd vase.
Mirth glows ; and through the hall's re-echoing bounds,
From numerous tongues, the cheerful din resounds.
The gilded roofs dependent lights display ;
And shower on vanquish'd night the shafts of day. 990
Now the rich chalice of capacious mold,
Where starry gems emblaze the massy gold,
By Belus used and all of Belus' line,
The queen demands, and fills with rosy wine.
Then, as the hall attends with reverend ear, 995
“Great Jove !” she says, “ thou friend of strangers, hear !
Guardian of hospitality, be kind !
Respect this meeting with propitious mind !
Grant that the day may smile on Tyre and Troy ;
From sire to son remember'd still with joy. 1000
Let Bacchus here be present with delight :
And our own Juno bless the social rite.

Ye too, O Tyrians! friends to my design,
Blend at this board of peace with hearts like mine."

She spoke; and from the brilliant nectar pours 1005
The due libation, and the gods adores:
Then, touching with her lip the chalice first,
Gives it to Bitias, and exhorts his thirst.
He drains the draught with rapture uncontroll'd;
And floats his spirit with the brimming gold. 1010
The pledge flows round: Iöpas on his lyre
(His hair flow'd loosely o'er the bard's attire)
Strikes the high lay from Mauritania brought;
Which Atlas, once supreme in science, taught.
The vagrant moon; the sun's obstructed ray; 1015
Whence beasts and men first issued into day;
Whence rain distils; what gives the lightning power:
Of bright Arcturus in his golden tower;
The showery Hyads, and the northern wain:
What hurries wintry suns into the main; 1020
And what delays the lazy night's career;
He sings: and wonder sits on every ear.
With loud applause the Tyrians cheer his lays;
And the pleased Trojans swell the peal of praise.

With various converse the devoted queen 1025
Protracts the night, and feeds the death unseen
With copious love: her eager lips inquire
Of Hector much, and much of Hector's sire:

Now ask what arms Aurora's* offspring wore ;
And now, what steeds Tydides' chariot bore : 1030
Now, with what might Achilles shook the field ;
How tower'd his helmet, and how blazed his shield.
“ But come, my Guest !” she says, “ at full relate
The wiles of Greece, and Troy's disastrous fate,
With all your wanderings : for the radiant sun 1035
Seven times the circuit of the year has run ;
And seen you, by your fortune's stern decree,
A wanderer still on every land and sea. 1038

* Memnon.

END OF BOOK I.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK II.

Argument.

Æneas, complying with the queen's request, proceeds to relate the circumstances of the taking of Troy, by the stratagem of the wooden horse; the success of which is promoted by the artful tale of Sinon, and the monstrous death of Laocoön. Warned by Hector in a dream, Æneas starts from sleep; and, on finding the city in possession of the enemy, assembles his friends, and exerts himself, ineffectually, for its rescue. The palace is stormed, and Priam slain by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. When he is left the sole survivor of all the forces which he had collected, Æneas is convinced by his mother (who appears to him in her heavenly form) of the inefficacy of any further resistance. By her, his vision is enabled to discern the hostile deities, arrayed in their terrors for the subversion of the city; and by her he is conducted in safety to his palace. Here his father, Anchises, who at first resolves to die amid the ruins of his country, is diverted by a prodigy from his purpose, and induced to accompany his son into exile. With his father, whom he bears on his shoulders, his wife, Creüsa, who follows him, and his child, Iulus, whom he leads in his hand, Æneas hastens through the city to a place without the walls, where he has appointed his domestics to meet him. In the confusion of his flight, Creüsa is lost; and, on his returning again to the city with the hope of recovering her, her spectre appears to him; and, consoling him for their separation, foretells the result of his wanderings in his final establishment in Italy. Returning to his father and his followers, he finds a large concourse of his countrymen, prepared, under his guidance, to cross the seas in quest of some new habitation. With them, and his family, he retires on the approach of day to the fastnesses of Ida.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK II.

THROUGH all the assembly mute attention ran ;
When from his lofty couch the Chief began :

“ Hard is the task, O Queen ! that you impose,
To tear my bosom with reviving woes :
To say how Troy, the great and the deplored, 5
Sunk, the sad victim of the Grecian sword ;
And speak of horrors that have fiercely glared
On these pain’d eyes, and which I largely shared.
As the dire story falter’d on his tongue,
Our sternest foe would feel his bosom wrung : 10
Ulysses’ iron soldier heave with sighs ;
And the tear gush from Myrmidonian eyes.
Now too night hurries down the etherial steep ;
And setting stars persuade to kindly sleep.
But, since so strong your wish to hear me tell 15
Of the last groans of Ilion when she fell ;

Though all my soul, with recollected pain,
Will shrink to wander o'er the scene again;
I will begin. In wasting conflict held,
Their force impair'd, and by our fates repell'd, 20
The Grecian chiefs, by Pallas taught, devise,
Ribb'd with strong fir, a horse of mountain size.
This they pretend a votive gift to please
The gods, to speed them homeward o'er the seas.
Such the report they spread throughout the land: 25
But in the frame they hide a chosen band:
Fill the dire monster's womb with arms and death;
And crowded warriors pant within for breath.
Not far from Troy, and obvious to her eyes,
The coasts of sea-girt Tenedos arise: 30
Rich once and famed, while Priam's empire stood:
Now a poor refuge from the stormy flood.
Thither the Grecians ply their fraudful oars;
And screen their ships behind the steepy shores.
Fondly we deem them on their course for Greece; 35
And Troy luxuriates in the joy of peace.
Her gates unfold; and, issuing on the plain,
Her long imprison'd crowds respire again:
Trace with keen pleasure, on the vacant coast, 39
Where ranged the fleet; where camp'd the Dorian host:
Here the Dolopians pitch'd: here proudly spread
The Pelian tent; and here the battle bled.

Some on the deathful gift of Pallas gaze;
And scan its vast proportions with amaze.
And first Thymœtes, whether treason taught 45
His tongue, or Troy's ill fates inspired the thought,
Counsels the horse within our walls to heave,
And in our opening citadel receive.
But Capys, and the better sons of Troy
Urge the suspicious present to destroy: 50
The gift, or fraud of Greece, with equal doom,
To plunge into the waves, with flames consume;
Or search its bowels with the piercing steel.
With veering minds the giddy vulgar reel.
While thus they doubt, Laocoön, with a crowd, 55
Came rushing from the walls, and cried aloud;
“ What frantic fancies, Citizens! are these?
Dream ye the foe is pass'd beyond the seas?
Think ye that Greece can fraudless gifts bestow?
And is it thus Ulysses' arts ye know? 60
Or in this wood included warriors lie:
Or the dire engine thus invades the sky,
To rise above our walls; and, looking down
On subject Troy, to burst upon the town:
Or some more subtle mischief it intends. 65
O! trust not to the horse, my Trojan Friends!
Whate'er it means, it means but to deceive.
I dread the Grecians even when they give.”

He said ; and hurl'd his spear with mighty force
 At the plank'd body of the enormous horse. 70
 Deep in the wood the trembling weapon stuck :
 The groaning caverns echoed as it struck.
 And then, if Fate had not decreed us blind,
 And Heaven in dreadful slumber plunged our mind,
 The great example had inform'd our hand 75
 To burst the lodgment of the lurking band :
 And thou, my Troy ! had'st stood, and Priam's power
 Still sway'd the nations from his regal tower.

Lo ! shouting, now the Dardan shepherds bring,
 With arms securely pinion'd, to their king 80
 A youth, who, bold and ardent to betray,
 Solicitous of bonds, had cross'd their way :
 To open Troy to Greece, his purposed deed :
 Resolved to triumph, or prepared to bleed.
 Pressing from every side, the Trojans seek 85
 To view the captive, and insult the Greek.
 Now mark the Grecian wiles, and learn to trace
 From one perfidious all the guileful race.
 For trembling and defenseless mid his foes,
 Wildly around his haggard eyes he throws ; 90
 And deeply groaning, “ Ah ! what land or sea
 Will now,” he cries, “ receive a wretch like me ;
 Who must not breathe in Greece, and who in Troy
 Must find a foe, impatient to destroy ? ”

Touch'd by his groans our hostile passions cease ; 95
And the changed temper of our minds is peace.
With soothing words we cheer him to declare
His race, his views, his hopes of mercy there.
Recovering by degrees from abject dread,
“ All, all, O King ! I will disclose,” he said : 100
“ And first my Grecian birth I will confess :
For Fortune, howsoe'er she may oppress
The wretched Sinon, has not power to wrest
His tongue to falsehood, or pervert his breast.
Haply the sound of Palamedes’ name 105
Hath reach’d your ears, as blazon’d far by fame :
Whom, falsely charged with treason, blinded Greece
Condemn’d to death, because he counsell’d peace :
And now too late laments her hasty doom,
In idle sorrows o’er the warrior’s tomb. 110
To him my sire, by blood (not wealth) allied,
Sent me, a boy, to combat by his side :
And, while his fortunes stood, while yet was great
His voice to sway the counsels of the state,
I too had power, nor was my name unknown. 115
But when, by false Ulysses’ guile o’erthrown,
He fell (I speak of facts by fame divulged)
For my lost friend in anguish I indulged :
Shrunk from the day ; nor madly spared to vent
My pain in menaces of fierce intent : 120

To promise, if I saw my home again,
 To take due vengeance for the mighty slain.
 Thus I awoke the fell Ulysses' hate ;
 And hence the taint that gangrened to my fate.
 Hence were my fears by charge on charge renew'd : 125
 Hence dark suspicions through the camp he strew'd ;
 And, conscious, all his arms of fraud essay'd.
 Nor ceased the assassin, till by Calchas' aid—
 But wherefore should I dwell so long in vain
 On the sad theme ? or why prolong my pain ? 130
 If every son of Greece you hold alike,
 You know me for a Greek, and therefore strike !
 'Twill make the heart of Ithacus to glow ;
 And Atreus' sons would buy with gold the blow."
 But, not aware how deep was Grecian art, 135
 We press him now for all he can impart ;
 And burn the sequel of his fate to hear.
 With breast of fraud and well dissembled fear,
 Thus he proceeds : " Fatigued, and sore of fight,
 The harass'd Greeks oft meditated flight ; 140
 And oh ! that they had gone ! but stormy gales,
 With boisterous seas, still awed their spreading sails :
 But chiefly when this horse of wood was raised,
 Deep thunders roll'd, and ruddy lightnings blazed.
 In holy doubt, we sent to Phœbus' shrine 145
 Eurypylus, to learn the will divine.

From the dread god this sad reply he brought :
“ When first, O Greeks ! the shores of Troy ye sought,
The winds and waves propitiated with blood,
A victim-virgin bore you o'er the flood. 150
By blood ye must return : a Grecian slain
Must waft once more your navy o'er the main.”
When the dire answer through the camp was spread,
The people's mind was plunged in gloomy dread.
From breast to breast a chilling horror ran : 155
Each fear'd himself the god-demanded man.
And now Ulysses, with tumultuous zeal,
Draws forth old Calchas for the general weal :
Urges the seer the god's decree to read ;
And point the victim who for all must bleed : 160
And many then foresaw the black design ;
Aware the death was destined to be mine.
Mute for ten days the accomplice prophet stood ;
Pain'd, as it seemed, to give the award of blood.
Compell'd by Ithacus, at length he broke 165
His awful silence, and instructed spoke ;
Dooming my bosom to the atoning stroke.
The hosts assent ; and each beholds his dread,
Well-pleased, determined to another's head.
Now the dire day in pomp of horror rose : 170
The sacred bands my victim brow inclose :

At the crown'd shrine the priests of slaughter wait :—
 I burst my bonds, I own, and broke from fate,
 Hid in a rushy pool, all night I lay ;
 If any wind might waft my foes away.

175

Now life's best hopes are lost to wretched me :
 Doom'd never more my ancient home to see ;
 To clasp my aged sire ; or feel the bliss
 Of my sweet children, climbing for a kiss.

Ah ! haply these, my children and my sire, 180
 May now to satiate Grecian rage expire :

My fatal love of life their blood atone ;
 Condemn'd to fall for guilt, by them unknown.

But thee, O King ! by all the powers divine,
 Who conscious own and honor truth like mine ; 185

By all the holy faith yet found on earth,
 My prayers adjure to feel for suffering worth ;
 And, pitying deep and undeserved distress,
 To raise the captive and with mercy bless."

Moved by his tears, our pardon we concede : 190
 Priam himself commands him to be freed ;
 And cheers with friendly words : " Whoe'er thou art,
 Chase cruel Greece for ever from thy heart.
 Ours thou shalt be : but list to my desire ;
 And give with truth the knowledge I require.

195

This monstrous horse who built ? and what its aim ?
 Rear'd to religion ? or for war the frame ?"

He spoke : the smooth practitioner of lies
Raised his free hands devoutly to the skies ;
And, “ O ye everlasting fires,” he said, 200
“ Whose certain vengeance strikes the perjured head !
Ye holy rites, prepared for huinan gore !
The steel I fled ! the fillets that I wore !
You I attest, that here, with righteous cause,
All Greece I hate : abjure her hostile laws ; 205
And, loosed from every tie of birth, may lay
Her secret counsels open to the day.
Thou only, Troy ! to thy engagements true,
Give what for safety is its author’s due.
When for the war her hosts were first array’d, 210
The hopes of Greece were all in Pallas’ aid.
But from the time Tydides the profane,
And Ithacus with crime-prolific brain,
Conspiring from its shrine to bear away
Her fatal image, and her guards to slay, 215
Seised on the sacred forin with gory hands ;
And dared with blood pollute her virgin bands ;
Left by the Power, at once, and fortune’s tide,
Greece saw her strength decay, her hopes subside.
Nor was Tritonia’s wrath obscurely shown : 220
Prodigious portents made its fierceness known.
When to the Grecian camp her image came,
Its eyes erected burn’d with living flame.

On every limb a briny moisture hung ;
And thrice (most strange !) from earth the goddess sprung :
Shook her long lance in air ; and shot alarm 226
From the bright buckler, gleaming on her arm.
Then, instant Calchas warns the Greeks to sail
In speedy flight ; nor hope they can prevail,
Till their own Argos they again shall view ; 230
And, thence, with auguries obtain'd anew,
Retracing ocean's billows, shall restore
The hallow'd image, which to Grecce they bore
And now they seek Mycena, to prepare
Their arms, and troops, and gods with better care ; 235
To spring with sudden war on Troy again.
Thus Calchas' lips the will of Heaven explain.
For your Palladium this huge frame they built ;
Vow'd to the goddess to atone their guilt :
And, taught by Calchas, they construct its size, 240
Thus with vast timbers towering to the skies,
Lest, through your gates received, it might restore
The fated safety Troy possess'd before.
For should your steel the holy gift profane,
(Such the sure tenor of the prophet's strain,) 245
Vast ruin, (which on him the gods pour down !)
Would fall on Priam's realm, and crush your town.
But should, ascending by the people's hand,
The sacred fabric in your city stand ;

Then Phrygia's war would Pelops' land o'erflow : 250
And to great Asia's fates our children's children bow."

Thus veil'd and gloss'd by perjured Sinon's art,
The specious lie finds entrance in our heart :
And we, who had sustain'd the shock of fight
With great Tydides, and the Pelian might ; 255
A ten years' conflict, and a thousand ships,
Fall now by villain tears, and guileful lips.

And here, to shake us more and more mislead,
Dire woes, strange terrors in the scene succeed.
By lot Laocoön chosen Neptune's priest, 260
At the god's altar slew the victim beast.
When lo ! from Tenedos (my heart-streams freeze
Even as I speak it) o'er the tranquil seas,
Right for our shore, arranged in equal course,
Two mighty serpents steer with sinuous force. 265
Their sanguine crowns and breasts surmount the tide :
Wallowing beneath, their monstrous volumes glide.
The foamy surge resounds ; and now they land ;
Rise on their spires, and glare with fierce command.
Their blood-stain'd eyes emit a fiery gleam ; 270
And, playing round their jaws, their tongues with venom
Pale at the hideous sight, we fly ; but they [stream.
Straight to Laocoön urge their destined way.
First his two sons they clasp in rigid folds ;
And his weak victim either serpent holds : 275

Crashes the quivering limbs, the life-blood draws ;
Feasts with grim joy, and licks his ropy jaws.

Next, bringing aid and arms with frantic pace,
The father's self the assailing snakes embrace.

Twice round his loins the knots of death they tie ; 280

Twice round his neck ; then, rising proudly high,
Ride o'er his head, and shake their crests in air.

With hands convulsed he vainly strives to tear
The fatal cinctures : on his writhing brows,
The sacred crown with gore and poison flows. 285

To his dread outcries heaven's high vault replies ;
Loud as the bull's that from the altar flies ;
And, bellowing with his anguish, shakes the ground,
When his gored neck has felt the glancing wound.

But now the serpents, conscious of their deed, 290
To Pallas' fanc on rolling volumes speed.

Crouch'd at her feet their gather'd orbs are laid ;
And safely rest beneath her buckler's shade.

Then a new horror spreads from what we saw ;
And every bosom pants with holy awe. 295

All judge Laocoön justly paid with blood
His dirc infringement of the hallow'd wood.

All loudly cry, that prayer must intercede
With angry Pallas for the injurious deed ;
And that the gift, she thus proclaims divine, 300
Be brought with honor to her hallow'd shrine.

Thus by acclaim the public sentence known ;
The walls we sever, and unfold the town.
All labor : some the encircling cordage tie ;
Some the wheel's motion to the feet supply. 305
The fatal engine, as the people leads,
Slow with its iron pregnancy proceeds ;
And climbs our walls. Around, a blooming throng
Of youths and virgins raise the choral song ;
And joy to touch the ropes that draw the steed along. 310
Threatening he enters, and with stately pace
Attains in pomp the city's middle space.
O my loved country ! Ilion's dear abodes !
Great nurse of heroes, and the house of gods !
Four times the monster in its entrance hung ; 315
Four times within the clang of armour rung.
But phrensy-struck, no warning fears we feel :
Uncheck'd our purpose and undamp'd our zeal,
Up to the sacred citadel we strain ;
And place the fatal portent in the fane. 320
Then too Cassandra, ne'er to be believed,
(So will'd the god) with inspiration heaved,
Broke into ravings on our coming woes.
We fondly dress the shrines with festal boughs ;
And pass the day, ordain'd the last of Troy, 325
In holy revelry, and deathful joy.
Meanwhile the heavens revolved, and darkness stole,
From ocean's breast, o'er earth and o'er the pole ;

And veil'd the Grecian wiles. From cares at ease,
The Trojans scatter as their fancies please. 330

With hearts composed and limbs by toil oppress'd,
Through the mute town in balmy sleep they rest.

And now from Tenedos, in just array,
The Grecian forces take their fatal way.

On the king's mast the flaming ensign stood,
Their sign to weigh, their guide across the flood. 335

To the known shores the furtive navy steals,
And their mute course the silent moon conceals.

Then Sinon, saved by hostile Fate's decree,
Unbars the horse, and sets the Grecians free. 340

The monster's depths refund their warrior charge ;
And the glad chiefs emerge to breathe at large.

Down by a rope, descending from the side,
Thessander, Sthenelus, Ulysses glide :

Thoas, and Acamas of warlike brood ; 345

Young Neoptolemus, athirst for blood ;

Machaon, Menelaus rush abroad,

With cursed Epeos, builder of the fraud ;

And, eager all to urge their dire design,

Fall on the city, drown'd in sleep and wine : 350

Slay the weak guards ; and with prevailing hands

Unfold the gates, and join their kindred bands.

"Twas now the time when Heaven on labor throws
Sleep's dearest blessing in the first repose :

When in a dream, behold! before my eyes
Hector in gushing sorrow seem'd to rise.
Such he appear'd as when, in battle slain,
The victor's chariot rapt him o'er the plain.
Black bloody dust his lineaments defaced ;
And through his wounded feet the cords were braced. 360
Ah me! the Hector then that met my sight,
How changed from him who, glorious in the fight,
Blazed in Achilles' spoils ; or, arm'd with brands,
Hurl'd flaming ruin on the Grecian bands !
His beard and hair were stiff with clotted gore ; 365
And red the wounds his patriot bosom bore.
While streaming tears my anguish'd heart confess'd,
I thus the melancholy shade address'd :
“ O light ! O hope of 'Troy ! her surest stay !
Where hast thou linger'd ? why this long delay ? 370
When Fate has here been busy to destroy,
What has withheld our Hector from his 'Troy ?
And whence, so many toils and slaughters past,
Comes he to cheer his longing friends at last ?
But, ah !—why thus ?—say whence the wounds I trace ?
What outrage this that blots thy noble face ?” 376
To these vain questions deigning no replies,
With deep-drawn groans the vision'd Sorrow cries :
“ Fly, Goddess-born ! O fly ! and haste to save
Thy better fates from Ilion's fiety grave. 380

The foe has gain'd the walls : and, stooping low,
Troy humbles in the dust her tow'ry brow.
Enough is done : thy patriot work is o'er :
Priam and Troy can ask of thee no more.
If Ilion by a mortal's force could stand, 385
Still had she stood by this protecting hand.
Her household gods she now to thee commends :
Them, as companions of thine exile, sends.
With them range seas, and, all thy toil's fulfill'd,
Found the great walls which Heaven by thee will build."

He said ; and brought its holies from the shrine : 391
The eternal fire, and Vesta's form divine.

Meanwhile the city groans with mingled woes ;
And, though retired my father's mansion rose,
Bosom'd in trees that buried it in shade, 395
Its deep recess the storming sounds invade.
Strong, and more strong, the dire alarms prevail ;
And growing horror rides upon the gale.
Bursting from sleep, I gain with swift ascent
The mansion's roof, and stand with ears attent. 400
As when the flame o'er fields of crackling corn,
In ruddy triumph, by the winds is borne :
Or the fierce torrent, swell'd by mountain rains,
Headlong precipitates, and drowns the plains :
Baffles at once the labors of the steer : 405
Quells all the laughing plenty of the year ;

And, strengthening as its fury is withstood,
Bears from their roots the giants of the wood :
On some high steep aghast the shepherd stands ;
And listens to the roar that shakes the lands. 410
Now the dire truth I see ; and know too late
The frauds of Grecians in our ruin'd state.
Now sinks Deiphobus' superb abode :
Now feels Ucalegon the fiery god.
Victorious Vulcan mounts on wreathing spires ; 415
And the Sigean wave is bright with fires.
Straight the fierce trumpet's shrill alarm I hear ;
And shouts of men rush pealing on my ear.
Frantic I seize my arms : yet scarcely know
In arms my purpose 'mid the torrent woe : 420
But my soul burns to gather war, and bring
My banded friends in succour to the king.
With rage and with revenge my bosom glows ;
And, pleased, I seek the death that smiles on slaughter'd foes.
But, lo ! just 'scaped the sanguinary fray, 425
The son of Othryas, Panthus, stopp'd my way :
Apollo's priest, and Troy's religious head,
In wildering terror to my gate he fled.
One hand his god, now baffled and expell'd ;
And one his little grand-child fondly held. 430
“ What is our state ? and whither must we tend ?
Is there yet, Panthus ! aught we can defend ? ”

I spoke: with groans he answer'd, "No! 'tis done.
 Fate's hour is come: our vital race is run.
 Trojans have been! great Ilion was a town! 435
 The pride of Phrygia lives but in renown!
 All, all is Greece, so cruel Jove ordains:
 And in our flaming city now she reigns.
 High in the citadel, the fatal horse
 Pours from its dark recesses murderous force; 440
 And Sinon, triumphing, with savage joy
 Spreads the broad fires, and feeds them to destroy.
 Through the wide gates new myriads crowd, and more
 Than e'er Mycenæ wafted to our shore.
 The narrower ways besieging legions bar; 445
 And death threats every where in iron war.
 Surprised and weak, the guardians of the wall
 Scarce fight, and in the blind encounter fall."

Stung with his words, and swell'd by Heaven with force,
 Mid arms and flames I bear my vengeful course: 450
 Rush where the fury of the combat cries;
 And the fierce clamor mounts and shakes the skies.
 Rhipeus, and Epytus of martial fame,
 Join in the war, and kindle with my flame.
 Then, by the moon's ascending ray descried, 455
 Dymas and Hypanis enforce my side,
 With young Corœbus, Mygdon's warlike boy:
 Who, in those days of fate, had march'd to Troy.

Mad with Cassandra's love, his potent aid
He brought to Priam for the promised maid. 460
Unhappy! whom her warnings fail'd to move;
Attentive only to her voice of love.

When now my troop I saw with numbers swell'd;
And their nerved arms with daring souls impell'd;
Thus I address'd them: " Youths, sublimely brave! 465
Strong to revenge, though haply late to save!
If ye will dare with me the extremes of fate:
(Ye see the fortunes of our ruin'd state:
How, false to Troy, each tutelary Power
Has fled his shrine in this disastrous hour:) 470
If ye will yet with noble arms essay
To rob the flaming ravage of its prey;
Hence let us rush, a glorious death to share.
The vanquish'd find their safety in despair."

These words add fury to each warrior's breast. 475
Thence like marauding wolves, by famine press'd,
Who range the stormy night, and howling roam;
While with parch'd jaws their offspring thirst at home;
We march'd, secure of death: and held our way,
Where the mid city more expanded lay; 480
While hovering darkness from his raven plume
Distill'd upon the scene funeral gloom.
To paint that night, or satisfy its woe,
Words want the power, and tears would vainly flow.

- A city, long the queen of nations crown'd, 485
 Down rushes from her state, and strews the ground.
 Her streets, her houses, and her holy fanes,
 Wild undiscriminating slaughter stains.
 Nor bleed her sons alone ; awaking worth
 Oft striugs their arms to lay the foe on earth. 490
 Anguish is all around, and Fright aghast ;
 And Death, with Horror, multiform and vast.
- First of the Greeks, attended by his hosts,
 Androgeus meets us, and as friends accosts.
 “Hasten, ye loiterers ! whence this dull delay ? 495
 Ere now your fellows seise and share the prey,
 Snatch'd from the flames : and could ye thus be slow
 To leave your ships, when Pergamus lies low ?”
- But straight, by our obscure replies dismay'd,
 He found himself amid his foes betray'd. 500
 His voice and step at once he check'd, and stood
 Like him, who, passing through the tangled wood,
 Treads on a snake ; and, chill'd with fright, retires,
 As the fierce reptile rises on his spires ;
 Threats all his war ; erects his sanguine crest ; 505
 And swells the fury of his azure breast.
 Androgeus thus withdrew in quick alarms :
 Fierce we rush'd on, and compass'd him with arms.
 Surprised, bewilder'd, struck with panic fears,
 He and his followers sank beneath our spears. 510

Thus Fortune on our first adventure smiled :
And high in soul, with specious hopes beguiled,
“ On !” cried Corœbus, “ Let us follow, Friends !
Where Fortune leads, and take the boon she sends.
Let us exchange our arms, as war allows, 515
And fit the Grecian helmets on our brows.
Fraud is as just as force against a foe :
They themselves shall arm us for the deadlier blow.”

He spoke ; and, seizing with a victor’s pride
Androgeus’ falchion, slung it by his side : 520
O’er his wide breast Androgeus’ shield was spread ;
Androgeus’ plumage floated o’er his head.
Then Rhipeus, Dymas next, then all the train
Of youth assume their armour from the slain :
And with the unconscious enemy we blend ; 525
Elate in mind, but not with Heaven our friend.

Innumerable battles through the night we wage ;
And hosts of Grecians bleed beneath our rage.
Some from the fatal town with flying feet
Gain the safe shore, and tremble in their fleet. 530
Some, in base terror, climb the horse’s side ;
And, plunged within its well-known caverns, hide.
All the felt prowess of our arms confess.
But, ah ! without the gods ’tis vain to hope success.

See, from the shrine itself of Pallas torn, 535
With streaming hair, the sad Cassandra borne !

Her eyes, upraised in fire, to heaven complain'd :
Her eyes, for chains her tender hands retain'd,
The dreadful sight o'erpower'd Corœbus' soul :
Mad, and his blood unable to controll, 540
He dash'd amid the foes in scorn of Fate :
Resolved, we follow to the dire debate.
Here first our heads, disguised in Grecian helms,
From the fane's roof an iron shower o'erwhelms.
Mistaken by our friends, who man the wall, 545
In hapless doom by Trojan deaths we fall.
Then too, resentful of the rescued maid,
The gather'd Greeks, with groaning rage, invade.
Ajax, infuriate for his ravish'd prey ;
And Atreus' sons breathe terror in the fray ; 550
With all the Epirot host : the conflict raves.
As when a storm has burst the Æolian caves,
Fierce to decide the mastery of the sky,
The clashing winds from every quarter fly ;
The West, and South, and East superbly borne 555
By coursers, glowing from the fields of morn.
Loud crash the woods ; and, as the tempest sweeps,
The mace of foamy Nereus shakes the deeps.
And now the foes, whom under covering night
Our wiles had baffled, and dispersed in flight, 560
Rally ; and soon our armour's fraud is known ;
Our borrow'd shields, and tongues of alien tone.

At once we sink beneath the rushing tide.
By fierce Peneleus' arm Corœbus died ;
And stain'd Minerva's altar with his blood. 565
Then Rhipeus falls, pre-eminently good ;
For deeds of justice loved by all his kind :
But Heaven determined not with human mind.
Next Hypanis and Dymas yield their breath :
Their friends' unconscious weapons give the death. 570
Nor could thy piety preserve thee now ;
Nor Phœbus' crown, that bound thy holy brow,
O Panthus ! turn aside the fatal blow.
Ye ashes of my Troy ! thou mighty pyre,
On which I saw my country wrapt in fire ! 575
Ye Manes of my friends, who nobly bled !
Witness, if then in fear of Greece I fled :
If then my hand, had Fate indulged the doom,
Earn'd not my portion of your glorious tonib.
Thence am I hurried by the o'erpowering throng ; 580
With Iphitus and Pelias swept along :
Pelias, who halted from the Ulyssean spear ;
And Iphitus, made slow with many a cumbrous year.
To Priam's palace now our course we bend,
Call'd by the clamors that to heaven ascend 585
And, here so fiercely burn'd the combat's flame,
The war beside seem'd impotent and tame.

It look'd as peace were every where around ; .
 And death stood idle on remoter ground :
 Such here the rage of Mars ; as, danger-proof, 590
 The Greeks rush'd on beneath their tortoise roof
 To gain the wall : while some their ladders plant,
 Feuced by their lifted shields ; and climb, and pant,
 And grasp the battlements : the Trojans there
 Fight with the soul and weapons of despair. 595
 Beneath the cope of death, their hands employ
 Whatever chance affords them to destroy.
 Gilt beams, their father's pride, they hurl in showers
 On the crush'd foes, with fragments of the towers.
 Below, well arm'd, a numerous host awaits 600
 To guard the fatal issue of the gates.
 New spirit instantly informs my heart ;
 And prompts my succour to the conquer'd part :
 Bids me to aid the palace, thus distress'd ;
 And pour fresh vigor in the fainting breast. 605

Through Ilion's royal mansion, loosely spread,
 From dome to dome a gallery was led :
 Which, issuing at a door recess'd and blind,
 Unfolded darkling in the wall behind.
 Through this, while Fate upheld the throne of Troy, 610
 Andromache was wont to lead her boy,
 Astyanax, in unattended grace,
 To mingle in his grandsire's fond embrace.

Through this we rush'd ; and thence the summit gain'd,
Where Ilion yet her feeble war maintain'd. 615

A tower, that threatening stood, beneath whose brow,
High raised to heaven, lay all the town below,
(Whence late the vision, stretching to the main,
Reach'd the Greek navy o'er the tented plain,) 620

We labor to disjoint, and force to reel
Where the discover'd beams admit the steel.

Then with the mass we struggle till it bends ;
And the vast ruin from its height descends :
Loud crashing rushes on the foe beneath ;
And spreads o'er hosts at once its ample death. 625
But hosts supply their place : the assault returns ;
And the fresh conflict in its fury burns.

Close by the gate itself fierce Pyrrhus glows
In arms, and round a brazen splendor throws.

Like the fell snake who from his winter bed,
Repair'd by sleep, with earth's green poisons fed,

Springs into light ; and, having cast his age,
Shines in new youth, and feels replenish'd rage ;

Shoots through the grass his radiant length unroll'd ;

Or, rear'd against the sun on many a fold, 635

Threats with his triple tongue, and eyes of living gold.

Automedon, who ruled Pelides' car ; .

And Periphas, with all the Scyrian war,

The furies of their youthful lord attend ;

And brands aloft in flaming volleys send. 640

In front of all his host, he seised an axe
Of double edge, and plied his fierce attacks.
The brass-arm'd gate beneath the weapon's sway
Shook on its hinges, and the bolts gave way :
Till, hewn and conquer'd by the unwearied stroke, 645
The planks divide, and yawns the solid oak.
In its long range, the interior dome displays
Priam's rich state, the wealth of ancient days.
All is exposed to lure the invader's eyes ;
With those, who yet in arms defend the prize. 650

Meanwhile the palace, in its deep recess,
Re-echoes cries of impotent distress.
Shrill shrieks of female anguish pierce the sky :
From room to room the frantic matrons fly :
Cling to the doors with mad embrace, and press 655
The insensate pillars with a last caress.
Pyrrhus bears on with all his father's force :
Nor bars, nor guards suffice to check his course.
Shock'd by the frequent ram, the portals bound
From the strong hinge, and shiver'd strew the ground. 660
Force breaks its way : and now, the passage freed,
The Greeks burst in, and all who meet them bleed.
Through the wide palace sweeps the rush of foes.
Not with so fierce a sway the torrent flows ;
When the swollen river, victor of its mounds, 665
Rolls in a mountain on the subject grounds :

Commands the champaign ; and, supremely strong,
Whelms herds and houses as it foams along.

These eyes within the regal threshold view'd
Dire Neoptolenius in gore embrued,

670

With Atreus' sons : beheld (heart-rending scene !)

Troy's royal daughters trembling round their queen :

Saw the hoar king polluting, as he bled,

Those holy fires, his hand had lately fed.

His fifty nuptial chambers, proudly fraught

675

With spoils barbaric, and with gold inwrought,

Prone on the dust, dishonor'd ruins, lie ;

And mock their hopes of lasting progeny.

O'er all one common desolation lowers ;

And what the Greeks possess not fire devours.

680

Haply, you now may ask the monarch's fate.

When he beheld his captured city's state,

And his own palace storm'd ; with arms, disused

For many a year, his age-worn limbs he bruised.

Then, with an idle falchion girt, the sire

685

Went feebly, not to combat but expire.

Where the mid dome unfolded to the sky,

A spacious altar rear'd its sanctity.

O'er it, and o'er the gods that held the place,

An ancient laurel threw its wide embrace.

690

Here Hecuba, in vain imploring aid,

Sate with her daughters in the hallow'd shade.

Like doves collected in a flock, when driven
 By a black storm that rides the clouds of heaven,
 They cower'd around the shrine ; and fondly press'd 695
 The gods' cold statues to the beating breast.
 But when the wretched queen beheld her lord,
 Like a young warrior, arm'd with spear and sword :
 “ Ah ! what dire impulse this ? ” she cried, “ Ah ! why
 These arms ? and whither haste you thus to die ? 700
 No ! my lost Consort ! this disastrous hour
 Asks other arms, and more availing power.
 Even my own Hector, were my Hector here,
 Vainly would now exert his deathful spear.
 Then hither come : this shrine will guard us all : 705
 Here be our safety one ; or one our fall.”

She spoke ; and gently, as her words entreat,
 Placed the lorn senior on the hallow'd seat.
 But, lo ! escaped from Pyrrhus' slaughtering arm,
 Polites, Priam's son, in wild alarm 710
 Flies, wounded, through the storm of darts and foes ;
 Through the wide halls, and galleries' long rows.
 Him Pyrrhus follows with his lifted death,
 Ardent to strike, and fans him with his breath.
 Now, now the spear just touches on its prey : 715
 When, forcing to his sire his bleeding way,
 The hapless boy, extended on the floor,
 Pours out his spirit in a flood of gore.

Then, though within the pale of death he stood,
Priam restrain'd not his impatient blood. 720

“Wretch!” he exclaim'd, “the gods for this offense,
If gods be just, will give the recompense.

Yes! they will strike the hand that thus could stain
A father's vision with his offspring slain.

Achilles, slander'd by thy filial claim, 725
Respected in his foe a father's name.

He, to the rights of pleading nature true,
Felt what to suppliant wretchedness was due:
Gave the son's body to the funeral fire;
And safely to his throne dismiss'd the sire.” 730

Thus spake the reverend king; then feebly threw
His lance, which fluttering and unwounding flew.
Faintly upon the impassive brass it rung;
Nor on the surface of the buckler hung.

To him thus Pyrrhus:—“Then thyself shalt go, 735
And bear these tidings to my sire below.

Tell him what Neoptolemus has done;
And wound his ear with his degenerate son.

Now die!” Thus speaking, to the shrine he tore
The father, faltering through the son's warm gore. 740

By the white locks of age his left hand held
The panting victim, while his right impell'd
His flaming blade, that with the force impress'd
Plunged, and was lost within the monarch's breast.

Such was the close of Priam's fateful days : 745
 His eyes first blasted with his Ilion's blaze.

Such was his end by Destiny's decree,
 To whom proud nations once had bent the knee.
 He, who erewhile, upon a throne adored,
 Was hail'd by Asia as her sceptred lord ; 750
 Now welters on the sands, a headless frame ;
 A wretched carcass, vile without a name.

Then first chill horror through my bosom ran,
 And froze within me all the spring of man.
 As I beheld a prince of equal age 755
 Thus pour his life beneath barbarian rage,
 My much-loved father to my mind arose ;
 My son, my dear Creüsa left to foes ;
 With all my house, now haply plunged in woes.
 I gaze around to see what force was left : 760
 With toil exhausted, and of hope bereft,
 All had abandon'd me ; and, anguish-driven,
 Had dash'd their limbs on earth, or to the flames had given.
 Thus my whole army I, as thence I stray,
 Led by the flames that glared a dreadful day, 765
 My eyes, that glanced around with keen regard,
 In Vesta's fane, within its holiest ward,
 Discovered Tyndaris* in close retreat,
 Whose conscious crimes had sought that guardian seat.

* Helen, the daughter of Tyndarus, king of Sparta.

Of Trojans, for their state to flames betray'd ; 770

Of Grecian justice and her lord afraid,

This common fiend of Greece and Troy had fled ;

And here beside the shrine conceal'd her head.

I saw, and burn'd, as fury overcame,

To' avenge my country on the guilty dame. 775

“ And shall she then be safe ? live ? triumph ? reign ?

And see her Sparta as a queen again ?

Her consort, kindred, friends, and home enjoy,

Attended by the captive fair of Troy ?

Has Priam bled ? Is flaming Troy no more ? 780

Have Phrygia's plains so often flow'd with gore ?

And shall she ?—no ! though small is glory's gain

From the cheap exploit of a woman slain ;

Yet to have quell'd the pest, and justly shed

The blood of guilt for innocence that bled, 785

Will merit praise : this vengeance from my hand

My friends' warm ashes, and my wrongs demand.”

As thus my mind revolved in furious mood ;

Full in my view my goddess-mother stood.

More brilliant than she yet had met my sight, 790

Her heavenly person stream'd effusive light ;

And shot an arrowy radiance through the night.

Such she appeared as when, with gods above,

She glows, the authentic progeny of Jove.

My hand she held ; and, studious to compose, 795

Her words breathed fragrance o'er her lip of rose :

“ Son ! why to phrensy thus resign thy mind ; .
 Of me forgetful, and to duty blind ?
 Should’st thou not rather think what dangers wait
 Thy time-exhausted sire’s abandon’d state ? 800
 If yet Creüsa and thy child survive,
 Round whom the storms of hostile fury drive ;
 And who, but for the guard my cares afford,
 Had sunk in flames, or bled beneath the sword ?
 ’Tis not the crime of Helen’s hated face ; . 805
 Or Paris, branded for his ruin’d race :
 The gods, my Son ! the cruel gods o’erthrow
 Troy’s hapless state, and lay her summits low.
 See ! for I now will chase the mists that shroud
 Thy mortal vision in obstructing cloud ; 810
 That thou, still facile to thy mother’s sway,
 May’st, as she bids thee, fearlessly obey :
 There, where from masses rent yon masses fall,
 And dust and smoke in billows drown the wall ;
 With his vast trident, ponderous to destroy, 815
 Lo ! Neptune dashes and uproots our Troy.
 There, raging Juno, at the Scæan gate,
 The first fierce minister of adverse Fate,
 In her celestial panoply complete,
 Calls her confederate Argives from their fleet. 820
 High on the citadel’s aërial tower,
 See Pallas throned in all her pomp of power !

Through the black storm that mantles her with night,
Lo ! her dire gorgon flashes sanguine light.

The Sire of gods himself new force imparts, 825
For Dardan ruin, to the Dorian hearts.

Then cease, my Son ! thy fruitless war forbear :
Fly hence ; and lean on my protecting care.
My guardian power, still active at thy side,
Thy steps in safety to thy home shall guide." 830

She said ; and plunged in darkness from my eyes.
Where'er I turn terrific forms arise.
The mighty gods, the foes of Troy, appear,
Extending ravage, and dispensing fear.
Then I beheld, from her foundations toss'd, 835
The prey of flames, my Ilion wholly lost :
Fallen like some hoary ash, that long had spread
In regal grandeur on the mountain's head :
Which numerous swains, with emulative toil,
Contend to sever from its native soil. 840

Struck by the incessant axe, with nodding brows
It threats awhile, and shivers through its boughs.
Till, overcome at length by wound on wound,
It groans its last, and rushing rends the ground.

Descending thence through flames and foes I press ; 845
And flames and foes the leading Power confess.
Safely beneath the heavenly shield I go :
The flames slope backward, and recedes the foe.

But when at last I gain my native home ;
 And pause from toils in my paternal dome : 850
 My sire, the first fond object of my care,
 Whom first to Ida's height I fain would bear,
 Refuses to survive his country's fate ;
 Life's lingering victim in an exile's state.

“O You !” he cried, “whose strength entire remains, 855
 Whose sprightly blood yet glows within your veins,
 Yours be the care of flight ! Had Heaven thought good
 I still should live, my Troy would yet have stood.
 Enough and more, that, destined once to see
 My city's fall, I yet could bear to be. 860
 O ! laid—thus laid, as they who die require,
 Hail my yet breathing corse, and then retire.
 Some hand will bring the death that I invoke :
 My spoils will lure, or mercy give the stroke.
 The loss of sepulture is void of pain. 865
 Long have I linger'd on this earth in vain,
 Useless to men, and by the gods abhor'd ;
 Since he, of gods and men the sovereign lord,
 Scath'd me with blasting airs and heavenly flame,
 That shot in withering influence through my frame.” 870

Persisting thus, his soul to death adheres :
 While we and all his house dissolve in tears.
 Creüsa urges him with suppliant cries :
 His infant blandishments Ascanius tries :

All pray him not to make more fatal fate ; 875
And whelm with him in ruin all our state.

In vain our prayers, in vain our tears entreat :
Firmly he holds his purpose, and his seat.
Then, bent on death, again to arms I fly :
For then no choice was left me but to die. 880

“ Ah ! could so dire a fancy taint thy mind
That I could live, and leave my sire behind ?
If Troy must perish all, and Heaven ordain
That of her glorious race not one remain ;
If with the gods thy fix’d resolve combine 885
To crush at once thyself, and all thy line ;
Near is the gate of death, and yawning wide :
Pyrrhus is nigh, in Priam’s life-blood dyed :
Who kills the son beneath the father’s gaze ;
And then upon the shrine the father slays. 890

Was it for this that thou, my heavenly guide,
Did’st turn the javelin and the flame aside ?
For this ? that I might see my mansion storm’d ?
Its inmost rooms with massacre deform’d ?
Might see at once my consort, son, and sire, 895
Confounded in each other’s gore, expire ?
Haste ! bring my arms ! I hear, and I obey
The certain summons of my latest day.

Restore me to the foe ! We shall not all
Die unrevenged amid our country’s fall.” 900

Accoutré then for fight, my spear I wield;
 Fit to my arm once more the massy shield,
 And break away: but, on the threshold placed,
 Creüsa held me, and my feet embraced.
 Then, lifting to my lips my infant son, 905
 “ If to inevitable death you run,
 Ah! take us with you: if a hope survive
 In combat yet, here—here for safety strive.
 Guard first this house. Ah! think whom you desert;
 Your sire, your child, and her who had your heart.” 910

As thus she press'd, and fill'd the dome with cries,
 A wondrous prodigy amazed our eyes.
 For, in his weeping parent's fond embrace,
 A mantling light suffused Iülus' face.
 The innocuous flame, soft welling from his head, 915
 Play'd on his brows, and round his temples fed.
 Confused we try, with palpitating care,
 To crush the sacred fire, or quench the hair.
 But with delight Anchises views the blaze;
 And thus, with eyes and hands uplifted, prays: 920

“ Almighty Jove! if prayers can touch thy mind;
 And aught our piety deserve, be kind!
 Respect us, Father! and with power divine
 O! aid us now, and ratify thy sign.”

The sire had scarcely ceased, when, with quick stroke, 925
 Full on his left the crashing thunder broke;

And from heaven's vault a star, intensely bright,
With streamy lustre shot along the night.
Straight o'er our roof we trace it as it flies ;
Till Ida's forests hide it from our eyes. 930

The sever'd air, tenacious of the ray,
Glow'd in a path behind the meteor's way ;
And breathed of sulphur. As the sight he view'd,
My father own'd himself at last subdued.

Addressing Heaven, he bow'd the adoring head; 935
And cried, " I now will follow as you lead.
Gods of our country ! O ! preserve our state ;
And guard its fortunes in my grandchild's fate !
Yours is this augury ; and, safe with you,
Troy from her ashes shall be great anew. 940

I yield, my Son ! nor longer will delay
To fly,—the associate of thy fateful way."

He spoke ; and now the storm of fire we hear
More loud, and see the flaming billows near.

" Come then, dear Father ! to my neck commit 945
Thy precious weight, and there securely sit.
Myself will bear you ; nor, beneath my sire,
Will my step falter, or my sinews tire.
Whate'er our fortune, it shall still be one :
Alike successful, or alike undone. • 950

The child Iulus shall attend my side :
My wife at distance follow as I guide.

And you, my Servants ! mark your lord's command :
 Beyond the walls a mound and temple stand,
 To Ceres raised ; unhonor'd now and lone : 955
 And there a cypress towers, for ages known
 As guarded by our fathers' holy awe :
 Thither by various courses let us draw.
 Our household gods, and what is else divine,
 To bear with spotless hands, my Sire ! be thine. 960
 My touch will stain them, till the living flood
 Shall cleanse me, reeking with the combat's blood."

Thus speaking, o'er my neck and shoulders wide
 I throw the mantle of a lion's hide ;
 And take my burthen : in my right hand led, 965
 My child quick paces with a shorter tread :
 My consort walks behind. Where darkness lay
 On the dumb road we press our anxious way :
 And I, who lately braved the Greeks in fight,
 Firm 'gainst the shock of their collected might, 970
 Now shrink from every noise with coward mind ;
 And tremble at the whisper of the wind :
 Timid for objects of my dearest care ;
 For her who follows me; and him I bear.
 The gates we now approach'd ; and, safely past 975
 The ways of danger, seem'd secure at last :
 When suddenly the sound of frequent feet
 Wafts to our ear, and makes our bosoms beat ;

And, throwing through the shade a timorous eye,
“Haste, Son!” my father cries, “the foes are nigh! 980
I see the flashing of the shield and spear.”

Some envious god then plunged my soul in fear,
And dash’d my sense: for as, confused and blind,
From the known path through devious tracks I wind,
Ah! my Creüsa, torn from my delight, 985
Was lost in that disorder’d moment’s flight;
Uncertain, whether wilder’d on the way
She sank, or fell to Fate or toil a prey:
But never more she bless’d my longing eyes.

Nor did I turn, or e’er my loss surmise, 990.
Till, at the mound and Ceres’ hallow’d seat,
By diverse tracks my scatter’d party meet.
Then summiug all our numbers as we stand,
She, only she, was wanting of the band:
Her consort’s, son’s, companions’ loye had left 995
Of wife, of mother, and of friend bereft.

Wounded at heart, and frantic with my pain,
Whom did I not of men and gods arraign?
Nor felt I, in my Troy’s concluding scene,
A woe that pierced me with a pang so keen. 1000

My father, child, and household gods I hide
In a deep vale, and to my friends confide.
Myself in arms the city then explore:
Resolved to traverse it, and plunge once more
In all the dangers I had stemm’d before. 1005

First to the walls and gates, with shade o'ercast,
 I bend my course, where lately I had pass'd :
 Retrace with care my footsteps through the night ;
 And search, inquisitive, with anxious sight.
 Silence, that chill'd my soul, was all around ; 1010
 And horror brooded on the torpid ground.
 Then to my house I go if, chance, despair
 (Ah feeble hope !) had brought my wanderer therc.
 The Greeks had broken in, and all possess'd ;
 And fire now wrapp'd it in a ruddy vest. 1015
 High o'er the roof the surging flames are driven ;
 And rage, and mount, voluminous, to heaven.
 Next I proceed along the ascending street,
 To the high citadel and Priam's seat.
 There, in the porticoes and Juno's fane, 1020
 A chosen band of Greeks the guard maintain ;
 With Phœnix and Ulysses at their head :
 For there the wealth of pillaged Troy was spread.
 Torn from the flaming shrines, I there behold
 Tables and vases piled of massy gold ; 1025
 And, near the insensate, see the living prey ;
 Children and weeping dames in long array.
 Nor yet content, I madly dare to fling
 My voice through night, and make the darkness ring.
 My loss with frequent outcries I proclaim ; 1030
 And Troy re-echoes with Creüsa's name.

As thus I press'd my fruitless search around ;
And raved with anguish that disdain'd a bound ;
Before my eyes, in sudden light display'd,
Stood the pale sadness of Creüsa's shade ; 1035
Dimension'd larger than the living fair.

Chain'd was my tongue, and upright rose my hair.
But from her lips, to calm my raging woe,
These soothing words with healing influence flow ;

“ Why thus, my dearest Spouse ! indulge thy grief, 1040
And vainly seek in phrensy for relief ?
These things befall us from the gods' high will ;
Shaped someway to their heavenly purpose still.
For thee to bear thy loved Creüsa hence,
Was not allow'd by Jove's omnipotence. 1045 }

A length of exile Fate decrees to thee ;

Ordain'd to plough a weary tract of sea.

Then shall thy fleet Hesperia's land attain ;

Where Lydian Tiber laves the wealthy plain.

There Fortune waits thee with her richest charms : 1050

There, empire in a royal consort's arms.

Then for thy loved Creüsa dry the tear :

Her doom, no cause of sorrow or of fear.

With all my claims of more than regal pride ;

From kings descended, and to gods allied ; 1055

I shall not visit Greece beneath the chain ;

Or crouch a menial in her matrons' train.

But me, the subject of her honor'd sway,
 The gods' great Mother here appoints to stay.
 And now, farewell ! Oh ! let our offspring prove 1060
 His mother living in thy constant love."

She spoke ; and, as I heaved with much to say,
 And largely wept, she died in air away.
 Fondly I thrice essay'd her neck to clasp ;
 And thrice the included phantom mock'd my grasp ; 1065
 Impalpable as ether's viewless stream ;
 Or the light substance of a flickering dream.

Thus having wasted night, with weary feet
 I turn at length, and seek my friends' retreat.
 There a new host of comrades met my eyes ; 1070
 Whose gather'd numbers struck me with surprise.
 Thither of dames and men a hapless crowd,
 Vigorous for exile, had together flow'd :
 With hearts and hands and wealth prepared to roam,
 Beneath my sway, to any distant homie. 1075
 And now the morn on Ida's glimmering head
 Advancing blush'd, by golden Phosphor led.
 The Greeks, above assault, the gates maintain'd :
 No hopes of rescue, or revenge remain'd.
 I bow to Fate ; and, loaded with my sire, 1080
 To the hill's shaggy fastnesses retire.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK III.

Argument.

IN pursuance of his narrative, Æneas relates that, after the destruction of Troy, he built a fleet of twenty ships at Antandros beneath Ida ; and, with his household gods his family and his followers, sailed, early in the succeeding year, in quest of the new settlement, appointed for him by the Fates. Landing first on the adjacent coast of Thrace, he there founds a city : but, on being apprized by a prodigy of the murder of Polydorus (one of the sons of Priam) by the king of that country, he relinquishes it ; and repairs for instruction to the oracle at Delos. By the oracle he is directed to return to the land whence his ancestors had originally proceeded ; and, misguided by his father, who mistakes the object of the god's response, he steers his course to Crete, the birth-place of the ancient Teucer. Here the establishment of the Trojans is prevented by an epidemic disease, with which they are attacked ; and Æneas is informed in a vision by his household gods, that Italy is the country intended by Apollo, and predestined to be the seat of his empire. Departing, in consequence, from Crete, he is driven by a storm upon the Strophades, where he is infested by the Harpyies. In his subsequent course, he touches at Buthrotus, a maritime city of Epirus, where he finds Helenus, the son of Priam, in possession of Chaonia, a part of the kingdom of Pyrrhus ; and married to Andromache. By these friends he is hospitably entertained ; and from the prophetic Helenus, he obtains information respecting his future fortunes and conduct. Continuing his voyage along the eastern coast of Italy, he is borne to the shores of Sicily, contiguous to Ætna, and in the occupation of the Cyclops. Being warned of the danger of his situation by Achemenides, (one of the followers of Ulysses,) who had been deserted on that inhospitable land by his comrades in the confusion of their flight, he pursues his coasting voyage, and arrives at Drepanum, on the western side of the island ; where Anchises dies. Sailing thence in the following spring for Italy, the Trojan fleet is forced by a tempest into the ports of Africa ; and Æneas is thus brought to the city and the court of the Carthaginian queen.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK III.

WHEN Asia's power, and Priam's guiltless realm
It pleased the Immortals in their wrath to whelm :
When lofty Ilion grovell'd on the ground,
And heaven-built Troy was left a smoking mound :
By auguries, which spoke the gods' commands, 5
Urged to explore in exile distant lands ;
Beneath Antandros, at the mountain's feet,
We shape the woods of Ida to a fleet ;
And gather troops : uncertain where to tend ;
Where Fate may lead us, or our wanderings end. 10
Scarce breathed the new-born summer's tepid gales,
When to the guiding Fates we gave our sails :
So bade my sire. With tears and anguish'd heart,
From the dear fields, which late were Troy, I part ;
And, with my gods, my son, and comrade train, 15
Launch, a sad exile, on the trackless main.

There spreads a region peopled wide and far,
 By Thracians held beneath the god of war :
 A realm of old, where fierce Lycurgus reign'd ;
 To Troy still friendly while her power remain'd. 20
 Bound by religious and by social ties,
 The kings were guests, the people were allies.
 Thither, ill-starr'd, I bore ; and there my hand
 Its first proud trophy of a city plann'd.
 The town I found ; and, as I trace its wall, 25
 From my own name, Æneadæ I call.
 Then, for their favor on the new abodes,
 I offer prayer and incense to the gods :
 Adore my parent-goddess, Queen of love ;
 And immolate a bull to sovereign Jove. 30
 A mound stood near : thick cornels shagg'd its head ;
 And there, with tall straight shoots, a myrtle spread.
 This I approach'd and to unroot essay'd,
 To bear its verdure for our altar's shade :
 When a dread prodigy appall'd my sight ; 35
 Wondrous to tell, and big with strange affright.
 For the first fibre, sever'd by my toil,
 Distils black drops of gore, and stains the soil.
 Cold horror shakes me, and suspends my blood ;
 And my heart falters in an icy flood. 40
 Resolved the latent wonder to explore,
 I force another root ; and, as before,
 The wounded fibres gush with sable gore.

My mind convulsed with tumult, humbly low
To the wood nymphs and Thracian Mars I bow : 45
Implore them to relieve the dire portent ;
And turn its omen to a good event.
But when a third time, struggling with the root,
Propt on my knee I strain to lift a shoot,
(Shall I proceed or pause ?) a groan of death 50
Heaved deep and hollow from the mound beneath ;
And a voice spoke, “ Ah ! why, Æneas, tear
My wretched body ? ah ! the buried spare.
Here let me rest, exempt at least from pain :
Spare me ; and spare thy pious hands a stain. 55
From Troy I sprang, not alien from thy line :
The blood that issues is akin to thine.
Haste ! from this gore-polluted land begone ! :
Here Avarice with Murder holds the throne :
For I am Polydore : this living wood 60
Grew from the spears here quicken’d with my blood.”
Then was my mind aghast, and whelm’d in dread :
Fear stammer’d on my tongue, and bristled on my head.
When hapless Priam, doubtful of the Fates,
Saw the fierce war now pressing on his gates ; 65
He sent his Polydore with copious wealth
To Thracia’s court, from leaguer’d Troy, by stealth ;
To bloom beneath a kindred monarch’s sway.
But when that monarch saw Troy’s power decay ;

Faithless, and rushing to the victor's cause, 70
 He broke at once divine and human laws :
 Gave to the sword his unprotected guest ;
 And with the hand of force his gold possess'd.
 Dire lust of gold ! how mighty thy controll
 To bend to crime man's impotence of soul ! 75
 When my shock'd bosom felt again repose,
 All to my sire and chieftains I disclose ;
 And ask their voices : theirs with mine unite,
 Straight from the land of guilt to urge our flight :
 And court the winds to waft us from the shore, 80
 Stain'd by the slaughter'd guest with hallow'd gore.
 For Polydorus then, with pious care,
 Our hands the rites of sepulture prepare.
 A mount of structured earth ascends on high ;
 Through time to witness where his ashes lie. 85
 An altar sacred to his Manes stands ;
 Gloomy with cypress, and funereal bands.
 Round it, in their accustom'd pomp of woe,
 With scatter'd hair the Trojan matrons go.
 Large bowls that flow with tepid milk we bring ; 90
 And on the tomb, with blood of victims, sling :
 Give in sepulchral rest the soul to dwell ;
 And then with loud acclaim pronounce the last farewell !
 Soon as the sail could trust the faith of seas,
 Their surface placid with the southern breeze ; 95

Down to the shore their ships my thronging crew
Hale from the docks, and give to waves anew.
With favoring winds from port we swiftly fly;
And soon our prospect is but sea and sky.

To Neptune, Doris, and the Nereid train 100
Most dear, an island gems the central main:
Which, wandering once and borne from land to land,
The bowyer god constrain'd with pious hand.

To Gyaros and Myconus he bound
The vagrant fields, and made them stable ground, 105
Firm 'mid the shock of elements around.

Here we arrive; and on its waveless breast
The haven takes our sea-beat ships to rest.
We land, and straight our due devotions pay
To the bless'd city of the god of day; 110
Where Anius meets us: Anius, who possess'd
The throne and altar, king at once and priest.
Apollo's minister, the laurel bough,
His god's loved ensign, glitter'd on his brow.
He in Anchises owns his ancient friend: 115
Our hands we join, and as his guests attend.
Then in his fane, with time's religion hoar,
I seek the god in prayer, and aid implore:
“ Give us, O Phœbus! for our own, a place,
Where we may build a home, and plant a race. 120
The wearied sue for rest. O Power adored!
Save the sad relics of the Grecian sword!

Guard thy new Troy ! Who now must be our guide ;
 And whither should we roam, and where abide ?
 Speak, Father ! from thy shrine thy will impart ; 125
 And flow thyself into thy suppliant's heart."

Ere well I finish'd, all things round us prove
 The rushing influence, and are seen to move.
 The laurel shakes ; the hallow'd structures nod ;
 And all the trembling mountain owns the god. 130
 The unfolded shrine emits a bellowing sound.
 Prostrate in holy awe, we kiss the ground ;
 And hear a voice, "The country that of yore,
 Ye race of Dardanus ! your fathers bore,
 Invites you to return ; and, pleased to give 135
 Her fostering bosom, will with joy receive.
 Revisit her from whom ye drew your birth :
 Thence shall the Æneïan house preside o'er earth :
 There in successive glories shall ye reign ;
 And sons of sons the lordly line sustain." 140

Thus Phœbus ; and the words divine impress'd
 Tumultuous joy on every Trojan breast.
 Yet doubts restrain us ; where our promised walls ;
 And which the land that thus her sons recalls.
 Then, with his mind long laboring to retrace 145
 The hoary records of the Dardan race,
 My father spoke : "Ye Peers of Troy ! attend ;
 And learn your hopes, and where your toils will end.

Crete, loved by Jove as his peculiar land,
Towers o'er the circling waves in proud command. 150
There rises Ida : there our race was bred :
O'er the rich realm a hundred cities spread.
Thence, if belief be due to ancient fame,
Teucer, our first great sire, to Phrygia came ;
And chose Rhœteum's region for his reign ; 155
Ere high-brow'd Pergamus o'erlook'd the plain,
Or Ilion was a town : the valleys then
Gave their wild shelter to the untutor'd men.
From Crete the mighty Mother sought our heights ;
And the shrill brass resounded at her rites : 160
Thence silence guarded Ida's mystic grove ;
And lions in her yoke the goddess drove.
Rise then ! and let us as the gods think meet,
The winds propitiate, and repair to Crete.
In Gnossian ports, if Jove shall be our friend, 165
The third glad morn will see our voyage end."

Thus having said, he slew at Neptune's shrine
A bull : a bull, bright Phœbus ! bled at thine.
Then die two lambs, a sable and a white,
To soothe the Storms, and Zephyr to invite. 170

Fame spreads that, hurl'd from his imperial seat,
Idomeneus had fled his native Crete :
That the freed isle, no more by foes possess'd,
Unfolded to our wish her friendly breast.

Then from Ortygia's port o'er seas we fly, • 175
 Till green Donysa fades upon the eye :
 Pass Naxos' steeps, by howling Bacchants trod ;
 (The favor'd island of the frantic god :)
 Olearos, and Paros' snowy sides ;
 And the thick Cyclades, that star the tides. 180
 The seamen cheer, and in the cry combine,
 " Let us in Crete our ancient race rejoin."
 The springing gale pursues the vessel's helm ;
 And wafts us swiftly to the Cretan realm.
 There with an eager mind I mark the place 185
 For my wish'd city, and its circuit trace ;
 And call it Pergamus : the people joy
 In the dear name, and hail their rising Troy.
 Each I encourage for his home to feel ;
 And all to labor for the public weal : 190
 To found the house, and rear the lofty tower ;
 For social pleasure, and for regal power.
 And now our ships are drawn upon the land :
 Their loves, their fields engage our youthful band.
 My laws assign their lots, and mould the state : 195
 When, lo ! from Heaven is breathed the blast of fate.
 On all that lives descends the deathful year ;
 On the tall forest, and the waving ear.
 Man in the pride of lusty life expires ;
 Or drags his limbs, unnerved by morbid fires. 200

The raging dog-star withers all the plains ;
And the scath'd harvest mocks the reaper's pains.

My father counsels us to bend once more
Our course to Delos, and the god implore :
Wearied, to supplicate the Power for peace ;
To ask for aid, and where our toils should cease.

"Twas night, and Sleep lull'd Nature to repose :
But anxious cares forbade my eyes to close.
When, as I lay, those gods I bore through fires,
The gods adored by Phrygia and my sires,
(Their holy forms in silvery light array'd
By the broad moon, that through the lattice play'd,) 210
Stood by my bed ; and to my ear address'd
These words of peace to calm my troubled breast : •

" Apollo here unfolds his will divine ;
And speaks by us, as from his Delian shrine.
By him to thee commission'd thus we come ;
We, who with thee in willing exile roam ;
Attend thy arms, and desert oceans trace ;
We, who shall raise to heaven thy glorious race ; 220
And give thy city an imperial fate.
Build thou great walls for those who shall be great :
Nor shrink from toils ; and, weary of the way,
Refuse the purchase of immortal sway.
Hence thou must go : not here thy promised seat :
Apollo counsell'd not thy course to Crete. 225

A realm there is, by Greeks Hesperia named ;
 From times remote for war and affluence famed :
 The Cenotri held it once ; a chief's renown
 Now bids it with Italia's name be known.

230

There is thy destined reign : Iasius there,
 And Dardanus first drew the vital air ;
 The founders of thy house. With joy relate
 To thy old sire the certain will of Fate.
 Seek Corythus : Ausonia's realm demand :—

— 235

Great Jove denies thee his Dictæan land."

Warn'd, and amazed at what I heard and saw,
 The wondrous vision passing Nature's law,
 (For not abused by Sleep's fantastic lies,
 Waking I view'd the present deities : 240
 Mark'd their veil'd hair, their looks celestial knew ;
 And all my limbs were bathed in chilly dew,) 245
 I sprang from bed, and, urged by pious care,
 My hands and voice uplift to Heaven in prayer :
 With its due honors lustrate every shrine ;
 And pour on each the sacrificial wine.
 These rites performed, with holy joy I glow,
 And all the vision to Anchises show.
 Convinced he stands : allows himself misled
 By our ambiguous line, and twofold head ; 250
 And says ; " My Son, in Ilion's fortunes versed !
 This fate Cassandra has alone rehearsed.

She, for I now retrace it in my mind,
Has oft foretold our realm by Heaven design'd :
Oft of Hesperia would she speak with joy : 255
Oft hail the glories of Italia's Troy.
But who could then surmise that Troy should roam
To far Hesperia for her destined home ?
Or who regarded then the raving maid ?
Let us then sail ; and, with celestial aid, 260
Pursue our better lot. Apollo be obey'd!"

He spoke ; and we, with hearts of joy, comply ;
Quit our new seat, and other fortunes try.
Our sails we spread ; and, leaving some behind,
Brave the vast deep, and run before the wind. 265
Now when our ships had reach'd the middle main ;
And the stretch'd eye inquired for land in vain ;
A black cloud stood above my head in gloom,
With night and tempest swelling in its womb.
Horror with darkness settled on the deep ; 270
And soon the winds convulse it with their sweep.
On the raised surge our scatter'd vessels roll :
Clouds quench'd the sun, and night usurps the pole ;
While, bursting through the dark, red lightnings play.
Borne from our course, o'er waves unknown we stray : 275
Even Palinurus owns that day and night
Gloom, undistinguish'd, on his baffled sight ;

And ploughs with random keel the pathless foam. .
Three sunless days, three starless nights we roam.
Bright the fourth morning dawn'd; and, as it broke, 280
Disclosed blue hills and wreaths of spiry smoke.
Our sails we drop ; and, rising to our oars,
Dash the vex'd brine, and rush upon the shores.
Saved from the billows with my weary host,
The Strophades receive me on their coast. 285
This name two islands from the Greeks obtain,
In the broad bosom of the Ionian main :
Where, since the board of Phineus was denied,
Celæno and her Harpy flock reside.
Monsters than these more fierce, deform'd, and fell, 290
Ne'er rose in vengeance from the night of hell.
Their face is virgin, bird the parts below :
Hook'd are their hands, and foul their bellies' flow ;
And deathless famine writhes upon their brow.
Driven here and lodged within the port, we see 295
Large herds and flocks that range securely free.
By man unguarded, on the flowery mead,
Joyous in Nature's luxury, they feed.
We rush upon the prey with keen delight ;
And to the feast the gods and Jove invite. 300
Then on the breezy shore we raise our seats ;
And satiate hunger with delicious meats.

When lo ! descending on horrific wing,
From their high haunts the fury Harpyies spring :
With sounding pinions raise a storm in air ; 305
Pounce on our food, pollute and shriek and tear.
Abhor'd their ravage, thrilling are their screams :
Our sullied banquet fumes with noisome steams.
Again, within a vaulted rock's alcove,
Its mouth defended by a tangled grove, 310
We spread our board and sacred fires renew :
Again, shrill shrieking, rush the loathsome crew :
Fierce from another point of heaven descend,
Pollute our meats and with their talons rend,
I bid my people now their arms assume ; 315
And fight the nation of the direful plume.
They act as I command, and in the grass
Conceal their swords and bucklers' polish'd brass.
Then, when the clangring pinion rings from far,
Station'd on high to mark the approaching war, 320
Misenus blows a charge : to arms we fly ;
And with hell's monsters novel conflict try.
In vain ; the inviolable plumes are found
To baffle steel, and mock the attempted wound.
Repulsed, they wing aloft the aërial way ; 325
And leave their tainted tracks and mangled prey.
Alone Celæno on a rock remains,
Augur of ill, to vent her boding strains :

“ And would ye thus, Laomedon’s fell brood !
 First slay the beasts, then shed their owners’ blood ? 330
 And will ye thus with impious battle strive,
 The guiltless Harpyies from their realm to drive ?
 Then listen to my words, and let them find
 A deep reception in your inmost mind :
 What first to Phœbus heaven’s Almighty told, 335
 Me Phœbus taught, and I to you unfold,—
 I the great Furies’ queen ! You steer your course,
 To seek in Italy your fathers’ source ;
 And Italy shall see your fated sails,
 Borne to her ports by prayer-entreated gales. 340
 But, ere you found your city, ’tis your doom
 With famine’s jaws your tables to consume ;
 And thus atone our slaughter’d cattle’s blood.”

She spoke, and fled into a neighb’ring wood.
 But sudden fright my people’s heart appalls : 345
 Chill’d is their blood, and all their courage falls.
 “ Arms now ” they cry, “ are vain ; and prayers we need,
 With the dread Powers for peace to intercede :
 Whate’er they be, or gods, or birds of woe,
 Obscene and dire, that angry fates foreknow.” 350

To the great gods Anchises straight commands
 The holy rites, and prays with lifted hands :
 “ Make vain the threat, ye Gods ! the curse avert :
 And give your peace to piety’s desert.”

- Then he directs us from the land to fly ; 355
Release our cables, and the sails untie.
The south wind blows : we cut the foamy tides,
As the gale drives us, and our pilot guides.
And now Zacynthos lifts her crown of trees :
Dulichium, Samè rise above the seas ; 360
And Neritos in steepy grandeur soars.
From rocky Ithaca's Laërtian shores
We steer aloof, and curse the fatal earth,
That gave Ulysses his detested birth.
Then Leucas opens with its storm-capp'd head ; 365
Where lofty Phœbus stands, the seaman's dread.
The little town we seek, and, weary, land :
Moor'd on the coast, our anchor'd vessels stand.
As here, preserved beyond our hope, we lie,
Our grateful shrines breathe incense to the sky. 370
To Jove our vows we pay ; and then with joy,
At Actium celebrate the games of Troy.
Our youth, their naked limbs bedew'd with oil,
Contest the prizes of palestric toil.
Thus to have baffled Greece, and held our flight 375
In safety through her states, inspires delight.
Meanwhile the sun absolves his annual race ;
And hoary winter wrinkles ocean's face.
With those bright arns, which, Abas ! once were thine,
I hang a column near Apollo's shrine ; 380

And proudly grave upon the trophied stone,
 “ These from the victor Greeks Æneas won.”
 Then to depart I give my hosts command :
 They brush the wave, and vanish from the land :
 And, as along the Epirot shores we glide, 385
 Soon in blue haze Phœacia’s towers subside.
 Straight to Chaonia’s port we cleave the main ;
 And the high city of Buthrotus gain.

Here Faine reports, to startle our belief,
 That Grecian realms obey a Trojan chief : 390
 That Priam’s Helenus, by fortune led,
 Sway’d Pyrrhus’ sceptre, and enjoy’d his bed ;
 And sad Andromache’s connubial vows,
 Once more, were plighted to a kindred spouse.
 By wonder rapt, with strong desire I burn 395
 To hail my friend, and all his fates to learn.
 Then from my vessels and the port I speed ;
 And eager to the royal seat proceed.
 Before the city, in a hallow’d grove,
 Where a feign’d Simois cheats the patriot love, 400
 That morn Andromache libations made
 At Hector’s tomb, and there invoked his shade.
 The cenotaph her pious hands had raised
 Of living turf ; and, near, two altars blazed
 To drink the tears they drew : when rising first, 405
 With Troy’s known ensigns, on her eyes I burst ;

Struck with the wondrous sight, her spirit fled :
Through all her veins congealing terror spread.
She falls ; and, tardily reviving, cries ;

“ Is it the living man that meets my eyes ? ” 410
Breathest thou ? or, rising from the shades below,
Say, where is Hector ? ” Then, all lost in woe,
She fills the grove with plaints : confused I try
To calm her, and thus falter in reply :

“ I breathe indeed, though crush’d by fortune’s weight,
Fear not ! thou seest the living wreck of Fate. 416
Ah ! say, what humbling fortunes hast thou known,
Since from the height of nuptial glory thrown ?
And whence the worthier lot that waits thee now ?
Could’st thou be Hector’s, and to Pyrrhus bow ? ” 420
With downcast eyes and lowly voice she said :

“ O ! happy she ! the * Priameian maid !
Who, at the hostile tomb condemn’d to fall,
Bled, a pure victim, under Ilion’s wall :
Not doom’d to follow as the lots decide ; 425
And mount the victor’s couch, a vassal bride.
We, from our country’s smoking ashes torn,
O’er distant seas in servitude were borne ;
The scorn of proud Achilles’ son to prove ;
Disgraced, and fruitful from compulsive love. 430

* Polyxena.

The haughty youth then, fired with alien charms,
Open'd to bright Hermione his arms.

Pleased with his Spartan nuptials, me he gave
To Helenus, and bound us slave to slave.

But him Orestes, whom hell's fiends pursue, 435
Mad for his plighted fair, in vengeance slew :
Even at his altars slew him unprepared.

Then Helenus the vacant kingdom shared :
Who call'd his realm, intent on Phrygian fame,
Chaonia, from the Trojan Chaon's name ; 440
And yon steep precipice's brow renown'd,
As with another Ilion's tower he crown'd.

But say what course you hold ? what fates sustain ?
What god has hither led you o'er the main ?
Lives yet Ascanius ? draws he vital air, 445
Who, when Troy flanied, became your orphan'd care ?
Say, if his mother's loss his heart retains ?
If his great fathers quicken in his veins ?
Ardent their glorious race of fame to run,
As Hector's nephew and Æneas' son ?" 450

Weeping she spake ; and long her sorrows flow
In the sad luxury of fruitless woe :
When Helenus, with all his train of state,
Issues to meet us from the city's gate :
Delighted, to his palace leads his friends ; 455
And the soft tear with fond inquiry blends.

I see a little Troy her head erect ;
And a small Pergamus the great affect :
Cross Xanthus in a brook whose channels gasp ;
And a new Scæan gate with rapture clasp. 460

My Trojans too an equal welcome greets ;
Them in wide porticoes the monarch treats.
We in the regal hall our banquet hold :
Our meats are served, and Bacchus flames in gold.

Now closed the second day in genial rites ; 465
And our swell'd sails the southern breeze invites ;
When thus the royal prophet I address'd :

“ Great son of Troy, the friend of gods confess'd !
Interpreter of Heaven ! to whom is known
The power that flows from Phœbus' laurel crown ; . 470
Who read'st the stars ; and, as the vagrants fly,
Canst draw from birds the secrets of the sky :
O ! tell me (for I steer by Heaven's command
To find in Italy my destined land ;
And every oracle assures my way : 475
Alone Celæno vents a boding lay ;
Threats dreadful vengeance, and the dire event
Of Harpy wrath in ghastly famine sent)
What means will aid me to fulfil my course ;
To shun its dangers, or surmount their force.” 480

He, when the victim steers had duly bled,
Unbound the fillets from his sacred head :

Implored the gods for peace on his design,
And led me, Phœbus! awe-struck to thy shrine.
Then, full of deity, the holy priest 485
Thus pour'd the dictates of his heaven-fraught breast :
“ O! Goddess-born! I see the power is great,
That o'er the deep to empire guides your state :
That thus the fates the King of gods evolves ;
Thus orders fortune and your lot resolves. 490
Some things I will disclose, to waft you o'er
With lessen'd danger to the Ausonian shore.
The rest in awful night the Fates conceal ;
Or Juno's power forbids me to reveal.
First then, the realm which, haply deeming nigh, 495
You rush to grasp in neighb'ring Italy,
Lies far remote, by spacious lands disjoin'd :
And ere Heaven's promised Italy you find,
Your bending oar must stem Trinacria's tide :
Ausonian billows must your keel divide : 500
Your eyes must view Ææan Circe's grove ;
And the dark lakes of subterranean Jove.
That, where you build, you build by Fate's decree,
Now learn the sign, the unerring sign, from me ;
And hold it in your mind : when care-oppress'd 505
On a sequester'd river's bank you rest ;
And, where a spreading oak o'ershades the ground,
Shall see a swine whom thirty young surround,

The dam and offspring all of snowy white ;
That spot is destined for your city's site : 510
There shall your labors end ; nor dread the threat,
That, hunger-forced, your tables you shall eat.
The Fates will lead you through the menaced ill ;
And Phœbus, when you call, be present still.
But those Italian shores, opposed to ours, 515
Fly, for there Greece has fix'd her hostile powers.
There the fierce Locrian in Narycium reigns :
There Cretan Idomen his sway maintains,
And Sallentinum with his arms defends :
And there Petilia with her towers ascends ; 520
Her circuit small, but ample her command ;
Raised by Thessalian Philoctetes' hand.
But when upon that coast shall rest your prows ;
And to the gods arise your grateful vows ;
At the raised altar as your hands are spread, 525
Beneath a purple veil conceal your head :
Lest any foe be near, and with his sight
Disturb your omens and profane the rite.
This holy custom you and yours observe :
Nor from it let your pious offspring swerve. 530
When wafted thence you see Sicilia rise ;
(Pelorus' straits contracting on your eyes ;)
Hold the left course and, circling through the main,
Avoid the right and still the left retain.

- These lands, 'tis said, in solid compact bound, 535
 (Such power of change with mighty Time is found)
 By some dread force, in ancient days, unfix'd,
 Leap'd diverse, and fierce Ocean rush'd betwixt :
 Sever'd Sicilia from Italia's side ;
 And now disparts them with a narrow tide. 540
 The right hand shore portentous Scylla keeps :
 Whilst on the left Charybdis tears the deeps.
 Thrice seising on the floods, she whirls them round,
 And throws to gulfs, beneath the sea profound :
 Then with revolving fury rears them high, 545
 From the dark centre to the ethereal sky.
 But Scylla, from her den devoid of day,
 Springs on the approaching ship and rends her prey :
 Human her face, and all her form above
 Is female beauty, which solicits love. 550
 From the dire waist in monster she descends ;
 Till in a dolphin's tail her figure ends.
 Incorporate wolves the maid and fish connect ;
 Howl a dread peal and eyes of flame erect.
 'Tis better far, whatever the delay, 555
 To round Pachynus in your swerving way,
 Than once to view fell Scylla in her cave ;
 And rocks, that bellow as her sea-dogs rave.
 But this above the rest, if aught be mine
 Of holy vision from Apollo's shrine, 560

My voice would press, and urge it o'er and o'er ;
Great Juno's deity in chief adore :
To Juno let your willing vows ascend ;
And suppliant strive the haughty queen to bend.
With prayer subdue her : so your ships shall reach, 565
O'er dangers triumphing, Italia's beach.
There when you come and ride in Cumæ's port,
Your eyes shall see Religion's dread resort :
Where o'er her lakes in holy gloom she broods ;
And swells the murmur of Avernus' woods : 570
But chiefly where her powers concentrated dwell
With the wild Sibyl in her rocky cell.
The enthusiast virgin there, divinely taught,
Writes on loose foliage inspiration's thought.
The leaves, inscribed with fate, in order due • 575
Her hand disposes, and resigns to view.
Ranged in her cell the trembling legend lies,
To meet the wishes of inquiring eyes.
But should the veering breeze, or opening gate
Disturb these light interpreters of Fate ; 580
To recompose them is no more her care :
Her holy strains flit unrecall'd in air.
Wrong'd of their hope, the votaries retreat,
And, unillumined, loathe the Sibyl's seat.
Then, though your course be courted by the gale, 585
And friends impatient chide your lingering sail,

Mind not the expended time ; protract your stay,
 Till from the prophetess you learn your way.
 Approach her, and with suppliant voice beseech
 To pour her oracles of truth in speech : 590
 And she will then your future fates relate :
 Italia's wars, her people, and her state :
 Will teach you how your glory's race to run :
 What labors bear, and what by prudence shun.
 This is the sum of all I must proclaim. 595
 Go ! and exalt to heaven the Trojan name !”

Thus spoke my friend ; and order'd to be brought
 Large gifts, of gold and ivory inwrought :
 Stored in my vessels a resplendent mass
 Of silver, and Dodona's hallow'd brass : 600
 Then gave a three-fold mail with gold o'erlaid,
 Whose flexible frame of jointed rings was made ;
 And the proud helmet with a towering crest,
 Which, Neoptolemus ! thy brows had press'd.
 My sire experienced too his princely hand : 605
 Horses he added, and a pilot band :
 And, for our wars and voyage to provide,
 Our troops with arms, our banks with oars supplied.

Meanwhile Anchises bade the men prepare
 Their sails to welcome the first favoring air. 610
 To him respectful thus the prophet said,
 “ Anchises ! honor'd with a goddess' bed :

Peculiar care of tutelary Heaven !

Twice saved, when Troy has twice to foes been given !

There is Ausonia : seek its neighb'ring shore : 615

But sweep it with your sails nor think of more.

The realm, Apollo opens to your view,

Lies sunder'd far ; let that your hope pursue.

Go ! with your pious son to bless your way !

Why should I fondly more the willing gales delay ?" 620

Nor with less grief Andromache attends

The last sad parting of her kindred friends.

Rich vests embroider'd on a ground of gold,

A Phrygian cloak, and many a precious fold

Of stuffs, with curious artifice emboss'd, 625

The shuttle's labor, and of princely cost,

She gives Ascanius ; and in bounty's pride,

Refuses by her lord to be outvied.

" Take these, dear Boy !" she says, " and let them prove
Memorials of Andromache's fond love. 630

Take her last gifts ! it is a mother gives,

Whose loved Astyanax in thee yet lives.

Such was his glance, his hand, his mien, his brow ;

And thus, like thine, his prime had blossom'd now."

Sorrowing I left them, and with tears address'd : 635

" Live happy ye, whose fortune smiles in rest,

Weary we labor still from fate to fate :

While calm your lot, and anchor'd is your state :

- Not forced through billowy tracts to guide the helm ;
 And seek Ausonia's ever-flying realm. 640
- You see your Xanthus here, and here enjoy
 Your hand's creation in another Troy :
 Raised, as I trust, in Fate's benigner hour ;
 And less affronted to the Grecian power.
 If e'er I reach to Tiber's distant plain : 645
- And there my rising walls assure my reign :
 Then, when my course of labor shall be run,
 Ah ! let our cities, as our hearts, be one ;
 Epirus Italy in love embrace ;
 The same their founders both in fates and race ; 650
- Here, there, one Troy the kindred people blend ;
 And the same soul through all the line descend."
- We sail, till near us the Ceraunia rise ;
 Whence o'er the narrowest main Italia lies.
 And now the sun in mellowing glory fades ; 655
- And all the mountains solemn twilight shades.
 The watch we fix by lot ; then, landing, rest,
 Stretch'd at our ease on earth's delicious breast.
 There, as diffused we lie, sleep's genial dews
 Bathe our tired nerves, and healing power infuse. 660
- Night by the hours, her sable handmaids, driven,
 Had scarcely gain'd the steepy brow of heaven ;
 When from his slumbers Palinurus sprung ;
 And on the breeze with ear attentive hung :

Then view'd the stars that gemm'd the ethereal plain, 665

The showery Hyads, and the northern wain :

Mark'd as, unstain'd with mists, Arcturus roll'd ;

And great Orion flamed in arms of gold.

Then, when he saw the heavens undimm'd with cloud,

He gave the signal from his ship aloud. 670

Our camp we move, and to the sea repair ;

Spread our wide sails, and catch the speeding air.

Aurora's blushes purple now the skies ;

And every star before her radiance flies :

When, stretch'd in shady perspective, we see 675

The hills and prostrate shores of Italy.

“ Italia !” first Achates’ shouts proclaim :

And all our ships resound Italia’s name.

My sire then, studious of the Powers divine,

Crowns a large vase and fills with ruddy wine. 680

On the high deck, invoking Heaven, he stands ;

“ Ye Gods ! whose sway controls the seas and lands ;

Who yoke the tempest or release its bands ;

Breathe the propitious gale, and speed our course !”

The wished for breezes quicken in their force. 685

The approaching land unfolds ; and, on a steep,

Minerva’s temple beetles o'er the deep.

My comrades furl their sails, and to the shores

Impel their vessels with their sweeping oars.

From the rough eastern surge the port declined, 690
Curves in a bow within and leaves the wind.
One on each side, two towery cliffs project ;
Baffle the billows, and the port protect.
Their fronts, precipitous, the sea command ;
Their arms slope inward far and wall the land : 695
And from the shore's recess the temple flies ;
Which seem'd at distance from the shore to rise.
Here on the fields four coursers, snowy white,
Are the first omens that salute my sight.
“ War,” cries my father, “ war yon steeds presage ; 700
For steeds are arm'd to swell the battle's rage.
But since they feel the guidance of the bit ;
We~~ar~~ the strong yoke and to the car submit,
Peace smiles on hope.” Then humbly we adore
The maid armipotent who guards the shore ; 705
And first received us, as at length we stand,
Elate in triumph, on Italia's strand.
Before her shrine, the Phrygian veil we spread,
With holy caution, o'er the adoring head.
And, taught by Helenus, our offerings rise 710
To Grecian Juno, empress of the skies.
Straight, when accomplish'd all the sacred rites,
We bend our sail-yards as the breeze invites :
Rush from the land, and, with a leading wind,
Leave the suspected realms of Greece behind. 715

Thence coasting to Tarentum's bay we came,
(Tarentum glorying in Herculean fame,) 720
And view'd before us, rising from the main,
The roofs resplendent of Lacinia's fane ;
And Caulon's towers ; and Scylaceum's coasts,
Rock-fenced, and infamous for shipwreck'd hosts.
Then, in long prospect, o'er the seas aspire
Trinacrian Ætna's summits wrapt in fire :
And the deep groans of ocean from afar
Roll on our ears, with all the sounding war 725
Of waves and rocks, and the tumultuous roar
Of billows heaved and bursting on the shore.
The lowest deeps are shaken ; and, unfix'd,
Their ooze is with the troubled surface mix'd.

“ This, this is that Charybdis, these her shocks 730
Whom Helenus forewarn'd, and these the rocks : ”
Anchises cried ; “ now struggle with the oar,
And save us, Comrades ! from the deathful shore.”

They hear and they obey : with forceful sweep
First Palinurus sought the left-hand deep. 735
Then all the ships, with oars and sails applied,
Work their changed course and gain the leftward tide.
Heaven-high we mount upon the billow's head ;
Then, falling, view the mansions of the dead.
Thrice mid the rocks we heard the howling caves : 740
Thrice saw the stars rain dews of shiver'd waves.

Meanwhile the wind, subsiding with the day,
Leaves us toil-spent and wilder'd on our way.
Our vessels drift on lands untrod by men ;
Where the fell Cyclops bars his savage den. 745
Deep within cliffs the port itself immured
Sleeps, from the invasion of the winds secured.
But thundering near, in dreadful ruin toss'd,
Ætna's dire force convulses all the coast ;
And, fitfully, heaven's radiant visage shrouds 750
With murky whirlwinds and cinereous clouds :
Or rushes on the pole with massy fires :
Or his torn bowels at his jaws expires :
Exploded rocks in flaming showers projects ;
And floods of molten minerals erects : 755
While, bellowing in the abyss, his caverns boil ;
And earth's deep centre groans beneath its toil.
Enceladus, 'tis said, with blasted frame
Here fell, subdued by Jove's almighty flame ; *
And here, in adamantine chains compress'd, 760
He lies with ponderous Ætna on his breast :
In dire combustion rolling, from beneath
Through the rent mountain hurls his fiery breath :
Blots the high heaven ; and, struggling with his place,
Makes all 'Trinacria groan and totter on her base. 765
Here arching forests screen our weary sails :
But a strange horror through the night prevails.

Dread sounds we hear, nor can the cause divine :
While not one starry fire consents to shine.

Darkness involved the pole, and jealous Night 770
Held in a cave of storm the lunar light.

At length pale morn the glimmering orient streaks ;
And through the dewy shades Aurora breaks :
When sudden from the woods, wan, wild, forlorn,
Burst a strange form of man by famine worn. 775

Straight for the shore he made in suppliant guise :
Turning we gazed on him with wondering eyes.
Dire was his filth, his beard neglected flow'd ;
And on his limbs his garb with thorns was sewed.
Yet e'en his rags the dress of Greece betray'd ; 780
And spoke the foe on Phrygian plains array'd.
He, when afar the Trojan arms he saw,
Check'd his quick pace, and stood awhile in awe.
Then with prone impulse rushing on the shore,
His tears stream largely, and his words implore : 785

“ By all the gods, and by this breath of day,
Bear me hence, Trojans ! where ye will convey !
”Tis the sole boon I ask : full well I know,
Grecian I am, and once was Ilion's foe ;
And, if the crime must be atoned with blood, 790
Tear me, and strew my fragments on the flood !
If I must perish, I will fall resign'd :
To die by human hands will soothe my mind.”

He spake ; and prostrate, with a strict embrace
 Clung to our knees : we ask'd his name and race ; 795
 Then with mild words encouraged him to tell,
 What and from whence the fortunes which befell :
 And good Anchises paused not long to give
 The hand of peace, and bid the suppliant live.
 His fears at length appeased, he thus began : 800
 “ Led by Ulysses, that much-suffering man,
 From Ithaca, my native land, I came
 Unbless'd, and Achemenides my name.
 From Adamastus, my poor sire, I went
 (Oh ! had I rested with his lot content !) 805
 To war at Troy, and here, in wild alarm
 My comrades flying from the Cyclops' arm,
 With every thought intent themselves to save,
 Left me unheeded in the monster's cave.
 Deep, dark, immense, the cavern drops with gore ; 810
 And savage offals strew the horrid floor.
 His stature rises to the starry plain :
 Words cannot speak him, or the sight sustain.
 (Ye Gods ! avert from earth so dire a pest !)
 On blood he feasts and entrails of his guest. 815
 Myself beheld, as with enormous hand
 He seised two victim wretches of our band ;
 And, stretch'd upon his back, their shatter'd limbs
 Dash'd on the rock, that with warm life-blood swims.

Then, as the trembling flesh the monster chew'd, 820
The black gore guttering from his jaws I view'd.
But not unpunish'd was the accursed deed ;
Nor slept Ulysses in this hour of need.
For as, o'ergorged with blood and drown'd in wine,
Spread through his den the giant snored supine 825
With neck reclined, and heaving from his breast
The gory meal his powers could ill digest,
Marshall'd around him, we the gods implore,
And with a brand his ball of vision bore ;
Which, singly as beneath his brow it gleam'd, 830
Large as a Grecian shield, or the sun's circle seem'd.
Thus, pleased, we pour our vengeance on his head ;
And soothe the Manes of our slaughter'd dead.
But fly, O wretched men ! this instant fly !
Break from the shore, and all your powers apply ! 835
For vast and fierce as Polypheme is seen,
When, stalking with his herds, he shakes the green,
Or presses from their dugs their milky stores,
Or, as he folds them, bars their rocky doors ;
A hundred other Cyclop-shepherds roam 840
The winding coast, and make the cliffs their home.
Now the third moon has fill'd her horn with light,
Since, tenant of the woods, with beasts of night
I have sustain'd to live ; have seen aghast,
From a far rock, the Cyclops as they pass'd : 845

With listening horror caught their voices' sound ;
And heard their footsteps thundering on the ground.
My wretched food has been the herbaceous field ;
Or the hard berries which the forests yield.
As o'er the inain I threw my anxious glance, 850
I saw your vessels to the port advance.
Reckless of whose they were, to them I ran ;
O'erjoy'd from monsters to escape to man.
Rather than leave me here, the Cyclops' prey :
O tear me by whatever death from day !” 855

Scarcely he ceased, when, to the clouds uprear'd,
The giant shepherd, Polyphème, appear'd.
We saw him stalking on a mountain's height,
A hideous horror, vast, and rest of sight.
The well-known shore he sought, and, as he went 860
Darkling and dubious, on a pine he leant.
His fleecy vassals wait upon their lord ;
These the sole solace that his ills afford.
When to the deep he came, awhile he stood ;
And from his eyeless socket wash'd the blood. 865
Groaniug he gnash'd his teeth with rage and pain ;
Then strode with sides unbathed into the middle main.
Alarm'd we stir ourselves for instant flight :
Admit our suppliant in his merit's right ;
And then our cables silently divide ; 870
And sweep with fear-wing'd oars the foamy tide.

He heard, and rush'd directed by the sound :
But when the prey beyond his arm he found ;
Nor further durst the rising waters brave,
His height unequal to the Ionian wave ; 875
He shouted with an energy so vast
That earth and ocean trembled at the blast :
Italia's shores resulted with the shock ;
And Ætna bellow'd in his depths of rock.
Roused from their forest lairs and craggy posts, 880
The one-eyed nation, gathering, fill'd the coasts.
There fiercely eminent the Ætnæan brood
We saw, as, glaring idle rage, they stood ;
A dire convention ! the proud oaks of Jove,
Or spiry cypresses, pale Dian's grove, 885
Thus lift their heads to heaven : our fears prevail
To drive from shore with any passing gale.
Yet press'd to shun, by Helenus' command,
The straits where death sits guarding either land,
Back we had turn'd ; when from Pelorus' brow, 890
Sent by the gods, the northern breezes flow.
Then by Pantagias' mouth we make our way ;
Where sparry rocks reflect the living day :
Cleave Megara's calm gulf and, coasting nigh,
See Thapsus level with the waters lie. 895
This course, which once Ulysses' keel had plough'd,
Retracing, Achemenides now show'd.

Close in Sicania's bay an isle is spread,
 Opposed to rough Plemmyrium's stormy head :
 Ortygia from remoter times its name. 900
 Thither Alpheüs (such the voice of Fame)
 His secret way beneath the deep explores ;
 And leaves his Elis for Sicilia's shores :
 Springs here to light; and, ravish'd with thy charms,
 Melts, Arethusa ! in thy silver arms. 905
 Here, as Anchises bids, our vows we pay
 To the great gods, whose power the realms obey.
 Thence, where through golden meads Helorus creeps,
 We pass, and graze Pachynus' beetling steeps.
 Then Camarina, fix'd by Fate's decree ; 910
 And the Geloan fields afar we see,
 With Gela's towery pride : then o'er the coasts
 Great Acragas her structured summits boasts :
 Famed for her courser's breed, of soul for war,
 Or rapid as the whirlwind in the car. 915
 And now, with sails direct before the wind,
 We leave Selinus' palmy plains behind :
 Round Lilybeum stem the broken tide ;
 Where ill their stony bed the waters hide :
 And thence, with inauspicious course resort 920
 To Drepanum's drear melancholy port.
 Here, on so many seas by tempests toss'd,
 My dear Anchises, worn with years, I lost :

- My toil's sole comfort he. Yes! best of sires !
Here, saved in vain from Ilion's fatal fires, 925
Didst thou desert thy son ; now doom'd alone
Beneath his fortune's weary load to groan.
When many ills his prescient lips foretold,
Not this, the worst, did Helenus unfold.
Not this did dire Celæno's self foreshow ;
Though fraught with rage and resonant of woe.
This was my travel's goal : for hence by Heaven
My fleet to your benignant shore was driven.
- Thus, while attention sate on every ear,
And each rapt mind was still erect to hear ; 935
Æneas traced the mournful scenes of Fate,
In his Troy's ruin and his wandering state :
And, having led his labors to their close,
Here ceased his speech at length, and sought repose. 939

END OF BOOK III.

**THE
ÆNEIS.**



BOOK IV.

Argument.

DIDO, now deeply in love with Æneas, discloses her passion to her sister, Anna, by whom she is encouraged in its indulgence. Its progress and effects are described ; until, by the management of Juno, it is consummated in an irregular, and doubtful marriage. The conduct of the queen, divulged to the world by Fane (who is here nobly personified) exasperates Iarbas, (a king of Libya and one of her rejected suitors,) and, moved by his prayer, Jupiter sends Mercury to order Æneas from Carthage. Obedient to the mandate, he prepares secretly for his departure : but, his design being discovered by the queen, an interview ensues between them ; when, in consequence of his avowing and adhering to his purpose, she is overpowered by her feelings, and borne fainting to her chamber. The preparations for his voyage being continued, she again, by the agency of her sister, endeavours to divert him from his project : but, finding him inflexible and being terrified also by many prodigies, she finally resolves upon death. To deceive her sister, she pretends to have recourse to magic rites ; and directs a pile to be constructed, on which the nuptial couch and every memorial of Æneas are to be consumed. During the deep repose of the night, she gives vent to the agonies of her mind in a speech of mingled passion, and of much self-condemnation. Æneas, in the meanwhile, as he is asleep on board his vessel, is roused by Mercury, and immediately proceeds to sea. Observing in the morning that he had departed, the queen breaks into passionate ravings ; and devotes her faithless lover with the most fearful imprecations. In the absence of her sister, she mounts the pile and stabs herself with a sword, given to her by Æneas. To shorten her dying agonies, Iris, commissioned by Juno, severs the fatal lock, which is consecrated to Proserpine, and thus dismisses her to death.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK IV.

BUT now the wounded queen in every vein
Feels the soft fire, and thrills with secret pain.
The chief's high valor and high race from Jove
Press on her thought with power that wakens love.
His looks, his words live settled in her breast ; 5
And throbbing cares withhold her limbs from rest.

When now the morn, in orient light array'd,
Had chased the dewy night's incumbent shade :
Scarce knowing what she said, the royal fair
Thus to her much-loved sister breathed her care : 10
“ Anna ! my sister ! ah ! what dreams affright
My trembling spirits, and disturb the night ?
What wondrous man is this—our stranger guest !
In form a hero, with a hero's breast !
Sprung from the gods, Fame truly speaks his birth : 15
For fear still taints the common sons of earth.

What wars' exhausted rage his lips relate !
 How nobly has he fought with hostile fate !
 If the fix'd purpose of my soul could move ;
 If now my thought could bend to wedded love ; 20
 If, its first passion wrong'd by death's divorce,
 My heart could feel desire's recurring force,
 Not sick and shrinking from the nuptial bed,—
 To this one fault its weakness might be led.
 For, Anna ! I will own, since Heaven decreed 25
 Sychæus by his brother's steel should bleed,
 This man alone could urge my faltering will ;
 And wake my former flame to warm me still.
 But earth ingulf me, or the hand of Jove
 Strike me with thunder from the realms above, 30
 Deep—deep in darkness with the shades to lie,
 Ere I will break thy laws, fair Chastity !
 He who first had my love, shall ever have
 That faithful love, the solace of his grave.”

She spoke ; and on her sister's bosom shed 35
 The bursting tear, whilst Anna fondly said :
 “ O dear to me beyond the light of heaven !
 Shall all thy youth to fruitless grief be given ?
 Denied to taste the sweets that love bestows ;
 And feel the joys a mother only knows ? 40
 Think'st thou that deeds of ours can touch the dead ?
 Or jealous cares infest the buried head ?

What though the sons of Libya, or of Tyre
Have fail'd to wake thy sense to fond desire :
What though Iärbas justly met thy scorn ; 45
And the dark chiefs in martial Afric born :
Wilt thou to love more grateful not relent ;
Blind to the state, that presses thy consent ?
Ah ! think thee where thine infant city stands :
Gætulia here airays her warlike bands ; 50
And here the untein'd Numidian scours the lands :
While, from a lifeless region scorch'd and bare,
Barcæan fury spreads in terror there.
Why should I name thy brother's threatening rage ;
All Tyre in arms, and ready to engage ? 55
Sure to our ports the fleet of Troy was driven
By favoring Juno with the breath of heaven.
From spousals bless'd as these, to glad thine eyes,
How proudly would thy state in grandeur rise !
Enforced with Trojan arms, our Punic power 60
In glory o'er the subject earth would tower.
Propitiate then the gods ; implore their leave ;
Spread the gay banquet, and the hours deceive.
Pretend delays : now winter's rage deforms
Old Ocean's face ; and now, involved in storms, 65
Orion hovers o'er the inclement air ;
And now the shatter'd navy claims repair."

With words like these she fed her sister's flame;
Resolved her doubts, and chased her lingering shame.

First, they frequent the fanes, and peace implore 70
From the bless'd gods, with prayer and holy gore.

To Ceres, Phœbus, and the god of wine,
They slay the chosen sheep with rites divine.

But chiefly Juno, that imperial power
Who holds her influence o'er the nuptial bower, 75

Their vows address: to her, the beauteous queen,
With lifted eyes and supplicating mien,
As her fair hands the sacred goblet hold,
On the white heifer's forehead drains the gold.

Before the gods with copious slaughter fed, 80
And the crown'd shrines, she walks with solemn tread:
Restores the day with victims, and inquires
In the quick entrails ere the beast expires.

Ah, blind to fate the seers! can shrines or prayers
Relieve her phrensiéd mind, or calm her cares? 85

An eating flame through all her vitals steals;
And, deep within, the living wound she feels.
She burns,—and through the city's crowded ways,
Wrapp'd in lone thought, with wildering step she strays.
Like the struck deer, in Cretan forests found, 90
Who feels the unconscious shepherd's flying wound.—
She scours the plain; she struggles through the wood;
But the fix'd arrow still exhausts her blood.

Now Dido leads Æneas to behold
Her streets, and walls, and stores of Tyrian gold ; 95
And oft her tender purpose tries to speak :
But on her faltering lips the imperfect accents break.
Again the feast she seeks, as day retires ;
Again the hero's storied deeds requires :
Hangs on his speech again with breathless joy ; 100
And drinks with raptured ears the woes of Troy.
When all depart ; and now the dimmer moon,
And westering stars have pass'd night's heavy noon,
And urge to slumber—sorrowing and alone
She treads the desert floors, and heaves the groan. 105
Flung on the vacant couch he lately press'd,
Absent she sees and hears her absent guest :
Or in the son, to cheat her love-sick pains,
The father's image to her bosom strains.
Dead are her public cares : her youth repose, 110
Untrain'd to arms : the tower no longer grows :
The ports lie open ; walls forget to rise : [skies.
Check'd are the bulwark's threats, and cease to climb the
When thus submitted to the raging pest,
With fame and duty humbled in her breast, 115
The regal fair she saw, the wife of Jove
Approach'd, and thus address'd the Queen of love : .
“ Proud is the boast of Venus and her son !
Rare praise, rich trophies has your prowess won !

- Worthy of hands divine the glorious feat, 120
 One woman conquer'd by two gods' deceit!
 Your ends I know: ye fear'd my rising state;
 And envied Carthage her imperial fate.
 But, Goddess! shall our warfare never cease?
 May not these nuptials seal our lasting peace? 125
 Yours is the palm: fulfill'd your whole desire,
 Dido consumes a victim in your fire.
 Here let us then preside with equal sway:
 Let the fond queen her Phrygian lord obey;
 And, while with me the sceptre you enjoy, 130
 Dower with her 'Tyrian realms your sons of Troy."
 'To her (for she perceived the deep intent,
 Italia's fate of empire to prevent,
 And plant the glorious throne on Libya's land)
 Venus replied: " 'Twere madness to withstand 135
 Your proffer'd grace, and idly to prefer
 With heaven's high queen an everlasting war:
 If Fortune haply smile upon our deed—
 But lost I wander as the Fates may lead;
 And wrapp'd in night their counsel. If the Sire 140
 Of gods permit that Troy should blend with Tyre,
 The people grow incorporate and one;—
 If such the will of Jove—that will be done.
 His consort thou, 'tis thine to move his mind:
 Proceed! my aid shall wait submiss behind." 145

“ That care,” said regal Juno, “ shall be mine.
Now learn the means to compass our design.
Soon as to-morrow’s sun shall wake the dawn,
And light the sparkle of the dew-dropp’d lawn,
Æneas and the enamour’d queen prepare 150
Their train to storm the shaggy silvan’s lair.
Then, as the encircled copse their toils confine,
And the red plumage trembles on the line,
With mingled tempest, o’er their heads my power
Shall roll the thunder and hurl down the shower : 155
And, when their comrades fly, one cave shall hide
The Trojan leader and his Tyrian bride.
I will be there ; and, of your aid secure,
Will join the pair and make their union sure :
Their nuptial this.” Asseenting Venus smiled, 160
Well-pleased to see the fraudful Power beguiled.

Aurora now rose blushing from the main :
With the first beam, the youth’s assembled train
Rush from the city ; and in order stand
With nets and hunting spears, a chosen band. 165
Massylian horsemen pour in troops around ;
And dogs, fine-nosed, that trace the tainted ground.
The Punic princes, at the palace gate,
Their sovereign, lingering in her chamber, wait :
Whilst her fierce steed, in gold and purple gay, 170
Foams on the bit and chafes at the delay.

At length she issues with majestic mien ;
And a rich menial crowd surround their queen.
A cloak of Tyrian dye, whose border shone
With pictured flowers, was o'er her shoulders thrown. 175
Check'd by a golden knot her tresses swell'd :
A golden clasp her robe of purple held :
Her quiver flames with gold. Iulus leads
The youth of Troy, and to the field succeeds.
Then great Æneas joins the train, confess'd
In manly beauty bright above the rest :
Like Phœbus, when the god in heavenly pride
Leaves wintry Lycia and cold Xanthus' side,
To cheer his Delos with revived delights ;
The song, and dance, and pomp of holy rites. 185
In choral symphonies, around his shrine,
Thessalians, Cretes, and painted Scythians join.
He walks on Cynthus, and his shafts resound :
With gold and bays his radiant locks are bound.
Æneas moved in equal pride of grace :
Such was his godlike port, and such his beaming face. 190
When to the mountains' lofty tract they came,
Rugged and wild, the nurse of savage game ;
Here, rous'd and trembling, from his rocky lair
The wild goat rushes down the steep ; and there
From the high hills, precipitate with fear,
Bound o'er the dusty plains the herded deer. 195

The boy Ascanius, on a fiery steed,
Now these now those surpasses in his speed ;
And hopes, descending as a nobler prey, 200
The lion or the boar may cross his way.

Meanwhile with vollied storm the heavens are rent ;
And hail and rain rush down with fierce descent :
The mountains stream. The youth of Tyre and Troy
Seek diverse refuge, with the princely boy. 205
One cave receives, beneath its rocky screen,
The Trojan leader and the Tyrian queen.
Earth first and conscious Juno gave the sign :
Through the dun gloom disastrous flashes shine :
Groans the struck air, as prescient of the event ; 210
And on their howling hills the Nymphs lament.
Parent of ill, that day was doom'd by Fate ;
And death and anguish on its issues wait.
Now pride and matron honor feeble prove
To check the queen, who glories in her love : 215
Calls it a spousal ; and with wedlock's name
Hallows the pleasure, and adorns the shame.

But Fame, alarm'd, o'er Libya's cities flies :
Fame, the most fleet of mischief's progenies :
Who gathers speed from every passing hour ; 220
Grows as she moves, and travels into power.
Timid and small at first, at length she shrouds,
While treading on the ground, her forehead in the clouds.

Offended at the gods, great parent Earth,
 'Tis said, in vengeance gave the monster birth, 225
 Of all her giant family the last;
 A swift-wing'd portent, foul, deform'd, and vast.
 Beneath each numerous plume, that lifts her flight,
 An active eye extends her scope of sight.
 As many ears, and mouths, and tongues she moves, 230
 To catch and spread the rumors as she roves.
 Midway 'twixt heaven and earth, through night she flies
 Clanging, nor bathes in dewy sleep her eyes.
 By day she keeps on watch, and takes her stand
 On some high roof or tower of wide command; 235
 And thence, alike for truth or falsehood loud,
 She shakes the city and distracts the crowd.
 Now, pleased with ill, of things not done or done,
 Her eager whispers through the nations run:
 Spread, that, from Troy derived, Æneas shares 240
 The beauteous Dido's bed and regal cares:
 That the fond lovers, plunged in loose delights,
 Prolong with luxury the winter nights;
 Careless of honor or the public weal.
 These tales she scatters; and the people feel. 245
 Straight to Iarbas she directs her course;
 Fires his proud mind, and gives his fury force.
 A ravish'd nymph, of Garamantian race,
 Produced this son from Ammon's strong embrace.

He, through his spacious regions, to his sire 250
A hundred altars heap'd with deathless fire :
Eternal vigils to the gods ordain'd :
Their hallow'd fanes with ceaseless victims stain'd :
Still fed with holy blood the fatten'd ground ;
And the rich shrines with flowery chaplets crown'd. 255
Now impotent of mind, to madness driven,
Prostrate before the Majesty of heaven,
He pour'd, with hand's supine and suppliant air,
The fiery torrent of his soul in prayer :
“ Almighty Jove ! for whom, with zeal divine, 260
We spread the sacred feast and spill the wine ;
Behold'st thou this ? or do we vainly fear,
When thunders roll, thine angry godhead near ?
Is it by senseless fires o'erawed we stand ?
And feels the tempest no superior hand ? 265
A wave-toss'd woman, with an exiled host,
Built a small city on our purchased coast.
We gave the law,—the soil, she till'd for bread :—
She scorns us now, and spurns our proffer'd bed :
Takes, as her lord, Æneas to her arms ; 270
And the gay spoiler triumphs in her charms.
This essenced Paris with his demi-men,
His Phrygian mitre tied to prop his chin,
Enjoys our rights :—while we with idle flame
Incense thy fane, and worship but a name.” 275

Him, as he thus his fervent prayer preferr'd,
 And grasp'd the holy shrine, the Almighty heard.
 Then, as he turn'd to Carthage and survey'd
 The regal pair by love's deceits betray'd,
 With each high thought extinguish'd in the breast, 280
 He gave to Mercury his dread behest:
 " Go ! fly, my Son ! invoke the winds to bear
 Thy fleetest pinion through the deeps of air.
 Add all thy soul, and shoot upon the wing
 To speed our mandate to the Dardan king : 285
 Who now, regardless of his mighty fates,
 In Tyrian Carthage indolently waits.
 Not this the promise of his mother's word,
 When twice she snatch'd him from the Grecian sword.
 Her promise was a chief, whose awful sway 290
 Italia, big with empire, should obey ;
 A hero, worthy of his lofty birth,
 Whose laws should triumph o'er the subject earth.
 If for himself he scorn the proffer'd prize,
 At glory looking with unkindled eyes, 295
 Has he a father's heart ? and can he doom
 His loved Ascanius to the loss of Rome ?
 What means he ? with what hope can he remain
 On hostile shores, and spurn his Latian reign ?
 No ! let him sail, to our high will resign'd. 300
 'Tis thus resolved : and thou declare our mind."

So spake the Sire; and, zealous to obey,
The filial Power assumes his full array:
Binds to his heels the wings, that bear his course
O'er land or ocean with the whirlwind's force: 305
Then takes the wand, with whose supreme controll
He drives from day or back recalls the soul:
Lord of the brain, bids slumber come or fly;
And vindicates from death the rigid eye.
Thus arm'd and thus attired, he proudly sails, 310
Mid the dark clouds, careering on the gales:
Till in his flight he sees great Atlas rise;
Who glories in the might that bears the skies:
Gigantic Atlas, on whose piny brow
Beat ceaseless storms, and gathering winters grow. 315
Snows veil his shoulders: from his chin descends
The rush of floods: in ice his beard depends.
Here pausing first, Cyllenius weighs his wings:
Hence to the sea precipitous he flings:
And, like the bird that hovers round the shores, 320
Just skims the billows and the rocks explores,
Bound from the land which gave his mother birth,
He steers his wing between the skies and earth.
Soon as his feather'd feet attain the ground,
Where scatter'd cots the new-built city bound, 325
He sees Æneas earnestly intent
To found the street, and rear the battlement.

Starr'd with bright jasper, by the chieftain's side
 A falchion hung in military pride.

In gorgeous drapery o'er his shoulders flow'd 330

A mantle, that with Tyrian scarlet glow'd :

Where gold, inwrought, with gay embroidery strove ;

The work of Dido, and the gift of love.

To whom the god; “ O fond, uxorious Man!

And canst thou thus for haughty Carthage plan? 335

Construct her powers of war, adorn her town;

Friend to her state, and traitor to thy own?

The Sire of gods himself, whose awful hand

Wields the vast fabric of the skies and land,

Has sent me from the Olympian throne to bear 340

His sovereign mandate through the abyss of air.

What are thy projects? wherefore this delay

On Libya's land? what hopes avouch thy stay?

If for thyself, not daring to be great,

Thou spurn the glorious promises of Fate, 345

Respect Ascanius! nor defraud his claim

Of Latium's empire, and the Roman name.”

He spoke; and, fading into air, his flight

Escaped the gross pursuit of mortal sight.

But fix'd in holy awe Æneas stood: 350

Fear raised his bristling hair, and thrill'd his blood,

And bound his struggling tongue: confirm'd to break

The spell of love and love's sweet land forsake,

He burns for flight, incited from above,

And order'd by the delegate of Jove.

355

But ah the queen!—ah! how shall he declare

His dreadful purpose to the frantic fair?

What words of melting sweetness shall he find

To soften her assent and soothe her mind?

This way and that his laboring thought revolves;

360

Forms plans and changes;—falters and resolves.

At length, his counsels to his chiefs he gave,

Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave:

Bade them instruct their comrades to repair

In silence to the shore; and, waiting there,

365

Refit the navy, and their arms prepare:

Charged them for these new orders to pretend

Some cause of specious hue to veil their end:

While to the bounteous queen, who dreams secure

That loves like theirs unbroken shall endure,

370

Himself the alarming secret would impart

In some nice moment of the yielding heart,

When open all its soft accesses lay.—

They hear with joy, and hasten to obey.

But Dido soon (for what disguise can cheat

375

A lover's eyes?) perceived the plann'd deceit.

Trembling when safe, of shadowy ills afraid,

She saw their projects ere by Fame betray'd.

But soon that cruel pest assured her ear,

The fleet was arming, its departure near.

380

Struck and aghast, with passions all on flame,
Wild through the city ran the infuriate dame :
Wild as the Bacchant in the enthusiast hour,
When pealing cries announce the rushing Power,
The fierce triennial inroad of the god ; 385
And every bosom feels his maddening rod.
Deep howls resound ; and, with insane delight,
Cithæron bellows and alarms the night.

At last, by love and rage at once possess'd,
She sought the Dardan prince, and thus address'd : 390
“ And could'st thou hope, perfidious ! to conceal
Thy guilt; and from my realms in silence steal ?
Will not my plighted hand, my doting love ;
Or Dido, dying by thy treason, move ?
And canst thou too, most cruel ! think to sail, 395
When wintry signs exasperate the gale ?
What ? if not wandering now to lands unknown ;
Thy Troy still glorying in her old renown ;
Would'st thou for Troy the wrath of Neptune brave ?
To Troy steer madly through the stormy wave ? 400
Me would'st thou fly ?—by all my wrecks of power,
The hand thou gavest me, and the tears I shower ;
By our young nuptials ; our enraptured nights ;
By Hymen, left to mourn his fruitless rites ;
By all my love has given,—if aught it gave 405
Were ever sweet,—ah ! pity, yield, and save.

If prayer may yet subdue thy stern intent,
In mercy to my falling realm relent.

For thee I have enraged each Libyan state ;
Inflamed their monarchs' and my brother's hate : 410

For thee, alas ! abjured my former fame,
That raised to heaven the glories of my name.

To whom wilt thou resign me, ere I rest
In the cold tomb, my consort ?—no—my guest !

This title still remains, the fonder gone. 415

But wherefore should I wait, till on my town
Pygmalion rushes with the flames of war ;

Or fierce Iärbas chains me to his car ?

O ! that at least, before thy cruel flight,
Some offspring might confess our past delight ! 420

Some young Æneas, playful in my hall,
With kindred lineaments thy charms recall ! .

In him thou would'st survive ; and I should be
Not lost entire, or wholly reft of thee."

Thus she : by Jove constrain'd, his eyes he held 425
Unmoved, and his love-faltering heart compell'd :

Then briefly spoke at last : " O Queen ! most true,

All you can claim of merit is your due ;

And while the memory of self remains,

While life's warm spirit quickens in my veins, 430

Still shall your worth be treasured in my breast ;

And still Elissa's virtues be confess'd.

To all beside I painfully reply.
Mistake not that I hoped by stealth to fly :
I ne'er pretended to a husband's claim ; 435
Not such our union, or its rights the same.
If, to myself resign'd, I yet were free,
My act unfetter'd by the Fates' decree ;
First the dear relics of my natal land
Should feel my care, and Troy reviving stand ; 440
The vanquish'd triumph in their alter'd state ;
And Priam's palace once again be great.
But, from his Lycian and Grynean shrine,
Apollo's voice ordains Italia mine :
To great Italia bids me waft my care. 445
My country that—my patriot love is there.
If on this Libyan coast, though sprung from Tyre,
You see well-pleased your Punic towers aspire :
Why may not we enjoy the Ausonian land ;
And build dominion on a foreign strand ? 450
Oft as o'er earth the humid veil of night
Is drawn, and heaven with living fires is bright ;
Anchises' angry shade, forewarning harm,
Invades my dream and chills me with alarm.
Me, too, my loved and wrong'd Ascanius blames : 455
Withheld by me, Hesperia's crown he claims ;
His by the Fates : and now, to make me just,
Jove sends his herald to enforce my trust—

Herines himself—I both the gods attest !
My eyes the Power, array'd in light, confess'd. 460

Even here he stood : his accents, as he spoke,
On my struck ear with deep impression broke.
Cease then ! and wound your heart and mine no more.
Constrain'd by Heaven, I seek Italia's shore."

She, ere he finish'd, with averted view 465
Now here, now there her fiery glances threw :
Then fix'd, she eyed him o'er with stern survey—
At length the torrent passion burst its way :
“ Traitor ! thou falsely speak'st thy race divine :
Sprung from no goddess, of no hero's line ! 470
Thee Caucasus begot of stony brood !
Hyrcanian tigers suckled thee with blood !
For why should I dissemble ? why prolong
The courtesy of speech for greater wrong ?
Touch'd with my love, did once his eyes incline ? 475
Heaved he one sigh, or dropp'd one tear with mine ?
Of which dire ill shall I complain the first ?
Which wrong upbraid, as sharpest and the worst ?
My wrongs—now now injustice reigns above,
Great Juno heeds not, or Saturnian Jove. 480
No where is faith !—Wreck'd, indigent, undone,
The man I raised—placed madly on my throne :
Drew to my ports his fleet, dispersed and lost ;
Rescued from death his famine-smitten host,

But now—ah, me ! the Furies fire my brain! 485

Now speaks Apollo—now the Lycian fane!

Now Jove's own herald, through the aërial way,

Bears the great Father's mandate—to betray !

Such cares, forsooth, the realms above infest ;

And break the tenor of celestial rest ! 490

Go ! I detain thee not,—thy pleas are good !

Go ! and through storms be Italy pursued !

Go ! o'er the billows seek thy promised realm !

But oh ! may storms disperse, and billows whelm !

May'st thou on rocks, if any righteous Power 495

Vouchsafe to hear me, meet thy fatal hour !

Then may'st thou often call, in penal pain,

On Dido's name :—nor shalt thou call in vain :

Wrapp'd in black fires, my spirit shall be there,

To drink thy groans, and mock at thy despair. 500

Yes, wretch ! when death has burst my mortal tie,

In all thy walks my spectre shall be nigh.

Much shalt thou feel ; and, in the world of night,

Thy rumor'd woes shall give my shade delight."

Abruptly here she ceased, o'erpower'd and weak ; 505

And as he falter'd much—much wish'd to speak;

Preventing his reply, she turn'd away ;

Broke from his sight, and hid herself from day.

Her maidens' arms receive the fainting fair ;

And softly to the regal chamber bear. 510

But, anxious as he was to soothe her woes,
And pour the balm which might induce repose ;
Though inly rack'd by love and fiercely pain'd,
His mind unchanged the pious prince maintain'd :
And, resolute Heaven's purpose to complete, 515
Heaved the thick frequent sigh, and sought his fleet.
Then, bending to their toils, the Trojan train
Draw from the beach their navy to the main.
The well-tarr'd vessel floats : while some explore
'The woods, and shape the branch into an oar. 520
Warin'd with one soul and eager each to fly,
They rush abroad and all their powers apply.
Now might you see them crowd the public way ;
Like ants when, mindful of the wintry day,
To store their granaries with plunder'd grain, 525
They march in black battalion o'er the plain ;
And, where their pioneers have clear'd a pass,
Convey their pillage through the channell'd grass.
Some, shouldering, push the ponderous spoils along :
Some punish idlers : some arrange the throng. 530
Order and spirit all the host inform ;
And the full path with fervid life is warm.

When from a lofty tower thine eyes survey'd
The port in tumult, and the shore array'd,
O Dido ! wounded by the afflictive scene, 535
How rending were thy groans ! thy pangs how keen !

Despotic Love ! to what canst thou compel
 The vassal heart ? Again to tears she fell :
 Resolved once more the force of prayer to prove ;
 And stoop again her lofty soul to love : 540
 Lest, any means before she died unsought,
 The mortal stroke might yet be struck for nought.
 “Anna !” she cried, “ah ! see how yonder bands
 Run, gather, quicken on the swarming sands.
 The canvas floats soliciting the wind : 545
 The prows with wreaths the joyous seamen bind.
 Well might my prudence have foreseen the blow ;
 And haply taught me to support my woe.
 But, Anna ! pity me ; and, generous still,
 Thy wretched sister’s last desire fulfil. 550
 To thee this false-one has been ever kind :
 To thee has oft unlock’d his secret mind :
 Thou best the passes to his heart canst find.
 Go, then, my Sister ! as my suppliant go !
 Kneel, and for me implore this haughty foe. 555
 I did not swear at Aulis to destroy,
 With the leagued Greeks, his heaven-defended Troy.
 To theirs my navy no assistance gave :
 Nor have I rifled his Anchises’ grave.
 Why are his ears then barr’d against my prayer ? 560
 Why flies he thus, to throw me to despair ?
 This let him yet indulge, by pity moved,
 To one who fondly loves,—whom once he loved :

Let him but wait till he can safely fly ;
Till winds blow gently from a softer sky. 565
The nuptials he betrays I plead no more :
Free let him seek his realm on Latium's shore.
Time now is all I ask,—a pause of fate,
To teach my mind submission to my state.
This is my last request ; and thou attend 570
My latest wish, and be to death my friend.
Then shall thy faithful love within my heart
Grow while I live, and but with life depart."

Such was her suit ; and such, with tender pain,
Her weeping sister bears, and bears again. 575
But neither prayers nor tears his purpose move ;
Their touching power withheld by Fate and Jove.
Closed are his ears by Heaven's obstructing hands ;
And fix'd in hardness, not his own, he stands.
As when, conspiring with confederate stroke, 580
The mountain winds assault the monarch oak :
In whose strong trunk's majestic size appears
The gather'd grandeur of a thousand years.
Now here, now there, the assiduous blasts resound :
The shatter'd branches strew with leaves the ground. 585
The tree, itself entire, sustains the shock ;
Towers mid the storm, and firmly grasps the rock.
As high as, scaling heaven, its summits rise,
So low descends its root to meet the nether skies.

Thus with assailing prayers the chief is press'd; 590
 And here and there the conflict storms his breast.
 His mind erect, though conscious of her pain,
 Holds her firm will, and tears are pour'd in vain.

Now all subdued and by her fates appall'd,
 Anxious, on death unhappy Dido call'd. 595

The beams of heaven fatigue her sicken'd sight;
 And portents crowd to scare her from the light.

As she frequents with gifts the hallow'd shrine,
 And pours libations of nectareous wine,

Dire to relate! upon the sacred floor 600

The wine falls blackening, and corrupts to gore.

This prodigy to none her lips impart;
 Withheld even from the sister of her heart.

Within the space her regal walls inclose,

To her first love a fane of marble rose: 605

Which still she dress'd, in fond devotion's hours,

With snowy fleeces and with festal flowers.

Here now, when earth repos'd in night's embrace,
 Small thrilling accents whisper through the place.

The dead are there; and, with no mortal tone, 610

Her conscious husband claims her for his own:

Whilst, lonely on the roof, night's bird prolongs

The notes of woe, and shrieks funereal songs.

Predictions too, from ancient prophets brought,

Strike with dread warning on her startled thought. 615

In dreamis, now fierce Æneas, wrapt in gloom,
Impels her phrensy and provokes her doom :
Now, solitary, wandering, weary, slow,
She seems o'er long and trackless wastes to go :
To seek, abandon'd and a queen no more, 620
Her Tyrian comrades on a desert shore.
Mad as wild Pentheus, when his rolling eyes
Saw from the deep infernal legions rise ;
And, by distraction's lawless power compell'd,
A twofold sun and double Thebes beheld. 625
Or mad-struck like Orestes on the stage,
When pale with fright he shuns his mother's rage ;
While, pressing on his steps, she shakes her hands,
Arm'd with black serpents and Tartarean brands.
Aghast he flies ; but at the guarded gate • 630
The avenging terrors of the Furies wait.
When thus with phrensy fired, o'erpower'd by woe,
Her mind was bent on death's relieving blow ;
Long with herself she weighs the time and means :
Then with pretended hope her brow serenes : 635
Hides with a smile the pangs that inly tear ;
And thus deceives her sorrowing sister's care :
“ Anna ! the way is found (rejoice with me !)
To bind my lover, or to set me free.
Near ocean's limit where the sun descends, 640
Beyond where utmost Æthiopia tends ;

Where Atlas in majestic state aspires,
And props the pole inlaid with starry fires,
There spreads a region ; whence, to visit mine,
Now comes the priestess of the Hesperian shrine : 645
Who kept the trees that bend with growing gold ;
Who fed the dragon ; and his rage controll'd,
Sprinkling the ground with medicated power,
Honey's soft dews and poppy's drowsy flower.
Her have I found : her charms, as she declares, 650
At will can free or crush the mind with cares :
Can chain the torrent in its headlong force ;
Or hurl the planets backward in their course.
Her voice can rouse the Manes, wakèn death :
She calls ;—and you may see, above, beneath, 655
Nature in strong alarm ; while oaks forsake
Their hills, and earth's deep bellowing caverns shake.
Ah ! I attest the gods and thee, dear Maid !
Driven by my fates, I fly to magic's aid.
Do thou construct a pile, with secret care, 660
Within my courts and full exposed to air.
With all those arms, he left, adorn its head,
And all the traitor's gifts ; and there be spread,
My cause of ruin, the connubial bed.
For, justly to fulfil the mystic plan, 665
Must flame each relic of this impious man."

She said ; and sudden paleness quench'd her cheeks :
But Anna knows not what the paleness speaks :

Unweigh'd the madness of her sister's mind,
Suspects not death in these new rites design'd; 670
And hastens to obey, without the dread
Of ills more dire than when Sychæus bled.

And now, with cloven ash and pine built high,
In the court's inner space, beneath the sky,
The pyre of fate, as gloomily it stands, 675
The queen, encircling, wreathes with flowery bands ;
And, thoughtful of the event her soul decreed,
Crowns it with leaves devoted to the dead ;
And places all the relics on its head.
There plants the sword, the conscious bed displays ; 680
And on the bed the hero's image lays.
Altars are raised around : the priestess there,
With raving act and wildly streaming hair,
Thundering, thrice summons from their dread abodes
Orcus and Chaos, and the hundred gods, 685
And threefold Hecate,—Diana trine,
In hell, on earth, in heaven of power divine :
Strews drops, pretended from the Avernian well ;
And herbs, whose veins with dusky poisons swell ;
Fed with black dews from night's disastrous noon, 690
With brazen sickles reap'd beneath the moon ;
And then, to give the maddening power to move,
Robs the foal's forehead of its mother's love.

The queen before the solemn altars bends :
 The salted cakes her pious hand extends. 695
 One foot was bare, and zoneless was her vest :
 Her dying lips the gods and stars attest :
 The stars and gods that, conscious of her state,
 Look'd idly on, nor would avert her fate :
 And if there be upon the thrones above 700
 Some Powers, who visit for the wrongs of love ;
 To these, whose pity woes like hers can feel,
 Her prayers for justice and revenge appeal.

'Twas night ; and slumber's soft and balmy hand
 Threw healing influence o'er the weary land. 705
 The woods repose : the lull'd waves murmur low :
 In their mid course the stars serenely glow :
 Hush'd are the fields : the tenants of the brake,
 The mead, the forest, and the limpid lake,
 Beasts and gay-cinctured birds, in sleep's delight 710
 Forget their labors, and enjoy the night.
 Not so the unhappy queen : with transient rest.
 Night cannot seal her eyes, or calm her breast.
 Contending cares distract her : love returns
 To war with anger, and the conflict burns. 715
 "What shall I do ? ah ! what is now the part,
 My fortunes prompt ?" she questions thus her heart :
 "Shall I my former suitors try to move ?
 Beg, where I would not give, the boon of love ?

Court Libyan nuptials with submitting pride ? 720
And, scorning oft, now sue—and be denied ?
Or shall I go, and seek the Trojan bands,
A suppliant, crouching for their last commands ?
Yes!—truly, those I succour'd will be kind !
Already have they shown their grateful mind ! 725
But, grant my soul could stoop thus meanly low,
Would their proud ships receive me as I bow ?
Ah wretch ! yet know'st thou not that falsehood runs,
From false Laomedon, through all his sons ?
Then—shall I singly go, prepared to meet 730
The taunts and pity of the shouting fleet ?
Or shall I bring my Tyre to swell their train ;
A second host of exiles on the main ?
And, whom from Sidon's shores I hardly drew,
Throw to the perils of the sea anew ? 735
No ! die, fond wretch !—to die is thy desert :
The sword must still the throbings of thy heart.
From thee, my sister !—thee derived my woe :
Moved by my tears, thou gavest me to the foe.
Ah ! wherefore was I not allow'd to prove 740
The life of nature, free from nuptial love,
And far from cares like these ? I suffer now
For wrong'd Sychæus, and my broken vow."

While thus her bursting sorrows found their way,
Æneas in his ship securely lay, 745

Prepared to sail and certain now of flight :
When lo ! the god, once more reveal'd in light,
Flash'd sudden on his dream, and to his ear
Address'd this warning, and alarm'd his fear :
(In all like Mercury the vision came : 750
His voice, his air, his roseate youth the same :)
“ And sleep'st thou, Goddess-born ! thus urged by Fate ;
Blind to the dangers that around thee wait ?
Mad as thou art ! nor hear'st the western gales,
That breathe auspicious and provoke thy sails ? 755
Toss'd by wild passions, and on death intent,
Her breast now labors with some dire event.
And wilt thou not, when fraud or force is nigh,
Fly hence, while yet it is indulged to fly ?
Soon shalt thou see the waves convulsed with oars, 760
And bright with hostile fires the seas and shores,
If morn surprise thee here. Haste ! hence ! away !
Burst from the land, for death is in delay.
Woman is various, mutable, and light.
Beware !” He spoke, and mingled with the night. 765
Æneas, startled by the god's alarm,
Springs from his sleep, and calls his host to arm.
“ Wake ! rouse, my Men ! be vigilant ! extend
The strenuous oar, and all your canvas bend !
The god again, descending from the sky, 770
Chides our delay and stimulates to fly,

Bless'd Power! again we hear thee, and obey ;
And gladly follow as thou lead'st the way.
Whoe'er thou art of all the thrones divine,
Be present still ! and still, as now, benign ! 775
With stars propitious guide us o'er the seas !
Breathe favoring winds, and all the fierce appease!"

Instant he drew his sword, and with a stroke
The steel through the retaining cable broke.
The leader's soul shot ardent through the host. 780
They rush—they seize their oars, and leave the coast.
The vessels hide the main : the seamen sweep,
With strength united, o'er the foamy deep.

Now, rising from 'Tithonus' saffron bed,
Her earliest rays o'er earth Aurora spread. 785
When, from her watch-tower, with the dawning light
The queen beheld the sails arranged in flight;
Remark'd the mournful silence of the shore,
And the lone port, that stirr'd with life no more,
She rent her golden hair,—her beauteous breast 790
Madly she struck, and thus her soul express'd :—
"Great God ! and shall he ?—shall this stranger brave
My baffled power, and safely ride the wave ?
Rush not my troops ? pours not my town its swarms
To launch my navy, and pursue with arms ? 795
Haste ! scatter fires ! spread all your sails, and row,
To bear my vengeance headlong on the foe !

What do I say? where am I? in my brain
Distraction wanders, and the Furies reign.
This had been well, when yet thou could'st command;
Ere, fool! thou gavest the sceptre from thy hand. 801
Behold his faith, who bore his aged sire!
His piety, who saved his gods through fire!
Could I not tear, and scatter on the main
His mangled limbs? not slaughter all his train? 805
Ascanius too? and place, with horrid joy,
Even on the father's board the sever'd boy?
But doubtful still had been the event of arms:
Well! the secure of death had mock'd alarms.
Yes!—I had fill'd his decks with bursting flame: 810
Destroy'd the sire, the son, the race—the name:
Then thrown myself upon the pile of death;
And, pleased with vengeance, smiled away my breath.
Thou Sun, whose eye of fire sees all below!
Thou, nuptial Juno, conscious of my woe! 815
Thou, Hecate, sever, nocturnal Power,
Invoked with howlings in the midnight hour!
Ye, Furies of revenge! ye Gods, who wait
On Dido's death, the ministers of Fate!
Attend! your righteous deities incline 820
To wrongs so deep, and prayers so just as mine!
If this dire man must struggle to the land;
Must gain the port, as Jove and Fate command;

- So let it be :—but let him joy no more !
Wreck him, the billow's fugitive, on shore ! 825
Oppress'd by nations of unyielding war,
Torn from Iulus, from his confines far,
An exile, let him sue for aid in vain ;
And see his comrades strew the ensanguined plain.
And, when at last beneath injurious peace 830
He stoops,—O let not then his labors cease !
Then, cheated of the hopes he bought so dear,
Power's tranquil reign and life's soft fading year,
Oh ! let him fall in gore before his day,
Unburied on the sands, the vulture's prey ! 835
This is my prayer : and, O ye Gods ! make good
These my last words, that issue with my blood !
And you, my Tyrians ! to my Manes just,
Cherish my hatred as a sacred trust !
Pursue to death the whole detested line ! 840
No love, no leagues the hostile people join !
Rise, too, some great avenger from my tomb,
To urge with steel and fire the Dardan's doom !
Now and hereafter, as the strength may grow,
Still let our vengeance strike, our battle glow ! 845
Theirs still our shores, waves, arms opposing face ;
And one vast hate inspirit all our race !”
She spoke ; and anxiously explored the way,
How soonest she might break from hated day.

Then thus to Barce, (who, with tender fears, 850
 Had fondly watch'd Sychæus' infant years ;
 His honor'd nurse : her own was now no more,
 In peace reposing on her native shore :)

“ Haste, Barce ! call my Anna ! bid her bring,
 To bathe my limbs, pure waters from the spring : 855
 And here the victims of atonement lead :
 Thy hand the sacred fillets on my head
 Shall bind : to Stygian Jove I now prepare
 To' absolve the destined rites, and close my care :
 And now the Dardan pyre must flame.” She said : 860
 With tottering haste the time-worn dame obey'd.

But wild,—aghast at what her soul decreed ;
 Shuddering, yet rushing to the dreadful deed ;
 With sanguine eyes that roll, and cheeks that glow
 With spots of red, emerging from the snow 865
 Shed by approaching death, with frantic haste
 The court's interior threshold Dido pass'd.
 Then, mounting on the pyre, by fury driven
 She drew—ah ! not for this sad purpose given,
 The Dardan sword : but, faltering as she view'd 870
 On the known bed the Trojan vestments strew'd,
 Her soul relented,—into tears she broke ;
 And, thrown upon the couch, her last she spoke :
 “ Sweet, precious trophies of my happy state,
 While Jove was kind, and smiled indulgent Fate ! 875

Receive my streaming life, and aid the blow
That greatly rids me of incumbent woe.
Yet have I lived!—and lived for noble ends!
My shade in glory to the shades descends.
Rear'd by my care a monarch-city stands : 880
My eyes have seen this triumph of my hands.
My brother, who could bid my consort bleed,
Has felt my vengeance for the diresful deed.
Happy!—too happy! had disastrous gales
Not wafted to my shores the Trojan sails!" 885

She paused, and press'd with phrensiéd lip the bed ;
“ And shall I die? and unrevenged?” she said :
“ Yes! let me die! thus—thus I plunge in night :
This flame shall reach the cruel Dardan’s sight;
And be the withering omen of his flight.” * 890

While yet the attendants listen’d as she spoke,
They saw her sink beneath the fatal stroke ;
Beheld the sword with gushing life-blood warm,
Her hands distain’d ;—and all is loud alarm.
The dismal clamor through the court resounds : 895
Then, spreading, rages through the city’s bounds.
With female cries and howlings of lament
The streets re-echo, and the skies are rent.
Not less than if, beneath the storming foe,
Carthage or venerable Tyre should bow : 900

O'er towers and temples roll the tide of fire;
And a whole people in one blaze expire.

Half dead and horror-struck, the sister caught
The dreadful tidings by the tumult brought.
· Raving she beats her breast and tears her cheeks ; 905
And, wildly as the obstructing crowd she breaks,
Calls on the dying: “ Could’st thou this intend ?
Ah ! Sister ! could’st thou thus betray thy friend ?
Were then these altars, fires, and pyre design’d
To cheat my feelings and mislead my mind ? 910
Deserted as I am,—undone and lost,
Of what shall I complain the first and most ?
Hast thou then scorn’d me with thy latest breath ?
Denied me e’en the partnership of death ?
Ah ! equal, surely, should have been our doom ; 915
And the same pang have sent us to the tomb.
And did I then this fatal pile prepare,
Invoke my gods with mockery of prayer,
To find thee thus ?—Ah me ! this frantic blow
Has laid thy sister, senate, people, low— 920
Has overturn’d thy state !—Haste ! let me lave
Her gory bosom with the living wave :
If yet she breathe, my lips to hers apply,
And catch the ethereal spirit ere it fly.”

Speaking, the summit of the pyre she press’d ; 925
And warm’d her dying sister in her breast :

Groan'd, and with softest hand her robe applied
 To dry the black drops trickling down her side.
 The expiring queen essays to lift with pain
 Her heavy lids, but soon they fall again. 930
 Deep in her bosom stream'd the inflicted wound ;
 And the toru vessels yield a bubbling sound.
 Thrice, on her elbow raised, she heaves her head ;
 And, fainting, thrice relapses on the bed :
 With wandering vision strives to gain the light ; 935
 Finds it at length, and sighs, and loathes the sight.
 But heaven's great Empress saw her laboring breath
 Detain'd in anguish by suspended death ;
 And, pitying, sent fleet Iris from the skies,
 To free the soul that struggled with its ties. 940
 For, since not Nature's death, or struck for crime
 She died, but fell by phrensy ere her time,
 Proserpina had yet not shorn her head
 Of the due lock, and doom'd her to the dead.
 Now therefore, radiant with a thousand dyes 945
 Drawn from the sun, the dewy Iris flies ;
 And, o'er her head—" This I, as Heaven commands,
 To Pluto bear, and loose thy mortal bands ;"
 Says, and divides the lock. At once expires
 Life's spark ; and into air the unbodied soul retires. 950

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK V.

Argument.

SAILING from Africa to Italy, the Trojan fleet is compelled by adverse winds to return to Sicily, and to the hospitality of Acestes. Here, where his father had died in the preceding year, Æneas celebrates funeral games to his memory. Whilst the Trojan men are engaged in these religious rites, their women, instigated by Iris, the delegate of Juno, set fire to the ships; four of which are consumed, and the rest preserved only by the immediate interposition of Jupiter. Distressed and embarrassed by this disaster, Æneas is advised by Nautes to leave behind the women with the old and the weak, and to prosecute his voyage with the more select only of his forces.—This counsel is confirmed by Anchises; who communicates with his son in a vision, and directs him to seek a conference with him in Elysium, under the guidance of the Sibyl, the inspired priestess at Cumæ. In the execution of his plan, the Trojan chief founds a city, to which, in honor of Acestes, he gives the name of Acesta, (changed in after times to Egesta) and then pursues his destined course to Italy. Under the protection of Neptune, conciliated by Venus, the hero's voyage to Cumæ is prosperously accomplished, Palinnrus alone being lost, who perishes as an atoning offering for the Trojan host.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK V.

MEANWHILE, secure from all impeding force,
Through the broad main Æneas held his course :
And, turning where Elissa's walls aspire,
Saw them, now ruddy with her funeral fire.
Though yet unknown what lights the mighty blaze, - 5
Not unalarm'd the conscious Trojans gaze.
The pangs of love when wounded to despair,
And all a woman's raging soul can dare,
Strike sudden on the thought: pale doubts arise ;
And every breast is sadden'd by surmise. 10

Now gain'd the fleet the middle sea, nor more
Could the stretch'd vision reach the distant shore.
Then, when the scene's expanse without a bound
Was nought but skies above and waves around,
A cloud, with tempest fraught, involved the pole ; 15
And, wrapp'd in night, the darkling billows roll.

From the high steerage, Palinurus cries,
 Alarm'd; "Ah! why this lowering of the skies?"
 "And what, great Neptune! is thy dread intent?"
 Commanding then each sail to be unbent; 20
 And the stout crews to toil with earnest mind,
 He sloped the bellying canvas to the wind;
 And said, "Great Chief! if Jove himself should please
 To promise Italy with skies like these,
 I could not hope to reach the wish'd for shore. 25
 Athwart our course the winds of evening roar:
 The expanded air condenses into storm;
 And vain what man's resistance can perform.
 Let us then Fortune's mastering power obey;
 And change our track as she controls our way. 30
 Not far, if now my memory retain
 The stars' bright order on the ethereal plain,
 Lie kindred Eryx and Sicilia's land;
 Prepared to welcome our returning band."
 To him Æneas; "What the winds enforce, 35
 And how you vainly thwart them in your course,
 Already have I seen: then let the sail,
 With the turn'd helm, be yielded to the gale.
 What land can offer refuge to our fleet,
 More friendly to our host, to me more sweet, 40
 Than that which holds Acestes, and contains
 In her dear lap Anchises' bless'd remains?"

The chief thus speaking, to the port they bend :
The crowding zephyrs every sail distend.
The vessels swiftly through the billows glide ; 45
And soon within the well-known haven ride.

When, wondering, he beheld from Eryx' brow
The friendly ships their course retracing plough,
Acestes meets them, with his hunter's spear,
And shagg'd with fur that once had clothed a bear. 50
He, by his mother, was of Dardan blood ;
The damsel teeming by Crimisus' flood :
And, not unmindful of their kindred race,
He now enfolds them in a friend's embrace.
Then, to relieve their wants, with joy supplies 55
His rustic wealth and simple luxuries.

When the next morning with her shafts of light
Had chased the stars that close the rear of night;
Æneas summons all his comrade host
To leave their ships, and meet upon the coast. 60
Then on a mound of structured earth he stands;
And thus addresses his assembled bands.

“ Ye high born Dardans, of celestial source !
Now through the signs the year has run its course,
Since in the tomb my sacred sire we laid ; 65
And raised, with tears, our altars to his shade ;
And this the day, which (so you, Gods ! ordain)
I e'er must meet with reverence and with pain.

This day, though doom'd the Libyan wastes to rove,
Or, seised by Greece, Mycenæ's chain to prove, 70
Still would I hallow as the year renew'd ;
Still on his shrine my incense should be strew'd : .
And now we stand, by Heaven's high purpose led,
On the kind soil where rests the sacred dead.

Then let us, as the time and place invite, 75
In solemn honors to his shade unite ;
And, piety's full debt absolved, implore
The winds to waft us to our destined shore :
That there in fanes, ascending to his name,
Our annual vows may rise, our altars flame. 80

Two beeves, Acestes, of the race of Troy,
Gives to each ship, the means of festive joy.
Indulge the feast ; and to the genial rite
His and our gods, with equal zeal, invite :
And, if the ninth glad morning shall unfold 85
The world in lustre from a sky of gold,
Then shall the contest for our prize decide
Which Trojan keel most swiftly cuts the tide :
And let the man for speed or strength renown'd :
Or who most truly aims his arrow's wound ; 90
Or who in combat dares the cestus wield,
With joy be present in the listed field.
There let them all their several powers exert ;
And know, the prize shall surely crown desert.

You with your voices favor my design ; 95
And each his brows with festal branches twine.”

He spoke ; and, from his mother’s myrtle shade,
Circled his temples with a verdant braid.
A myrtle wreath by Helymus is worn ;
And myrtles old Acestes’ front adorn. 100

Ascanius and the youth then bind their brows ;
And all are crown’d with Cytherea’s boughs.
Straight, with the assembled multitudes around,
The chieftain sought his sire’s sepulchral mound. 105
Here on the soil two spacious bowls, that hold
Pure Bacchus sparkling o’er the brim of gold ;
Two of warm milk, and two of blood he pours ;
And strews the hallow’d turf with purple flowers :
Then cries, “ All hail ! O sacred Sire ! again 110

Thy dust I visit ; but my love is vain.
Hail ! Spirit of my father ! Fate denied
That thou with me should’st stem the Tuscan tide ;
And gain, if these be not my fancy’s dream,
Ausonia’s region, and her Tiber’s stream.”

He ceased ; when from the mound a serpent glides, 115
That on seven radiant volumes proudly rides :
Then softly round the tomb, and round the shrine
Slow fluctuates with insinuating twine.
His back was dropp’d with azure : o’er his scales,
A floating glow of flamy gold prevails. 120

Like the bright bow that, striding o'er the skies,
Throws from the sun opposed a thousand dyes.

Amazed Æneas sees : amid the bowls,
With wavy train, the beauteous wonder rolls.

From them he sips, and from the chargers eats ; 125

And, having tasted all the hallow'd meats,
Harmless to his sepulchral home retreats.

Æneas' zeal the prodigy incites,
With greater fervor, to the sacred rites ;

Doubtful, if this were of celestial grace 130

To tend his sire, or Genius of the place.

Two victim sheep he slays, two bristly swine,

And two black steers : then pours the copious wine,

And on the shade of great Anchises calls ;

And hails the soul that Styx no more entralls. 135

His comrades also, as their wealth allows,

Each on the shrine his votive gift bestows,

And offers victims ; while the rest prepare,

In caldrons or on spits, the festal fare ;

And stretch'd along the grass the sacred banquet share.

Now came the expected day : by Phœbus borne, 141
Blush'd in the heavens the ninth resplendent morn.

By rumor drawn and by Acestes' name,
The neighb'ring nations throng'd the lists of fame.

Joyous to see the sons of Troy they press'd ; 145
With some prepared the prizes to contest.

In the mid circus, to the view display'd,
The bright rewards of victory were laid.
There, tripods, gorgeous vests, arms, crowns of green,
And silver, piled with glowing gold, are seen. 150
And, then, the games are open'd with the sound
Of the loud trumpet from a central mound.

First, four large ships selected from the fleet,
To prove their swiftness, on the waters meet.
Mnestheus, who soon in Italy must shine, 155
The illustrious founder of the Meimnian line,
With a stout crew the speedy Pristis sways.
The vast Chimæra Gyas' voice obeys :
His ship, whose city-like dimensions swell,
The Dardan youth, on three high tiers, impell. 160
Sergestus, parent of the Sergian name,
As chief commands the mighty Centaur's frame :
And, of the proud Cluentian race the source,
Cloanthus rules the sea-green Scylla's course.

Far in the main amid the billows' shock, 165
Fronting the foamy shore, ascends a rock.
When the rough blasts of winter cloud the skies,
Withdrawn from sight beneath the wave it lies.
In the calm year, emerging from below,
It lures the sea-fowl to its sunny brow. 170
Here now Æneas, for the seaman's guide,
Plants a tall oak, their goal amid the tide :

Round this, the limit of their long career,
To bend their course, and thence returning steer.
The ships are ranged by lot : the captains stand, 175
Each on his deck, with ensigns of command,
In gold and purple bright : the youth beside,
(Their shaded brows with wreaths of poplar tied,
And their broad naked shoulders dew'd with oil,)
Stoop to their oars, prepared for generous toil. 180
Throbbing with hope and fear they long to start ;
And thirst of glory pants in every heart.
Then, when the trumpet gives the expected sign,
They spring at once and leave the barrier-line.
The seamen's clamors make the skies resound ; 185
And the torn billow foams beneath its wound.
With equal furrows o'er the brine they sweep ;
And oars and prows convulse the uprooted deep.
Not with such headlong speed and ardent soul,
Pour the contending chariots from the goal, 190
And seize the field : while, bending o'er the yoke,
The drivers shake the reins, and hang upon the stroke.
Now with the cheers and murmurs of the crowd,
As each his partial wishes shouts aloud,
The woods all ring ; and, with a strong rebound, 195
The shores and hills reflect the storm of sound.
Shooting a head amid applausive cries,
First o'er the billowy course pleased Gyas flies.

Cloanthus follows with superior rowers ;
But in a heavy bark that balks their powers. 200
Behind, hard struggling for the prior place,
The Pristis and the Centaur urge the race.
One while the Pristis in the contest leads :
Then the huge Centaur in her turn precedes :
Then through the ridgy waves abreast they plough ; 205
And, beak to beak, with straining forces row.

Now to the rock, their further goal, they drew,
When Gyas, who before his rivals flew,
To his ship's governor, Menœtes, cried :
“ Why, wandering to the right, thus steer'st thou wide !
Let others seek the deep, court thou the shore ; 211
And graze the rocky limit with thine oar.”

He said : but old Menœtes, urged by fears
Of latent rocks, to deeper water steers.

“ Why thus, Menœtes ! still licentious stray ? 215
Keep to the rock ! be frugal of the way !”

Gyas again exclaims ; and close behind
Beholds Cloanthus to the rock inclined.
He 'twixt the ship of Gyas and the steep
Steers with nice judgment, and attains the deep. 220
Then, as he there in fearless triumph rides,
From the late victor and the goal he glides.
But rage and anguish swell in Gyas' breast ;
Nor stands within his eye the tear repress'd.

- His rank forgetting and the care, he owes 225
 To his ship's safety, from the stern he throws
 The tardy master headlong on the tide ;
 And his own hands the vacant steerage guide.
 Become the pilot and the captain too,
 Landward he turns the helm and cheers his crew. 230
 But, scarcely rising from the deep at length,
 With his drench'd clothes and age-diminish'd strength,
 Menœtes to the rock with labor swims ;
 And on its sunny forehead dries his limbs.
 Him in his plunge; and in his dripping plight 235
 The Trojans view, diverted with the sight ;
 And, as the briny draught his breast restores,
 Loud peals of laughter rattle through the shores.
 While Gyas thus in phrensy loses way,
 The last two ships draw hope from his delay. 240
 Sergestus leads ; and, in the interior course,
 Close to the rock he sweeps with daring force.
 His vessel leads ; but only with her prow :
 The rival Pristis bears upon her bow.
 Ardent through all the ship, and breathing fire, 245
 The words of Mnestheus every breast inspire :
 “ Now, now, my Friends! your utmost nerves employ !
 You whom I chose, amid the flames of Troy,
 To bear my arms as Hector's once ye bore !
 Exert the soul, so often proved before :— 250

The soul that could the Libyan quicksands brave,
Ionian storms and Malea's headlong wave.
I hope not now the first bright wreath of fame :
O that I could !—but that let others claim,
Theirs, mighty Neptune ! by thy high award : 255
But to be last— from this our honor guard !
"Tis shame ! 'tis horror ! save us from the doom !
Stretch all your powers, and one at least o'ercome!"

They hear, and with the extreme of contest strain :
The vessel trembles, and devours the main. 260
Their breath in thick short struggles comes and goes :
Parch'd are their mouths, and sweat in rivers flows.
Nor by kind fortune is their toil unblest :
For, as his inner course Sergestus press'd
With ardor blind, too near the shoals he bore ; • 265
And hung his galley on the craggy shore.
On a shock'd rock it crashes, fiercely driven :
The stout oars shiver, and the prow is riven.
In clamorous alarm the seamen spring ;
And their roused forces to the emergence bring : 270
Iron-pointed poles to heave the ship project ;
And from the surge their scatter'd oars collect.
But, with success elate, in forces strong,
Mnestheus, the winds' glad suppliant, pours along
On the prone seas ; and o'er the briny plain 275
Runs with smooth license, and enjoys the main.

As the fleet dove, who, in the mossy breast
Of a coved rock, broods fondling o'er her nest,
Scared by some sudden foe, in tumult springs
From her loved home, and loudly claps her wings : 280
Then, free of air, divides the liquid skies
With the mute plume, that stirs not as it flies.
So the swift Pristis shoots along the tides :
So from the once-given impulse smoothly glides.
And first Sergestus, as with splinter'd oars 285
He tries to work, and aid in vain implores,
Entangled in the shallows and confined,
The favor'd Mnestheus leaves with joy behind :
Then, ardent, with the huge Chimæra vies :
Robb'd of her pilot, she resigns the prize. 290
Cloanthus now alone is seen before,
In the last seas and verging to the shore.
With him he dares contend : the crowd's applause,
That thunders to high heaven, avows his cause.
The struggling ships their utmost forces strain ; 295
One to redeem the palm, and one retain.
These their won fame indignant strive to keep ;
And hold e'en life as honor's purchase cheap :
Those, hearten'd by success, of nought despair :
Strong with strong thought, they can because they dare.
And, haply, at the goal with equal prows, 301
An equal wreath had bound the rivals' brows,

Had not Cloanthus, bending o'er the main,
Stretch'd to the gods his hands, nor stretch'd in vain :

“ Ye Powers, who rule the seas ! whose fields I plough !
Hear and attend me, conscious of my vow ! 306
My grateful hands shall slay before your shrine
A milk-white bull ; and, casting on the brine
His offer'd entrails, pour the sparkling wine.”

He said ; and, in their crystal donies below,
The gods of ocean listen to his vow.
The Nereid race, and Panopea fair,
And Phorcus rise, propitiated with prayer :
And old Portunus, with his hand's broad space,
Impels the toiling vessel's weary pace : 315
And, swifter than the flying shaft or air,
She shoots into the port, and triumphs there.

Æneas now Cloanthus' name aloud
Proclaims, by heralds, to the assembled crowd ;
And binds the laurel round the victor's head : 320
Then bids that three selected steers be led
To each contending ship, with store of wine ;
And a large talent from the silver mine.
Especial honors all the chiefs obtain'd.
A gold-embroider'd cloak Cloanthus gain'd. 325
Its borders with Thessalian purple glow'd ;
Which, circling it, in two meanders flow'd.

Wrought on its storied breadth with wondrous art,
The royal boy* pursues the flying hart.

All fire, he seems to pant, when from on high 330
Jove's eagle stoops, and bears him to the sky.
His hoary guardians stretch their arms in vain :
With upward gaze the howling dogs complain.

To Mnestheus then, the second in the race, 335
The chieftain gave, to guard him and to grace,
A three-fold mail, of rings enwoven wrought :
Which, as on Sinois' bank the hero fought,
Himself had torn from great Demoleos slain.

Phegeus and Sagaris now ill sustain 340
The ponderous arms that once the Grecian wore,
And chased the flying Trojans on the shore.

Æneas to the third contender's claims
Assign'd two brazen lavers' ample frames ;
And two rich goblets, on whose fretted side
The silver's cost was by the work outvied. 345

And now, enrich'd with gifts and proudly crown'd,
Their laurell'd brows with purple fillets bound,
The captains walk'd ; when, sorely bruised and maim'd,
At length, but hardly, from the rock reclaim'd,
Her oars all lost, and with one shatter'd side, 350
An object that the pointing crowd deride,

* Ganymedes.

His ship Sergestus brought. As doom'd to feel,
On the mid road surprised, the crushing wheel ;
Or left half dead and mangled by the stone,
The passing traveller had strongly thrown, 355
The writhing serpent strives to fly in vain ;
Lame, and encumber'd with his nerveless train.

He swells his throat, erects his flamy head :
In part is furious, but in part is dead.

His folds he knots, convolved upon the wound ; 360
Nor tears his body from the fatal ground.

Thus with his shatter'd banks, now shorn of oars,
Crush'd and half wreck'd, Sergestus seeks the shores :
Yet spreads his sails ; and, looking idly brave,
With streaming ensigns rides the harbour's wave. 365

Pleased with the safety of his ship and friends,
The chief to him the promised boon extends :
With her two infants, Pholoë of Crete
He gives, a slave in Pallas' arts complete.

This contest finish'd, to a grassy plain, 370
Bosom'd in hills, Æneas led his train.

Woods, rising over woods, inclosed the ground ;
A silvan theatre of spacious round.

In the mid circus of this green retreat,
With thousands girt, Æneas takes his seat : 375
Then the swift-footed to the course invites ;
And their young minds with rich rewards incites.

Straight at the summons, of distinction proud,
The thronging Trojans and Sicilians crowd.

But, foremost of the candidates for praise, 380

Euryalus and Nisus struck the gaze :

Euryalus, who prime in beauty shone :

And Nisus as the boy's pure lover known.

Next them in place high-born Diores stood ;

Who traced his source to Priam's royal blood. 385

Salius and Patron then prepared to run ;

That Acarnania's, this Arcadia's son.

Next, two Sicilius harden'd by the chase,

Comrades of old Acestes, claim'd the race,

Young Helymus and Panopes; and Fame 390

Led numbers more to run with rival flame ;

But time has blotted each aspirer's name.

To them Æneas; “ Hear with pleased regard !

Hence shall not one depart without reward.

Two Cretan shafts, of beamy steel their blade, 395

And a bright axe with silver work inlaid,

Each shall receive : the three approved the best,

With the grey olive crown'd above the rest,

Shall have their proper gifts : a gallant steed,

Richly array'd, shall be the victor's meed. 400

A quiver, fully stored with shafts of Thrace,

Infolded in a cincture's rich embrace,

Rigid with gold and by a gem confined,
Shall to the second racer be assign'd.

A boon less costly must content the third : 405
On him this Grecian helin shall be conferr'd."

He spoke ; and all, each station'd in his place,
Spring at the signal given, and rush on space :
With tempest-footed speed and fiery soul,
Fly from the barrier, and observe the goal. 410

First, and at distance first, with airy feet,
Beyond the wind or lightning's pinion fleet,
Nisus exults: to him, upon the green,
But with a spacious interval between,
Salius succeeding pants ; and his career 415
Euryalus pursues, not closely near.

Him follows Helymus : Diores him ;
But pressing hard, with limb just touching limb :
Leans o'er his shoulder, and with more of space
Had won, or shared the triumph of the race. 420

And now approaching to the goal they tend ;
And now their panting labor hopes an end :
When hapless Nisus falls, his foot betray'd
By the false soil, with slippery blood o'erlaid.

On that disastrous spot, from victims slain, 425
The streaming gore had lately drench'd the plain :
And here the youth, in triumph's eager pride,
Felt the press'd ground beneath his footstep slide.

Staggering, to save himself in vain he tries ;
 And rolling in the sacred crimson lies. 430
 Yet, warm with friendship, in his own distress
 He strives to give Euryalus success :
 For with his body, raised across the way,
 He tumbles Salius on the sanguine clay.
 Euryalus, with cheers re-echoing round, 435
 Springs to the goal, by friendship's favor crown'd.
 Next Helymus arrives ; and, thus preferr'd,
 Diores now in conquest stands the third.
 But Salius for the award of justice cries :
 Loudly he vindicates his rightful prize ; 440
 And, while the circus with his claimor rings,
 His cause before the assembled elders brings.
 Euryalus, in general favor strong,
 Pleads with his graceful tears, and moves the throng ;
 Finds powerful advocates in blooming charms ; 445
 And worth, more prevalent with beauty's arms.
 His cause Diores too avows his own ;
 Lost the third prize, should Salius gain the crown.
 Æneas then ; “ Your fears, ye Boys ! are vain :
 Fix'd shall the prizes, you have won, remain. 450
 But let me to misfortune's claim attend ;
 And prove my pity for a guiltless friend.”
 He said, and honor'd Salius with the pride
 Of a Gætulian lion's ponderous hide.

O'er the huge spoil the mane terrific roll'd; 455
And the broad talons spread their threats in gold.
Here Nisus; "If such gifts the vanquish'd share,
And for the falling such your generous care,
Say! what due recompense may Nisus claim;
Who shone the foremost on the course of fame; 460
And now, if not like Salius overthrown,
Had worn, in merit's right, the victor's crown?"

He spoke, and show'd his limbs and face defiled
With mire and blood: his people's father smiled;
And order'd from his treasures to be brought 465
A curious shield by Didymaon wrought.
Hung by a Greek at Neptune's sacred door,
The splendid trophy thence the chieftain bore:
And now, attentive to the suit of truth,
Gives the rich present to the illustrious youth. 470

This game concluded, and the gifts assign'd:
"Now," said the chief, "let him who feels a mind
Strong and collected in his manly breast,
Of skill and prowess for the fight possess'd,
Arise, and here his might in combat prove; 475
His hands invested with the ponderous glove.
Two gifts the daring contest shall await:
With gold and wreaths adorn'd in sacred state,
A steer shall be the hardy victor's gain:
A sword and helm console the loser's pain." 480

Thus he ; when instantly above the crowd,
 That shouted as he rose, in gesture proud
 Dares uprear'd his strength ; the man, whose hand
 Alone could Paris in the lists withstand :
 Who, at the tomb where mighty Hector lies, 485
 Vast Butes, glorying in his ample size,
 His many triumphs, and Bebrycian birth,
 Struck, and fell'd breathless on the ensanguined earth.
 Such Dares was, who now for combat glows ;
 Vaunts his broad shoulders, and alternate throws 490
 His arms, and challenges the air with blows.
 His match is sought ; but of the numerous field
 Not one dares face him, and the cestus wield.
 Then, high in heart and deeming all dismay'd,
 No longer, with presumptuous pride, he stay'd ; 495
 But, grasping by the horn the victor's beast,
 Before Æneas stood ; and thus address'd :
 “ If none, O Goddess-born ! will tempt his fate,
 How long in vain expectance must I wait ?
 Award the gift ! ” and all the Trojan band 500
 With loud acclaim their champion's prize demand.
 Now great Entellus, by his side reclined,
 Acestes chides, and wakes his manly mind :
 “ Entellus once, but ah ! the boast is vain,
 The first of heroes on the listed plain ! 505
 And wilt thou then, retiring in dismay,
 See the rich prize thus proudly borne away ?

Where is our Eryx now, by us adored ;
Thine arm's instructor, and in vain thy lord ?
Where thy own fame, with which Trinacria rung ? 510
And where thy walls with ancient trophies hung ?”

“ Ah ! ” said the hero, “ not by fear suppress'd,
Still beats the pulse of glory in my breast.
But age, cold age, has wither'd half my force ;
And my dull blood now falters in its course. 515
If, rushing through my veins, still glow'd the tide
Of youth, which animates yon boaster's pride ; .
Now had I sought the lists for glory's prize ;
And view'd the gift with unregarding eyes.”

Thus having said, upon the plain he cast
Two mighty gauntlets, ponderous, solid, vast ;
Which once fierce Eryx in the dread debate
Was wont to wield, unconscious of their weight.
Of stout bull hides with lead and steel inlaid,
Their monstrous size the astonish'd crowd survey'd. 525
Dares aghast declines the unequal fight ;
And great Æneas wonders at the sight:
Admires their load, and ponders in his hands
The enormous folds, compact with massy bands.

“ How,” said the veteran, “ had you wonder'd more 530
To see the gauntlets which Alcides wore ;
And the dire combat on this fatal shore ?
With these, yet dash'd, you see, with brains and blood,
Dreadful in fight your brother Eryx stood.

With these he long repell'd the Herculean power : 535

And these I wielded in my better hour ;

Ere on my temples envious time had snow'd ;

When youth's bright spirit in my life-blood flow'd.

But if the Trojan Dares shrink from these ;

And so Æneas and Acestes please,

540

(The lord and author of the destined field,) 540

The fight be equal ! Eryx' arms I yield.

Fear not—but lay thy Trojan gauntlets down ;

And the like weapons shall decide the crown."

The hero spoke ; and from his shoulders threw

545

His folded mantle ; and exposed to view

His knotted muscles, and his mighty bone ;

And all his dignity of strength was shown.

Then in the lists he tower'd in massy pride.

Æneas for the fight like arms supplied,

550

And on the champions' wrists with braces tied.

On the stretch'd foot at once erect they stood ;

And each his arms uprear'd in dauntless mood.

Their lofty heads declining from the stroke,

Their hands they mingle, and the war provoke.

555

That, bold in youth, in agile power excell'd ;

And this with larger limbs and muscles swell'd :

But his slack knees impairing time confess'd ;

And short faint pantings shook his ample breast.

Full many a wound in vain each champion aims ;

560

While some succeed, and thunder on their frames.

The blows err thickly round their ears and face.
Firm by his weight, Entellus holds his place :
Now with his watchful eye prevents the foe :
Now with his shifting body mocks the blow. 565
Like the besieger of a bulwark'd town ;
Or some tall tower, the rocky mountain's crown ;
Dares now here, now there explores access ;
And every where in vain his forces press.
At length Entellus, gathering all his might, 570
Rears his right hand, and hopes the finish'd fight.
But the quick foe perceives with wary eye,
And shuns the blow descending from on high.
Entellus wastes on air the forceful wound ;
And thundering falls, and shocks the stedfast ground : 575
Falls like a pine, uprooted from its bed,
On Erymanth, or Ida's towering head.
Loud cries from Troy's and from Sicilia's sons
Ascend the skies ; and first Acestes runs,
Eager to raise his friend of equal age ; 580
Explore his hurts, and pains of mind assuage.
But he undaunted to the fight returns ;
And with new soul from hot resentment burns.
Strong with the pride that blushes for a stain,
Dares he drives in fury o'er the plain. 585
Now with his right, now left he heaps the blows :
Nor pause, nor respite to the foe allows.

The strokes redouble : as when ether pours
 On the resounding roof the stony showers,
 So rain the hero's blows from either hand ; 590
 And urge and batter Dares o'er the strand.
 But now Æneas stopp'd the fell debate ;
 And check'd Entellus in his storm of fate :
 Drew Dares from the fight ; and soothed his breast
 With words of kindness, as he thus address'd : 595
 “ What madness this, unhappy as thou art ?
 Seest thou not yet, the gods desert thy part ;
 And give him matchless force ? the gods obey ;
 And yield to them the contest of the day.”
 He said, and closed the fight with his command ; 600
 Confiding Dares to his friendly band.
 They bear him faint and staggering from the shore,
 With head reclined and breast ejecting gore.
 The sword and helm then, summon'd, they receive :
 The prize and glory with Entellus leave. 605
 He, as his heart o'erflow'd with conquest's joy,
 Exclaim'd, “ Thou Goddess-born ! and ye of Troy !
 Now see what power my youthful arm has nerved ;
 And from what fate your Dares is preserved.”
 Then fronting the large prize he took his stand ; 610
 And, poising high his iron-invested hand,
 He dash'd it on the forehead of the bull,
 And drove upon the brain the shatter'd skull.

The huge beast drops ; and, quivering as it lies,
The champion stoops, and thus devotes the prize : 615

“ Eryx ! for Dares’ life this life receive !
This better offering to thy shade I give.
The cestus here I yield, my combats close ;
And, crown’d by victory, in age repose.”

Now those, who love to give the shaft its flight, 620
Æneas summons to display their slight :
Appoints the gifts, and on Serestus’ bark
Erects with numerous hands the destined mark :
Rears the tall mast, and to its summit ties
A dove, their aim, that flutters in the skies. 625
The bowyers meet ; and, to decide his place,
Each throws his lot into the helmet-vase :
Whence first leaps out, amid the crowd’s acclaim,
The son of Hyrtacus, Hippocoön’s name.

Then Mnestheus follows, late on seas renown’d ; 630
Mnestheus whose brows the victor olive bound.
Eurytion was the third ; in close degree
Allied, O mighty Pandarus ! to thee ;
Who once, commanded to confound the peace,
Sent’st thy bold arrow ’mid the ranks of Greece. 635
Last came Acestes forth, whose lusty age
Dares in the toil of fame with youth engage.
Each strongly bends his bow and tries the string ;
And from the quiver draws his arrow’s wing.

First from the twanging chord, through sever'd skies, 640
With levell'd aim Hippocoön's arrow flies :
Not faltering in its path, the weapon pass'd
Close to the dove, and fixes in the mast.
The struck wood trembles ; and, with death so near,
The bird with shivering pinions speaks her fear ; 645
While the field echoes as the people cheer.
Then eager Mnestheus, as the shaft he sends,
At once his bow-string and his eye intends.
Yet the false arrow, faithless to his hope,
Errs from its labor'd aim ; but parts the rope 650
That held the flutterer's foot : no more confined,
She seeks the clouds, and wantons on the wind.
Then, as prepared he stands with bended bow,
Eurytion to his brother breathes the vow ; .
And marking where the bird pursues her way, 655
In glad fruition of the paths of day,
There, as she plays upon a cloudy fleece,
His shaft arrests her, and her flutterings cease.
In air she leaves her life ; and on the ground
Restores the fatal weapon in her wound. 660
Acestes now, (the victor's prize obtain'd,)
Alone defrauded of his chance remain'd.
Yet he, to vaunt his bow and arm to prove,
Sped his wing'd weapon on its range above.

- And here a prodigy surprised the gaze : 665
 Theme of ill-boding seers in later days ;
 Who from the sign portentous omen drew,
 When time with his events had vouch'd it true.
 For, speeding through the clouds, the weapon fired :
 Shot in a path of light, and then expired, 670
 Resolved in air : as through the liquid night
 Glance the lapsed stars, and trail their locks of light.
 Alarm'd the Trojans and Sicilians saw ;
 And sought the gods with minds subdued by awe.
 Not so the wonder great Æneas view'd : 675
 But hail'd it as an augury of good ;
 And strain'd the pleased Acestes to his breast :
 Gave him rich gifts, and thus his heart express'd :
 “ Receive them, Sire ! for, with his wondrous sign,
 Jove supersedes the law and makes them thine. 680
 Accept this goblet, rough with sculptured gold ;
 Which our Anchises wont himself to hold.
 To my bless'd father, Cisseus, lord of 'Thrace,
 Gave it, the costly token of his grace.”
 · The chieftain, then, proclaim'd Acestes' name, 685
 And crown'd his brow, as victor in the game.
 Nor good Eurytion grudged the prize transferr'd,
 Though he alone had pierced the flying bird.
 Who cut the cord the second honor gain'd :
 Whose arrow struck the wood the last obtain'd. 690

Nor yet Æneas bade the games to end :
 But call'd Epytides, Iulus' friend,
 And youthful guardian ; who attending near,
 The chief thus gave his purpose to his ear :

“ Go ! bid Ascanius, if his youthful band, 695
 And well-train'd horse be ready at command,
 To lead them to the plain ; and here display
 His arms and conduct on his grandsire's day.”

He said ; and bade the crowds, that pour'd around,
 Avoid the circuit of the listed ground. 700

On bitted steeds the boys, in just array,
 Advance in brilliance as their sires survey.
 Their marshall'd ranks, their mien, and rich attire
 The youth of Troy and Sicily admire,

And give their glad applause : with festal show, 705
 Clasps the shorn olive each boy-warrior's brow.

Two cornel javelins, arm'd with steel, they bear ;
 And some bright quivers o'er their shoulders wear.
 Dependent from the neck, encircling gold
 Across the breast in wavy links is roll'd. 710

Form'd in three troops, the blooming host divides ;
 And at each squadron's head a leader rides.

Twelve boys each chief attend : the parted bands
 In equal pride an equal chief commands.

One troop, exulting in its captain's name, 715
 Obeys young Priam, of imperial fame.

Call'd from his grandsire, once the lord of Troy ;
Thy son, Polites ! was the illustrious boy :
A destined gem in great Italia's crown :
Now by his stately 'Thracian courser known. 720

The party-color'd steed with white was pied :
White his forefeet, and white his forehead's pride.
Atys controll'd the second troop's career ;
The little Atys to Iulus dear :
Atys, from whom the Latin Atii came ; 725
By Fate decreed to swell the Roman fame.
The last Iulus led, by all confess'd
In mien and features bright beyond the rest.
The Tyrian steed that gallantly he rode,
A pledge of love, by Dido was bestow'd. 730

The rest, on coursers of Trinacrian blood,
Were mounted from Acestes' royal stud.
The Trojans cheer the blushing youth, and trace
In each boy's lineaments his noble race.
When round the ring the pleased array had moved, 735
Gladding and gladden'd by the eyes they loved ;
Epytides' loud shout, and sounding thong
Gave the wish'd signal to the ready throng.
At once they start in one united band :
Then, in three squadrons parted, scour the strand. 740
Then at command they wheel their rapid horse ;
Threat their fierce weapons, and retrace their course.

Next, front to front, in new career they spring
From adverse goals, involving ring in ring.

Then with illusive war their conflict glows ; 745
And now they press, now fly the pressing foes.
Peace comes at length to still the rage of fight;
And hand with hand the combatants unite.

As once the labyrinth, in Crete renown'd,
Its tangled walls in blind confusion wound : 750
Placed trackless error in a thousand ways ;

And hid, till irretrievable, the maze.

Revolving thus in intricate array,
Their mimic war the Trojan boys display ;
And sport like dolphins, when the finny train 755
With active gambols curl the Libyan main.

This martial pageant, which had pleased the boy,
Ascanius taught his Alba to enjoy.

From her imperial Rome derived the game ;
And Troy still boasts its honor and its name. 760

Thus far, with favoring gods, the chieftain paid
His pious duties to his father's shade.

But while the sacred rites engage the green,
The veering breath of Fortune stain'd the scene.

Juno, with passions still on vengeance bent, 765
And ever watchful for some dire event,
Despatch'd swift Iris to the Trojan fleet ;
And wing'd with all her winds her servant's feet.

Conceal'd from sight, the various goddess flies ;
And down her bow quick glances from the skies. 770
With joy the concourse on the plain she views ;
And, on the shore, the ships bereft of crews ;
While far apart upon the lonely strand,
Mourning Anchises lost, the women stand.
On the broad main with sorrowing gaze they brood : 775
“ What tracts are pass'd ! and yet how wide the flood ! ”
Falters from every tongue : with toils oppress'd,
They loathe the sea and pant for promised rest.
With these the goddess, versed in arts of ill,
Mingles to mould their passions to her will. 780
In Beroe's form, Doryclus' ancient dame,
(Who flourish'd once in family and name,) .
She blends her murmurs with the murmuring train ;
Stings the gall'd breast, and irritates its pain :
“ O wretched we ! whom Heaven in anger spared, 785
When our bless'd comrades Troy's destruction shared.
O race, condemn'd unceasing toil to know :
And wait dire Fortune's black reserve of woe !
Since Ilion perish'd, now the seventh long year
Has seen the sorrows of our sad career. 790
What oceans have we plough'd ! what forms of death
Beheld in storms above, and rocks beneath !
Whilst flying Italy we chase in vain ;
Still shown to hope, yet still beyond the main.

This land our kindred Eryx makes our own : 795
 Acestes here has fix'd his friendly throne.
 What hinders then that here at once we build ;
 And see our streets with ready people fill'd ?
 O my loved country ! shall I ne'er enjoy
 Some walls made sacred with the name of Troy ? 800
 No more a Xanthus and a Simoïs trace,
 With Hector's glory hovering o'er the place ?
 But come ! and give these floating pests to fires !
 Cassandra's self the noble deed inspires.
 Last night she stood before me in a dream ; 805
 And in her hand I saw the torches gleam.
 "Here seek your Troy," she cried, "here, cease to roam :
 Here plant in kindred Sicily your home."
 The time suggests the deed : no longer wait :
 But act, submissive to her tongue of fate. 810
 See yon four altars that to Neptune rise !
 The god, the god the fires and soul supplies."
 She spake ; and, seising first the fatal brand,
 Shakes the dire weapon in her lifted hand,
 And hurls : with beating hearts and wondering gaze, 815
 The Trojan dames behold the missive blaze.
 Then, mid the crowd, a matron worn with time,
 (Who Priam's sons had nurtured in her prime,)
 Pyrgo exclaims ; "Not Beroë this, my friends !
 Doryclus' wife on other cares attends. 820

Mark you her eyes, that shoot celestial flame?
Her look, voice, gesture, step the god proclaim.
Beroë I left but lately in her cot,
Sick and repining at her hapless lot:
Alone denied, of all her sister host, 825
To pay due honors to Anchises' ghost."

She said: and now the wavering dames survey
With eyes of enmity the ships' array.
The present realm and that by Fate design'd,
In doubtful balance, hang upon the mind: 830
When suddenly, through her extended bow,
The goddess mounts the clouds and leaves their gaze below.
Struck by the prodigy, they cease debate;
Shout with new rage, and snatch the brands of fate:
Throw the red altar's spoils; and feed the blaze 835
With arid nutriment of leaves and sprays:
Till o'er the lofty banks and painted prows,
With torrent waves, the power of Vulcan flows.

Straight to Anchises' tomb and crowded games
Eumelus, running, speaks the fleet in flames: 840
And all, as with alarm they turn their eyes,
See the black billows mount and cloud the skies.
Then first, exulting as he wheel'd his course,
To the wild camp Iulus spurr'd his horse.
Deaf to restraint, and bursting through the crowd, 845
"Ali! what strange phrensy this?" he cried aloud,

“ What, wretched Citizens ! your dire intent ?
 Against yourselves your erring rage is bent.
 ’Tis not the fleet of Greece your hands destroy :
 ’Tis your own hope :—your own unhappy Troy. 850
 Lo ! your Ascanius !” and upon the shore
 He dash’d the casque, which in the lists he wore.
 And now Æneas and his train appear :
 The conscious dames disperse with guilty fear ;
 And hide in caves and woods : renew’d they feel 855
 The love of kindred, and the patriot zeal.
 Their deed they hate, and loathe the light of heaven ;
 And Juno is from every bosom driven.
 But, not submitting with their late remorse,
 The unconquer’d element exults in force. 860
 In the moist plank survive the sullen fires ;
 And the burnt calking heavy smoke expires.
 Through the ship’s body works the wasteful pest ;
 By men, and by hurl’d torrents unsuppress’d.
 The pious chieftain then in wild despair 865
 Tore his rich robe, and pour’d his soul in prayer :
 “ Almighty Jove ! unless thy hate ordain
 That not a rack of hapless Troy remain—
 If yet thy wonted mercies live for man,
 O ! stretch that hand to save, which only can ! 870
 Rescue our ships from flame ! this death avert !
 Save Troy’s last feeble hope ! or else exert

All thy dread power, and give thy lightning sway,
If such be my desert, to sweep us all from day."

The prayer was scarcely breathed : when, scorning bound,
A sable tempest burst upon the ground. 876

Loud thunders shake the hills ; and, dark above,
The south unlocks the cataracts of Jove.

The decks are floated, drench'd the half-burnt wood ;
The last faint vapor dies beneath the flood ; 880
And all the fleet, four ships alone consumed,
Escapes the ruin J' .o's wrath had doom'd.

But the great chief, confounded by the event,
Feels h' strong breast by jarring counsels rent :
Doubtful in Sicily to plant his state ; 885
Or still pursue the promises of Fate.

Then hoary Nautes (whom Minerva taught,
And pou'd her brightest radiance on his thought :
By whom she spake the wrathful gods' intent ;
Or the Fates working for their great event) 890
Thus the wise dictates of his mind express'd,
To calm the tossings of his chieftain's breast :

"As, Goddess-born ! the Fates perplex our ways,
"Tis ours with patience still to tread the maze :
Assured that fortune is by mind surpass'd ; 895
And constant virtue will o'ercome at last.

Of lineage, here, half Dardan half divine,
Acestes rules, by blood and friendship thine.

Him as the brother of thy plans receive :
 To him thy overflow of exile give. 900
 Whate'er is weak or timid in thy train,
 For war unfit, or shrinking from the main,
 Old men and matrons, whom thy fortunes tire,
 (Thy great designs beyond their hearts' desire,)
 Allow to rest : and, yielded to their claim, 905
 Build here a city with Acesta's name."

Struck by the thought thus waked, yet unresolved,
 In dubious cares the hero's mind revolved :
 When, seated on her car in sable stole,
 The matron Night, ascending, climb'd the pole ; 910
 And, present from the regions of the bless'd,
 Anchises' shade his anxious son address'd :

" My Son ! more dear than life, while life remain'd !
 Versed in Troy's fortunes, and in labors train'd !
 Hither I come, commission'd by the Sire 915
 Of Heaven, who snatch'd thy navy from the fire :
 And, pitying, now regards thee from above.
 Nautes obey, and by his counsel move.
 The chosen youth, with bosoms firmly steel'd,
 Bear to Italia for the destined field. 920
 For Latium teems with war ; an iron brood
 Waits there to steep thy conquering arms in blood.
 But let thy fond devotion first explore
 The realms of night, and pass Avernus o'er

To seek my converse: for with shades of woe 925
I am not mingled in the world below:

But in Elysium draw empyreal air;
And the bless'd council of the pious share.
Thither, while hosts of sable victims bleed,
The virgin Sibyl shall thy footsteps lead. 930

Then will I show thee all thy glorious line;
And the proud city which by Fate is thine.
And now farewell! night wanes:—I feel, oppress'd,
The panting coursers of the cruel East."

He spake; and like a subtle vapor fled, 935
Dissolved in air: "Ah! why," Æneas said,
"Thus haste away? ah! whither dost thou run?
What power thus tears thee from thy much-loved son?"

Then on the sacred hearth, with pious zeal,
He watch'd the fire, and strew'd the holy meal: 940
From the full censer fragrant incense pour'd;
And Vesta and Troy's household gods adored.
Straightway Acestes, and his band of friends
He calls to council: and to them commends
Jove's sovereign purpose by Anchises sent: 945
His sire's advice, and all his own intent.

They pause not, but the will of Jove espouse;
And good Acestes to the mandate bows.
The feeble, then, and matrons they enroll,
With all who feel not Fame's enlivening soul, 950

And, fond of ease, are careless of renown,
As willing tenants of the destined town.

The rest new rig their masts, repair their banks ;
And of the half-burnt ships replace the planks :
Though small in number yet in prowess great ; 955
Of vivid virtue for the field's debate.

Meanwhile Æneas with a plough surrounds
An ample circuit for his city's bounds :
Marks each allotment with especial lines ;
And here an Ilion, here a Troy designs. 960

O'er his new subjects pleased Acestes reigns :
Convenes his senate, and their laws ordains.

Then, where proud Eryx mid the clouds is seen,
A fane aspires to great Idalia's queen :
And at Anchises' tomb, the filial love 965

Appoints due priests, and consecrates a grove.

Nine days entire they give to genial rites ;
And all the nation in the feast delights :

When, lull'd by gentle airs, the waters sleep ;
And the soft south invites them to the deep. 970

Now all the shore re-echoes with lament :

In fond embraces night and day are spent.

The very matrons now, and they who late
Shrunk from the waves in terror and in hate,
Of toil regardless, undeterr'd by fright, 975
Press for the voyage and solicit flight.

These their good chief's consoling kindness prove ;
Who weeping gives them to Acestes' love :
Then slays the beasts by holy custom due ;
Three steers to Eryx, to the Storms an ewe ; 980
And breaks from land : a goblet fills his hands ;
And crown'd with olive on the prow he stands :
Pours on the wave the grape's nectareous blood ;
And with the victim-entrails feeds the flood.
The crews impel the ships with rival force ; 985
And the glad gales pursue them on their course.

But Venus, still oppress'd by anxious cares,
To Neptune thus complaining pours her prayers :
“ Juno's deep hate, and breast that burns with rage,
Which neither time nor merit can assuage : 990
Which against Jove and Fate will still rebel,
Thus my high soul to humbling prayer compel.
’Twas not enough, that, in the fateful hour,
The Phrygian city sank beneath her power :
That Troy's remains through lengthen'd woes she drew—
Troy after death her furies still pursue. 996
Whence the dire wrath she only can explain.
What rolling masses on the Libyan main
She lately raised, when, with Æolian aid,
Vainly to force thy trident she essay'd, 1000
Thyself didst witness : now the Trojan dames
Her guilt impels to wrap their fleet in flames ;

And, reft of ships, constrains the heroic band
To leave their comrades in an alien land.

What yet remains, thy power I now implore 1005
To waft them safely to Laurentum's shore.
O! grant me this, great Monarch of the sea!
If what I ask consent with Fate's decree."

To her the son of Saturn thus replied :
" Well may in me Cythera's queen confide. 1010
First from my realms she sprang to glad the light ;
And my own merits may her trust invite.
Oft have I calm'd the rage of seas and heaven,
When the wild rack by Juno has been driven.
Nor less on land thy son has been my care : 1015
Simois and Xanthus can attest me there.
When dread Achilles, thundering on the rear,
Drove to their walls the Trojans pale with fear :
When thousands fell, and, cumber'd with the slain,
Xanthus scarce struggled, groaning, to the main ; 1020
Then, as he dared to check Pelides' course,
With gods unequal, and unequal force,
I snatch'd Æneas from the dreadful fray ;
And bore him, mantled in a cloud, away :
Though much I sought to raze the walls I built ; 1025
And pour my wrath on perjured Ilion's guilt.
Still in my breast the same affections live.
Cease from alarm ! for all thy wish I give.

Safely the chief the Avernian port shall gain ;
And mourn for only one of all his train.

1030

The greedy deep shall claim but one alone ;
'That victim head which must for all atone.'

When thus the sire had chased the suppliant's fear,
He yoked his coursers for their proud career.

High o'er their tossing heads the monarch stands ; 1035
Shakes the loose reins, and all their rage commands.

Swift o'er the glassy plain the chariot sweeps :
Beneath his axle blue-hair'd Ocean sleeps.

Unstain'd with clouds the fields of ether glow ;
And all is bright above, and calm below.

1040

Around the sovereign, in unwieldy sport,
Gambol huge whales, the vassals of his court.

Palæmon near and hoary Glaucus wait ;

Phorcus and Triton swell the floating state.

Bright on the left Cymodoce is seen ;

1045

Thetis and Melite of softest mien :

Nesæe, Spio, gay Thalia's grace ;

And virgin Panopea's blooming face.

As laughs the encircling scene, the hero's heart

Feels the mild pleasures which its smiles impart.

1050

With haste, he bids each lofty mast ascend ;

And every hand the extended sailyards bend.

At once they stretch the booms, and spread the sails ;

And turn their swelling bosoms to the gales.

Borne by the auspicious breeze the fleet proceeds ; 1055
While their close order Palinurus leads.

Observant of his course, the navy steers ;
And, in his track, sails straightly on or veers.

Now climbing up heaven's steep, Night's dewy power
Had nearly reach'd her black meridian tower : 1060

In placid rest the seamen's wearied ranks
Found toil could soften beds of naked planks :
When from the stars Sleep wafts his noiseless flight ;
And cuts with downy plume the waves of night.

To thee he comes : to thee upon his wings 1065
A dire repose, O Palinurus ! brings.

While Phorbas' shape the illusive Power belies,
On the high stern he sits in friendly guise,
And speaks : " Our ships the seas themselves convey ;
And the straight breeze directs us on our way. 1070

Then thy faint eyes, O Palinurus ! close ;
And steal awhile from labor to repose.

Meantime myself thy duties will attend ;
And guide the helm, while sleep restores my friend."

With lids that scarcely rose beneath their load, 1075
Thus Palinurus answers to the god :

" Me dost thou counsel to believe the seas ?
Me—who well know how faithless calms like these ?—
What ! shall I trust my chief to waves and skies,
Deceived full often by their specious lies ?" 1080

He said ; and grasp'd the helm with stedfast hand ;
And fix'd his eyes upon the starry band.
But, lo ! the god a branch conceal'd from view,
With Styx envenom'd and Lethæan dew,
Dash'd on the temples of the unwary man ; 1085
And through his slacken'd frame the drowsy poison ran.
Scarce were his struggling nerves subdued by rest,
When the strong Power, insulting on his breast,
Whelmis him, loud calling to his friends in vain,
With the rent steerage, in the unfathom'd main : 1090
Then spreads his wings, and soars aloft in air.
The fleet, still safe in Neptune's guardian care,
Glides on its course ; and grazes now the coasts,
Which once the Sirens fill'd with slaughter'd hosts ;
And yet are whiten'd with the victim's bones : 1095
While mid the rocks the incessant billow groans.
But now the chief perceived, without her guide,
The wavering vessel warping on the tide.
Alarm'd he springs, and, seising her command,
Through the dark ocean steers with dauntless hand : 1100
And much his hapless friend's mischance bewails ;
“ Ah ! too presuming on the seas and gales,
Thou, Palinurus ! outcast of the grave,
On some lone shore shalt fade, or welter on the wave.”

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK VI.

Argument.

ON his arrival at Cumæ, Æneas consults the Sibyl, and solicits her to conduct him to an interview with his father in Elysium. She instructs him in what is requisite as preparatory to the enterprise: and, when the enjoined rites, with the funeral of *Misenus* (who had fallen by the envy of Triton) are duly performed, the hero and his holy guide descend to the regions of the dead. The phantoms, stationed in the entrance of Hades, are described, with the passage of the chief and his conductress through the several provinces of the subterranean empire. Æneas converses with *Palinurus* and *Deiphobus*; and ineffectually addresses *Dido*, who remains inflexibly silent, and retires from him in obstinate resentment. On their reaching Elysium, Æneas and the Sibyl are led by Anchises through that realm of the pious; and the chief is gratified with the vision of his descendants, the future patriots and heroes of Rome. When he has been instructed in their history, and in what relates more immediately to his present fortunes, he is dismissed with the priestess to the upper world; and, repairing to his fleet, sets sail and anchors in the harbour of Caieta.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK VI.

He spoke and wept: then, pressing on his way,
Gain'd with full sails Eubœan Cumæ's bay.
Seaward they turn their prows: the ships are bound
By the curved anchor to the arrested ground:
Their sterns o'ershade the coast. The youthful bands
Leap with light rapture on the Hesperian sands.
Some in its bed of flint awake the flame:
Some search for springs, or scour the woods for game.
But, warm with zeal, his step Æneas guides
To where great Phœbus in his state presides : 10
Where, in a mighty cavern's deep retreat,
Religious horror guards the Sibyl's seat;
Within whose breast enthroned, the god of light
Pours all the vision'd future on her sight:
And now the pious hero, and his train, 15
Pierce Trivia's grove, and reach the golden fane.

"Tis famed that Dædalus, on daring wing,
Flying through air from Crete's resentful king,
To the cold north his wondrous course pursued ;
And, hovering on the blast, o'er Cumæ stood. 20
There, first alighting on thy favor'd shores,
Phœbus ! to thee he gave his pluny oars :
And to thy godhead, with a grateful heart,
Rear'd a vast temple in the pride of art.
In living sculpture, on the massy gate 25
Rose the sad story of Androgeos' fate.
There vanquish'd Athens, for her crime decreed
Yearly to send seven victim sons to bleed,
Stands in mute terror by the eventful urn,
Whose lots decide parental sorrow's turn : 30
And, opposite, proud Crete surmounts the wave.
Pasiphaë here, mad passion's hapless slave,
Enjoys by artifice the dire embrace ;
And here, the product of the mingled race,
Fierce Minotaur, in whom two natures strove, 35
Is seen, fell offspring of portentous love.
Here too the mazy palace is portray'd ;
Where the lost foot in endless error stray'd :
Till Dædalus, to soothe the love-sick queen,
Disclosed the windings of the fraudful scene ; 40
And through its tangled paths the victim led,
His darkling footsteps govern'd by a thread.

'Thou too, O Icarus ! would'st there have proved
The master's power, but, ah ! too well he loved.
Twice he essay'd to run thy form in gold : 45
Twice fell the father's hand and dropp'd the mold.

Held by the wonderiug eye the Trojans pore
On the rare piece, and all its art explore :
When, sent before them to the sacred shrine,
Achates now presents the maid divine, 50
Deiphobe ; who served, with holy love,
At Phœbus' altar and in Dian's grove.

Straight she accosts the king : "The time demands
Not gazing eyes, but sacrificing hands.

'Twere better now to sever for the stroke 55
Seven steers, unconscious of the servile yoke ;
And from the flock as many sheep to choose ;
To give the mighty Powers their wonted dues."

Thus to Æneas spake the holy maid :
Nor long his men the sacred rites delay'd. 60
Then to her cell she call'd the Trojan train.
Deep in the cavern'd rock retired the fane :
A hundred paths conuect it with the day :
A hundred gates unfold to give her answers way.
Just on the threshold of the hallow'd dome, 65
"Now seek the Fates," she cried, "the tine is come.
The god ! behold the god !" and all her mien
Betray'd at once the rushing Power within.

Changed is her countenance: her color flies:
 Her hairs, disdainful of restraint, uprise: 70
 Her breast quick-panting struggles with its load;
 And her heart maddens with a fiery goad.
 Swell'd by the embosom'd god, her form dilates:
 Her accents are the language of the Fates:
 Her features with celestial lustre shine; 75
 And all the mortal rises to divine.

“And canst thou yet—yet linger? still forbear,
 Dardan Æneas! to relent in prayer?
 ’Tis prayer alone unbars this dread abode:
 Its gates the mouths of the tremendous god.” 80

She said, and said no more: mute awe ensued,
 Each Trojan heart by chilling fear subdued:
 Till, breaking silence, thus the king express'd
 The pious fervor of his iumost breast:

“O Phœbus! of enduring Troy the friend! 85
 Whose heart still pities her, and shafts defend!
 Who once didst guide the dart from Paris' hand,
 To stretch the dire Achilles on the strand!
 Sway'd by thy high command, and led by thee,
 My toils have circled through the boundless sea: 90
 I have roam'd Massylian wilds, and traced the shores
 Where ocean o'er the dreadful syrtes roars.
 On flying Italy at length I tread:—
 Cease now Troy's fates to blacken o'er my head!

Ye also, O ye Powers ! who from your skies
Once saw averse great Ilion's glory rise,
And laid her in the dust ; ah ! now content
With what is punish'd, at the last relent.
And thou, most holy Priestess ! on whose sight
The gods expand the future wrapp'd in light :
Give, while I ask my promised realms from Fate,
Troy yet in Latium to rebuild her state :
Her wandering gods to fix in late repose,
Long toss'd on seas, and snatch'd from circling foes.
Grant this, and marble temples shall ascend
To the great deities, thy cares attend ;
And festal days through circling time proclaim
The immortal honors of thy Phœbus' name.
For thee, great virgin of the illumined mind !
A holy sanctuary my hands shall find :
There place thine oracles, and priests ordain
To guard the treasures of thy mystic strain.
But thou, indulgent to thy suppliant's prayer,
Trust not to flitting leaves, the sport of air,
The god's responses, but thyself relate ;
And with thy lips unseal the page of Fate."

He ceased: but, deep within her cell retired,
Still raved the maid, ecstatic and inspired.
Impatient, still she struggled from her breast
To heave the oppression of its mighty guest: 120

But with more power the god his seat maintains ;
 Tames her wild heart, and o'er her fury reigns.
 Spontaneous then unfold the hundred doors :
 And, rushing into air, his answer pours :
 “ O Thou, escaped at length the stormy main ! ” 125
 Storms yet more fierce await thee on the plain.
 Safe shall thy 'Trojans reach Lavinium's shore :
 Let not that idle care disturb thee more.
 But yet untraversed they shall wish the flood.
 War, horrid war, and Tiber foaming blood 130
 I see : another Xanthus shalt thou view :
 Another Simoïs swell'd with gore anew :
 Another Greece on Latium's tented field.
 There shall a new Achilles lift the shield,
 Born of a goddess too ; and Juno still 135
 Shall cleave to Ilion with a deathful will.
 What Latian city, or what alien power
 Shalt thou not court in Fate's disastrous hour ?
 The cause of mischief still, a foreign spouse ;
 And Troy rapacious of another's vows. 140
 But thou above thy fortune proudly ride ;
 And stem with firmer breast the rising tide.
 Thy earliest hope, beyond thy fancy's dream,
 Shall, dawning, from a Grecian city gleam.”
 Thus from the shrine, while all the cavern roar'd, 145
 Her mystic lays the raving Sibyl pour'd,

And darkling truths : so Phœbus plied the goad ;
Shook the fierce reins, and in her bosom glow'd.

Soon as the tumult of her holy throes,

Subsiding, gave her furious lips repose,

150

The hero spake : “ No danger’s form can rise,

O holy Maid ! to daunt me, or surprise.

All have I ponder’d in my heart before ;

And, versed in labors, am prepared for more.

This only would my earnest prayer obtain :

155

Since here, ’tis said, to Pluto’s dread domain

Unfolds the gate, and o’er their dusky bed

The waves of Acheron in horror spread ;

That thou would’st ope the holy gate of night ;

And guide my footsteps to my father’s sight.

160

Him on my shoulders, through the dense array

Of foes and flames, I fondly bore away.

He, constant to my side, my toils partook,

Weak as he was, and but with life forsook :

Dared to confront the skies’ and ocean’s rage,

165

With spirit, great beyond the lot of age ;

And now has urged me with his high command,

Thy suppliant here, to win thy guiding hand.

O ! then in pity to the son and sire,

Indulge the boon our pious prayers require :

170

For not in vain the bride of nether Jove

Gave thee dominion o’er the Avernian grove ;

And all thou caust. If Orpheus' potent shell
Could gain his consort from the powers of hell :

If Pollix, with alternate death, redeem

175

His brother's life, and oft the Stygian stream

Pass and repass, O! let me now explore

The path, those living chiefs have trod before.

Why should I speak of Theseus' might, or name

The great Alcides, who the way o'ercame ?

180

My cause more pious, and my blood as high,

Drawn from the almighty Sovereign of the sky."

Thus sued the hero, and embraced the shrine ;

And thus the priestess ; " Sprung from race divine,

Anchises' mighty Son ! to death's abode

185

Prone lies the path, and facile is the road.

To all who seek them open day and night,

Pluto's black gates with broad access invite.

But to recall the foot, retrace the way

Up the dark steep, and re-assert the day—

190

This is the labor, this the mighty feat,

Achieved by few, the greatest of the great ;

Loved by the gods, and of celestial birth ;

By virtue raised above the sons of earth.

Dark woods o'erwhelm with night the middle space ; 195

And sad Cocytus' sable arms embrace.

But if so strong the passion of thy soul,

Twice to cross Styx, twice see the nether pole ;

- And fix'd thy purpose on the frantic deed ;
Hear what the high adventure must precede. 200
- Hid from the sight, a tree's deep shades infold
A branch, with leaves and bark of living gold,
Sacred to hell's great queen : thick clustering round
Vast forests guard it in a vale profound.
- To all that breathe are barr'd the realms below, 205
Unless they first shall pluck the golden bough ;
Which, as her gift, fair Proserpine demands :
Nor fails her offering from despoilers' hands.
- One cropp'd, another rises in the place ;
And the gold propagates its glowing race. 210
- Then search for this amid the incumbent shade ;
And, having found it, with thy grasp invade.
For freely will it follow at thy touch,
If the high Fates thy daring shall avouch.
- With them averse, the stubborn bough will mock 215
Thy hand's best strength, nor heed thine axe's shock.
But, ah ! thou know'st not, while thou lingerest here,
A breathless friend demands thy pious tear :
Whose corse, as yet unburied on the coast,
Disturbs the rites, and desecrates the host. 220
- First to the tomb's repose consign the dead :
Then hither be the sable victims led ;
Those first peace-offerings to the infernal Powers :
So shalt thou see at length the Stygian bowers ;

And realms by living footsteps never trod." 225

Thus spake, then seal'd her lips the servant of the god.

Æneas from the cave, in pensive mood,
With eyes upon the ground, his way pursued :
His thoughts revolving on the dark event ;
And all his soul with sad conjecture rent. 230

With him Achates, faithful to his cares,
Walks as his comrade, and his feelings shares.
Much on the Sibyl's boding words they muse :
Who the lost friend ? the unburied body whose ?

But, on the shore arrived, too soon they view 235
Misenus dead, and by a fate undue :
Misenus sprung from Æolus ; most skill'd
With sounding brass to wake the embattled field.

Great Hector's comrade, still to Hector near
He breathed his clarion and he shook his spear. 240

When stretch'd by fierce Achilles on the plain,
His mighty lord was number'd with the slain ;
The hero sought, with soul and pride the same,
An equal leader in Æneas' name.

Now as by chance, upon a beetling steep, 245
He blew his shell that echoed through the deep,
And madly durst the challenged sea-gods brave ;
Triton, from envy, whelm'd him in the wave.

The deed with anguish fill'd each Trojan breast ;
And good Æneas grieved beyond the rest. 250

Then, to obey the Sibyl's high command,
With tears and wailing, hastens all the band.
With trees on trees they toil to raise on high
The funeral shrine, and mount it to the sky,
Beneath their sturdy strokes the forests bow; 255
And the scared beasts their trembling shades forego.
Down drops the pine : the rushing elm resounds :
The monarch oak submits to numerous wounds :
Their mountain seats descending ashes leave ;
And what sharp axes sever wedges cleave. 260
Foremost and arm'd alike, with voice and hands
Æneas animates the toiling bands ;
And, throwing o'er the interminable wood
His anxious glance, thus prays in sorrowing mood :
“ O that in this immensity of shade, 265
The fatal branch of gold would stand display'd !
Since all the prophetess of thee divined,
Misenus ! now too sadly true I find.”

Scarce had he said, when softly wafted by,
Two doves with plumes unruffled cut the sky, 270
And light upon the green : with joy he views
His mother's birds, and thus his prayer renews :
“ O ! be your wing my guide, and through the air
Disclose the way (if any way be there)
Through yon dark woods, and point the golden bough,
As its rich shadow floats and gleams 'below. 276

And thou, my Goddess-mother! now confess
Thy wonted power, and aid thy son's distress."

He spoke; and, heedful of their actions, stood
To mark the plamy guidance through the wood. . . . 280
They just before him fed; and then their flight
Renew'd, yet not outflew his following sight.

But when they came to where Avernus' breath
Infects the envenom'd atmosphere with death,
At once into superior air they spring; 285
And o'er the sacred foliage close the wing;

Where the bright gold with undulating rays
Shoots through the involving green a yellow blaze.
As, when the year is lock'd by winter's hands,

The mistletoe in branchy pride expands; 290
And round the bough, its alien birth arrays,
Blooms in new life and wreathes its saffron sprays.

So look'd the sprouting gold amid the shade:
So, gently rustling, in the breezes play'd.

From the retaining stem Æneas tears 295
The prize with joy, and to the Sibyl bears.

Nor less the Trojan mourners on the coast
Urge their last duties to Misenus' ghost.
And first the pyre's tall fabric they design,
Compact of cloven oak and unctuous pine. 300

Their care its sides with dusky foliage weaves;
And bright arms glitter 'mid the cypress' leaves.

In brimming caldrons some the tepid wave
Prepare, the cold limbs of the dead to lave.
Then o'er the anointed corse they pour the tear; 305
And place it, veil'd with purple, on the bier.
Some the huge bier in mournful office raise;
And with averted faces light the blaze:
Heap'd incense and the flesh of victims burn;
And feeding oil, infused from many an urn. 310
When now the flames had ceased, and sunk the pyre,
With wine they lave the relics of the fire:
And Corynaeus in an urn of brass
The bones, selected from the cindery mass,
Disposed; and next, thrice pacing round the ring, 315
Thrice on his comrades, from the lustral spring,
With the bless'd olive's branch light dews he throws:
Then hails the dead, and bids the soul repose.
But, where his friend lies mouldering in the ground,
The pious hero rears a lofty mound, 320
With the chief's arms and oar and trumpet crown'd;
Beneath the aërial mountain's brow sublime;
Which bears Misenus' name through endless time.

These holy dues absolved, without delay
The king prepares the Sibyl to obey. 325
Deep in a rock a cavern dives from light;
By the black flood and forests lock'd in night:

O'er which no birds on venturous wing presume
To tempt the death that broods upon the gloom :
From its rank jaws such blasting vapors roll ; 330
Load the dun air, and poison to the pole.
Hence from its powers, diffused abroad by fame,
The Greeks denote it by Aörnus' name.
Hither Æneas leads four sable kine ;
Whose spreading fronts the priestess bathes with wine :
And, curl'd between the horns, the topmost hairs 336
Burns, as first offerings, with devotee prayers ;
Invoking Hecate, whose potent sway
The heavens acknowledge, and the shades obey.
Then others lance the panting victims' throats ; 340
And catch in bowls the life-blood as it floats.
To Night, dread Power, who gave the Furies birth,
And her great sister, Chaos' offspring, Earth,
A black lamb by the chief's own falchion fell ;
A barren heifer to the queen of hell. 345
Then, to the Stygian monarch's awful claim,
He kindles altars with nocturnal flame ;
And heaps, with oil infused, upon the fire
The ponderous entrails of the bulls' entire.
But now, just ere the morn began to peep ; 350
Ere the sun glimmer'd from his eastern steep ;
Lo ! the ground, bellowing, rocks beneath their tread :
The trembling forest bows its lofty head ;

And dogs of darkness, howling through the shade,
Proclaim the approaching queen in power array'd. 355
“Hence, ye Profane!” the priestess cries, “remove
Your tainting presence! nor pollute the grove!
And thou, Æneas! seize the road of death;
And draw thy flaming falchion from the sheath.
Now with thy firmest soul sustain thy part: 360
This hour claims all the hero in thy heart.”

Then in the cave she plunged with furious haste;
And, dauntlessly, her steps with equal steps he traced.
Ye Gods, who rule the shades with awful might!
Chaos! and Phlegethon! and silent Night! 365
Grant me unblamed to speak what Fame has told;
And your deep world of darkness to unfold.

O'er shadowy realms, controll'd by Pluto's sway,
Through the dun gloom they press their lonely way:
Like him who traverses the forest shade, 370
By the false moon not lighted, but betray'd:
When Jove in clouds withdraws the heavens from view;
And Night robes Nature in one sable hue.

On hell's black threshold, by its yawning gate,
Sorrows and vengeful Cares reclining wait. 375
There wan Diseases dwell and mournful Age:
There Fear, and Want, and ghastly Famine rage;
Forms dire to sight! and there, of kindred race,
Pale Death and Sleep, with Labor, hold their place:

There too the Joys of mind that spring from guilt; 380
 And War, all horrid in the blood he spilt.

There stand the Furies' iron beds, and there
 Discord with gory bands compels her snaky hair.

High in the midst an elm expands its arms,
 Old, dark, immense; beneath whose boughs in swarms 385
 Cluster light dreams, the mockeries of sleep;
 And by each leaf their fluttering station keep.
 The region teems with monsters huge and foul:
 There Centaurs stable; twofold Scyllas howl;

Vast Briareus his hundred-arm'd assault 390
 Threats; and fell Hydra's hisses shake the vault:
 Chimæra pours her flames: dire Gorgons glare:
 The wings of Harpies rend the lurid air;
 And, grandly in his pomp of might display'd,
 Scowls, with dark rage, the fierce tricorp'rate shade*.

Here, suddenly alarm'd, the hero's hand 396
 Shook his broad falchion at the monstrous band:
 And, unadmonish'd by his sapient guide
 That the vain lives in forms of shadow glide,
 Madly his rage had dealt its blows around; 400
 And at impassive phantoms aim'd the wound.

Hence leads their path to Acheron's dark waves.
 Turbid and foul the flood in eddies raves;

* Geryon.

And with fierce influx on Cocytus pours.
Guard of the stream and master of the shores, 405
In squalid horror Charon here attends.
Clustering in tangled hoariness, descends
His mass of beard: his eyes are fix'd in flame:
A rusty garb hangs foully on his frame.
With a protruded pole and canvass spread, 410
He works the sable bark that wafts the dead.
Old, but without decay, the god is seen,
In age's winter, vivid still and green.
Here rush to gain the bank, a bloodless throng,
Matrons, men, boys, and chiefs in battle strong; 415
Maidens; and youths, the prey of funeral fires
In the sad view of their distracted sires:
As numerous as the leaves in forest glades,
When boisterous autumn shatters first their shades:
Or thick as birds, when their assembled host 420
In fluttering myriads settle on the coast;
O'er seas prepared for sunny realms to steer,
And fly the rigors of the wintry year.
The crowds, with longing for the further shore,
Press for their passage, and with prayers implore. 425
Now these, now those the surly boatman takes;
But drives the rest to distance from the lakes.
Amazed Æneas cries: “ Explain what cause,
O holy Maid! this mighty concourse draws.”

What seek the thronging shades? and what decides 430
 That some resign the shore, some cross the pallid tides?"

To him the hoary prophetess replies :
 "Son of Anchises! offspring of the skies!
 Thou seest Cocytus, and great Styx, whose fear
 Guards the dread oath attesting gods revere. 435
 The ferryman is Charon : who remain
 Are a sad, friendless, and unburied train :
 Who cross the flood are tomb'd: to all beside
 The Stygian passage is by Fate denied ;
 And, while excluded from the peaceful urn, 440
 In darkness here around the shores they mourn :
 Till, a full century complete, at last
 Their wish is granted, and the torrent pass'd."

Æneas check'd his step and paused in gloom,
 His thought revolving on their hapless doom. 445
 Then, mid the crowd that sadden'd on his view,
 The leader of his Lycian troops he knew,
 Orontes, with Leucaspis by his side ;
 Who, with their ship, were whelm'd beneath the tide ;
 As following him from Troy with all their train, 450
 The stormy south oppress'd them on the main.
 There too, confounded with the unhappy host,
 Pale Palinurus stood, a mournful ghost :
 Who lately, as he watch'd heaven's starry band,
 Fell mid the billows from the helm's command. 455

Him, scarce distinguish'd through the depth of shade,
His features with a weight of gloom o'erlaid,
The chief accosts : “O Palinurus ! say,
What envious Power hath snatch'd thee thus away ;
And mock'd my hope ? To thee alone unjust, 460
Phœbus has only here deceived my trust.
That, safe from seas, Italia thou should'st gain,
The god predicted : but his faith how vain !”

The ghost replied ; “Great Lord of Ilion's state !
Phœbus and Heaven were guiltless of my fate : 465
For the broad helm, with which the ship I steer'd,
To which my hands with faithful grasp adhered,
Torn from its fastenings by superior force,
Sustain'd me in my fall and buoy'd my course.
Ah ! then, the savage billows I attest, 470
That fears for thee alone disturb'd my breast ;
Lest haply, sever'd from her helm and guide,
Thy ship should founder in the tossing tide.
Three dreary nights I floated on the seas,
Borne by the waftage of the southerly breeze. 475
On the fourth morning, with returning light,
Italia gleam'd on my exalted sight.
Slowly I toil'd to land, and safely gain'd :
When, as with griping hands the rock I strain'd,
Spent, and encumber'd with my dripping vest, 480
The barbarous race assail'd their hapless guest ;
And, as a wealthy prey, with arms oppress'd.

Now on the sands, a wretched corse, I lie,
 Beat by the waves, and parch'd beneath the sky.
 But thee I pray by day's ethereal cope, 485
 By thy bless'd sire, by young Iulus' hope,
 Great as thou art, O ! snatch me from my doom :
 Seek Velia's port, and give my bones a tomb.
 Or if there be a way, indulged to thee
 By thy celestial mother's potency, 490
 (For not without the gods' high power I deem
 Thou now preparest to cross the fatal stream)
 O ! bear me with thee to the further shore ;
 And let me rest now toiling life is o'er."

Thus he ; and thus the priestess answer'd straight : 495
 " Why, Palinurus ! madly strive with Fate ?
 Would'st thou unburied pass the Stygian wave ?
 The guarded river of the Furies brave ?
 Suppress the thought ! the unholy wish forbear !
 Nor hope to bend Fate's adamant with prayer. 500
 But list to what I say, and with thy heart
 Embrace the comfort which my words impart.
 The cities of the guilty region, driven
 By prodigies that speak the wrath of Heaven,
 The tomb's atonement to thy dust shall rear ; 505
 And hallow it with offerings year by year :
 While, by thy blood renown'd, the conscious steep
 Shall Palinurus' name for ever keep."

These words assuage his cares; and, charm'd by fame,
He hails amid his woes the immortal name. 510

But they pursue their path, and now attain
The watery barrier of the infernal reign :
Not unobserved ; for, onward as they drew
Through the drear wood, they struck the boatman's view ;
Who mark'd their progress with a fiery glance, 515
And thus in wrath forbade their bold advance :

“ Whoe'er thou art thus arm'd, whose foot invades
This world of sleep, of darkness and the shades,
Speak why thou comest ! and hence without debate !
The Stygian boat abhors a living freight. 520

When great Alcides on the stream I bore,
Or Theseus and Pirithous wafted o'er,
Though chiefs of matchless might and heavenly seed,
I felt no pleasure in the unhallow'd deed.

He from the monarch's throne itself compell'd 525
Hell's trembling sentry, and in fetters held :
They from the regal chamber durst essay
To bear with impious arms the queen away.”

Him briefly thus the holy maid address'd :
“ No frauds are here design'd ; compose thy breast ! 530
These arms intend not force : with howls of dole
Still may hell's guard the bloodless shades controll :
And chaste Proserpina, secure by Fate,
Maintain in holy peace her uncle's state.

- Renown'd for piety and martial might, 535
 Dardan Æneas, through this Stygian night,
 Seeks his dear sire : but, if such holy love
 Shall fail thy unrelenting heart to move,
 Acknowledge this!" and from her vest she drew
 The fatal branch, and offer'd to his view. 540
- At once he ceased to rage ; and, as he saw
 The gold so rarely seen, felt holy awe.
 His dusky boat then turning to the banks,
 He chases from their seats the spectre-ranks ;
 Clears all the deck, and takes his mighty freight : 545
- The vessel groans beneath the chieftain's weight.
 Press'd by the unwonted load, its sutures drink
 The sable wave, and gape at many a chink.
 Safely, at length, beyond the sullen tide,
 He lands the hero and his holy guide, 550
- Where its dark shores the unhappy river strews
 With ebon sedge, and with deforming ooze.
- Here Cerberus within his cavern lay ;
 Rang his dread triple peal, and barr'd the way.
 To him, as she perceived the serpents rise 555
- On his fierce neck and mark'd his kindling eyes,
 The priestess threw a cake of drowsy powers,
 Of honey moulded and narcotic flowers.
- He, famine-wrung, his triple throat disclosed ;
 Ingulf'd the morsel ; and, o'ercome, reposed. 560

Stretch'd in the crowded den his volumes lie ;
And the curl'd terrors of his back untie.

The pass thus freed, its grisly guard at rest,
Æneas seised, and from the river press'd.
Straightway his ears lamenting tones assail, 565
Infants' weak cries and melancholy wail :
Whom, rest of life in life's soft-opening morn,
From the sweet breast Death's cruel hand had torn.
Near them were they whose blood injustice spilt ;
Guiltless, but doom'd to feel the award of guilt. 570
Nor are these realms without their judge assign'd :
Here Minos sits with deep inquiring mind :
Calls to his bar the congregated shades ;
Retries their cases, and their lives pervades.

In the next region, overcast with woe, 575
Are they who fell beneath the self-aim'd blow :
Who not for crime expired ; but, loathing day,
Had madly thrown the gift of life away.
Ah ! now, once more how gladly would they bear
Pale want and labor in the etherial air ! 580
Too late—by laws inexorable bound ;
And the dread nine-fold Styx, that deeply groans around.

Not far removed, in dim diffusion thrown,
Spread the pale fields, which sorrow calls her own.
Here, in deep vales and bowers with myrtle wove, 585
Complain the victims of consuming love.

Beneath the tomb in vain they hoped repose :
The vengeful Power still follows with his woes.
Phædra and Procris here the chief survey'd ;
And Eriphyle here her breast display'd, 590
Gored with the cruel wound her son had made.
Evadne too and Crete's incestuous queen,
And fond Laodamia here were seen :
And Cænis, once from woman changed to man,
Now in the sex in which her race began. 595
With these Elissa ranged the extended wood ;
Fresh from her wound, and still effusing blood :
Whom near approaching, as with doubtful view
Through the brown gloom the Trojan hero knew,
(Like him, who, ill assured, through misty night 600
Sees, or but thinks he sees the moon's young light,)
He thus address'd ; while tears bedew'd his eyes,
And love confounded all his words with sighs :
“ Unhappy Queen ! and was the common breath,
That spoke thy deep despair's recourse to death, 605
Too sadly true ? and I thy cause of fate ?
By all the stars ! by Heaven's eternal state !
(If oaths bear influence in this world of night,)
With pain I left thee, and compulsive flight.
The gods, whose high commands my steps compel 610
To trace these realms where dusky horrors dwell,

Forced me away: nor could my mind foreknow,
My loss would rend thee with such deathful woe.
Ah! stay! whom fliest thou? ah! withdraw not now!
'Tis the last converse that our fates allow." 615

Thus, while her flaming glances shot disdain,
With tears Æneas strove to soothe her pain.
Averse her lowering eyes and closed her ears,
No more she heeds him and no more she hears,
Than the Marpesian rock, when billows beat, 620
The watery war conflicting at its feet.

At length she burst away in hostile mood;
And plunged into the covert of the wood.
There her Sychæus, faithful to her cares,
Meets all her love, and all her sorrow shares. 625

Nor less Æneas, anguish'd for her doom,
With tearful eyes pursues her through the gloom.

Then, passing on his destined way, he came
To realms where dwell the chiefs of warlike fame.
Parthenopæus, here, in arms renown'd; 630
Tydeus, and pale Adrastus' shade he found.
Here too, his Trojan friends in battle slain,
Much wept on earth, he saw, and wept again.
Glaucus, Thersilochus, and Medon here,
And Polyphœtes, Ceres' holy seer; 635
Antenor's sons; and still, as once in war,
Idæus arm'd and mounted on his car,

Press round the hero, and with fond delay
 Dwell on his looks, and with inquiries stay.
 But they, whom lately Agamemnon led, 640
 Beheld his blazing arms with wonted dread.
 Some, as they once had sought their ships in flight,
 Fled in disorder through the illumined night :
 Some strove to shriek ; and, in thin feeble cries,
 On their light lips the scream of terror dies. 645

And here, Deiphobus ! he saw thy shade ;
 Whose form the havoc of the sword betray'd :
 Lopp'd of both hands ; the head of ears bereft ;
 And with dishonest wounds the nostrils cleft.
 Him as he shrunk, desirous to conceal 650
 The dire defacements of the mangling steel,
 Æneas hardly knew, and first address'd,
 Surprise and sorrow struggling in his breast :
 “ Deiphobus ! renown'd for martial force !
 With blood derived from god-like Tener's source ! 655
 What heart could wish the vengeance that I see ?
 What hand had power to wreak it thus on thee ?
 Fame told me that, in Troy's disastrous night,
 O'erspent with slaughter, not o'ercome in fight,
 Thou fell'st upon accumulated death, 660
 The unconquer'd hero to thy latest breath.
 Then on Rhœtum's shore a tomb I raised ;
 Gave it thy name, and with thine arms emblazed :

And thrice my lifted voice invoked thy shade.
Thy corse, my Friend ! escaped the search I made ; 665
And wrong'd my wish, to thee and friendship just,
To place in Phrygian earth thy honor'd dust."

" All," said the mournful ghost of Priam's son,
" For my sad corse thy piety has done.
These wrongs from Fate and Helen's guilt I prove : 670
These the fell tokens of the Spartan's love !
Too well thou know'st in what perfidious joy
We pass'd the night that saw the wreck of Troy.
The scene with horror memory recalls ;
When the dire horse o'er Ilion's towery walls, 675
Sprang, big with arm'd affray : that fateful night,
Pretending orgies and the festive rite,
Girt with our female Bacchanals, she raised
In her foul hand the signal flame, that blazed
To point the Grecians to their destined prey. 680
Spent with the toils and pleasures of the day,
In the disastrous room my couch I press'd,
With senses whelm'd in sweet and death-like rest.
The egregious wife meanwhile disarm'd her lord ;
And robb'd my pillow of my trusty sword. 685
Then, fondly deeming with my blood, thus spilt,
To blot the record of her former guilt,
And make a great peace-offering of my fate,
She to her Grecian spouse unlock'd my gate.

Why should I more the dreadful tale prolong? 690
 With cursed Ulysses in the assassin throng,
 They burst my chamber, and my sleep invade.
 O! be the murderous deed on Greece repaid!
 If justly, O ye Gods! my voice demands
 This debt of vengeance from your righteous hands. 695
 But thou, in turn, declare what wondrous cause
 To these sad realms thy daring footstep draws.
 Comest thou a wanderer by fierce ocean driven?
 Compell'd by Fortune, or the will of Heaven?
 That thus in depths, where sun-beams never dive, 700
 Thou roam'st death's pallid universe alive."

While thus the hours in fond discourse they waste,
 His line of noon the god of day had pass'd:
 And haply all the loan of time, mispent,
 Had thus been lost, if, wary of the event, 705
 The holy Sibyl had not warn'd the chief,
 And briefly said; "To unavailing grief
 We give the time: the night, Æneas! comes:
 Here part the roads that lead to diverse homes.
 The right, which reaches to Elysium's meads, 710
 Straight to imperial Pluto's palace leads:
 The left to Tartarus, where horror reigns;
 And guilty spirits suffer righteous pains."

"Be not displeased," Deiphobus replied,
 "Great priestess of the gods, and holy guide! 715

Hence will I now, and 'mid the shades resume
My place in darkness, and fulfil my doom.

Go, our proud boast! go, glorious son of Troy!
And, bless'd by Heaven, thy happier fates enjoy!"

He spoke, and turn'd his step : when, stretch'd immense,
With bulwarks circled and a triple fence, 721

A mighty structure, whose enormous mounds
With flaming torrents Phlegethon surrounds,

Rose on the left ; and, as Æneas threw
His glance around, broke sudden on his view. 725

Its massy gates, on adamant sustain'd,
The assault of men or gods alike disdain'd ;

And near, high-raised, an iron fortress stood.
On the dread threshold, in a robe of blood,

Tisiphone, with eyes that never slept, 730
By day, by night, her vengeful station kept.

Hence groans are heard, and torture's horrid strains ;
The steel whip's clangor, and the clash of chains.

Aghast the hero stands ; and, as he draws
With trembling ears the sounds, inquires their cause : 735

" Say, holy Virgin ! whence this rending peal ?
What the dire crimes, and what the pains they feel ?"

" Illustrious Chief of Troy !" the priestess said,
" That guilty threshold no chaste foot must tread :
But, when great Hecate's distinguish'd love 740
Enthroned me priestess of the Avernian grove,

She led me through yon regions of affright ;
And show'd me all the gods' avenging might.
Those realms of woe stern Rhadamanthus awes :
Hears and determines by eternal laws : 745
Wrings the black secret from the grasping breast ;
And bares the villain till he stands confess'd :
Who, vainly glorying in successful art,
Had left till death atonement's healing part.
Straight o'er the wretch the sovereign Fury stands, 750
Succinct for torture, and with lifted hands :
In one she rears the scourge : with one she shakes
The fiercer terrors of her twisted snakes ;
And to the vengeful task, with thrilling yell,
Calls her dread sisters from the blackest hell : 755
Then, back upon their thundering hinges roll'd,
Those portals of the fiends at length unfold.
Seest thou what guard upon the threshold waits ?
What form of horror threatens at the gates ?
Within, a hydra, more than Lerna's dire, 760
From fifty jaws emits Tartarean fire :
And Tartarus itself as deep beneath
The floor of hell extends its yawning death,
As twice the travel of the toiling eye
Thence to the summit of the Olympian sky. 765
In this dire gulf, with thunder overthrown,
Earth's ancient sons, the brood of Titan groan.

There the Aloëian twins with wondering eyes
I saw, and gazed upon their monstrous size :
Whose force assail'd the heavens, and proudly strove 770
To storm, (mad impotence !) the throne of Jove.
There too I saw Salmoneus' cruel doom ;
Who durst the Almighty's state and arms assume.
Rapt by four steeds, and wielding flames, he rode,
In impious pomp, through Elis as the god. 775
Fool ! to believe that hoofs on echoing brass
Could for the imitable thunder pass.
But, throned upon the storm, the almighty Sirc,
Not smoky flames, but heaven's authentic fire
Hurl'd, and despatch'd him with the dazzling blow, 780
In fierce combustion, to the abyss below.
There also Tityos, earth's vast son, I found,
Spread o'er nine acres of the incumber'd ground.
A monstrous vulture, ever fierce for gore,
With ravening beak his deathless liver tore : 785
Dwelt in the house of blood within his breast ;
And, gorged, still revell'd on the immortal feast.
Strong to suffice their pains the fibres grew ;
And, ever wasted, were for ever new.
Why should I on the Lapithæ dilate ? 790
Why speak Ixion's or Pirithöus' fate ?
O'er these, in trembling poise, a sable rock,
Now now to fall, intends the crushing shock.

To those, on whom eternal famine preys,
A regal feast its luxuries displays.

795

Around the pompous hall in shining rows,
Couches of gold delude with vain repose.
Close at the board the Queen of Furies stands :
Thundering forbids the taste, and lifts her brands
To awe the graspings of their quivering hands.

800

In this sad place their doom of torture wait
They, who their brothers once pursued with hate ;
And they whose hands against their sires were heaved ;
And they whose fraud their client's trust deceived :

They too (most numerous these) whose lonely heart 805

Hung o'er their wealth, nor gave their own a part ;

And they who on the adulterous couch were slain ;

And they who, banded on the atrocious plain,

Fear'd not the majesty of law betray'd ;

But stood against their country's cause array'd.

810

Seek not their several lots of pain to know ;

What each sustains of heaven-adjusted woe.

Some up a steep a huge rock heave : some feel,

Stretch'd on the spokes, an ever-circling wheel.

Unhappy Theseus on his penal stone

815

Sits, and will ever sit and ever groan :

And Phlegyas, conscious now of guilt's event,

Suffers severer pangs that ne'er relent ;

And loudly cries, alarming night's dull ear,
“ Learn to be just, O man! and Heaven revere !” 820
One wretch his country to a master sold ;
Made laws and cancell'd them, for guilty gold.
One with dire incest stain'd his daughter's bed :
All dared some mighty crime, and, daring, sped.
Had I a hundred mouths, and each a tongue ; 825
An iron voice, and more than human strong ;
Yet all their crimes, and all their pains to speak,
Those tongues would be too few, that voice too weak.”

When thus the priestess, hoar with time, had said :
“ Now come,” she cried, “ and be your offering paid. 830
Let us not now delay : for lo ! in sight,
The fabric labor'd by Cyclopean might.
The vaulted portal in the front I view ;
To which, affix'd, the sacred branch is due.”

She spake ; and, o'er the intervening plain, 835
With darkling steps the regal porch they gain.
There, to the threshold of the Stygian king
(His limbs first sprinkled from the gushing spring)
Æneas press'd ; and to the sacred gate
Attach'd the golden present claim'd by Fate. 840

The gift thus made, and finish'd every rite
Enjoin'd by her who rules the nether night,
They reach'd at length the realms of blissful rest ;
The bloomy groves and gardens of the bless'd.

- Here purest ether sweets immortal feeds, 845
 And throws impurpling radiance o'er the meads.
 Suns of their own these souls of light behold ;
 And stars, more brilliant with celestial gold.
 Some on the sands, or green inwrought with flowers,
 In games palestric pass the gladsome hours : 850
 Some chaunt melodious lays, and with light feet
 In the gay dance the measured cadence beat :
 Whilst, in a flowing robe, the bard of Thrace
 Rolls his tuned voice through music's sevenfold space ;
 And as he touches now, now strikes the lyre, 855
 It wakes, and heavenly harmonies aspire.
 Here Ilion's peaceful race of ancient birth,
 In happier days the pride and grace of earth,
 Assaracus and Illus dwell in joy,
 With the great founder of the walls of Troy. 860
 Their vacant cars and arms, at distance laid,
 Æneas with admiring eyes survey'd.
 Their spears stand fix'd in earth, and on the plain .
 Their coursers feed, unconscious of the rein.
 Their joys not transient as the fleeting breath, 865
 What pleased in life now pleases after death :
 Fond of their steeds and chariots as above,
 The hero's passion in the shades they prove.
 Others on either side Æneas sees,
 On the sweet turf diffused in blissful ease. 870

Hymning glad pæans at the unsating feast,
Beneath a laurel's fragrant grove they rest;
Where, rolling from above, with deathless green
Eridanus invests the waving scene.

Here they, who bled to save their country, shine : 875

Here priests, whose holiness adorn'd the shrine ;
And sacred bards, whose worthy strains confess'd
The genuine god, that panted in the breast ;
And they whose arts the joys of life improved ;
And all who, friends to man, by man were loved. 880

To these bless'd numbers, as they throng'd around,
Their holy brows with snowy fillets bound,
The Sibyl spake : but chiefly him address'd,
Who tower'd in state and stature o'er the rest,
The sage Musæus ; " Happy Spirits ! say, • 885
And thou great Bard ! O deign to point our way !
Where dwells Anchises ? which his bless'd abode ?
To him we come : for him the downward road
Of death have trod, and pass'd the floods of Styx."

To her the hero-bard ; " No limits fix 890
Our range of happiness : at large we dwell
In groves or meads, or where soft hillocks swell
By living fountains : but, if such your will,
O'ercome the gentle rising of this hill ;
And thence I will an easy path display 895
To lead your footsteps through our world of day."

He said, and pass'd before, and from the height
 Gave all the glowing landscape to their sight.
 Then from their guide they part, and straight descend ;
 And o'er the blissful plains enraptured tend. 900

But great Anchises then, as Heaven inspired,
 In the green bosom of a vale retired,
 The souls elect survey'd with studious care,
 Ordain'd by Fate to rise to upper air ;
 And, rapt in visions of sublime delight, 905
 As all his glorious offspring pass'd in sight,
 Ponder'd their fates and fortunes in his mind ;
 The virtues, and the fame to each assign'd.
 But when Æneas rose upon his view,
 To meet him with expanded arms he flew. 910
 From his fond eye the tear of rapture broke,
 And trickled down his cheek, as thus he spoke :

“ And art thou to thy sire thus come at last,
 The dreary road by piety surpass'd ?
 And am I thus indulged, O filial Friend ! 915
 Thy face to see, and in thy converse blend ? ..
 Intent indeed on time's eventful flight,
 This I had hoped, and hoped, it seems, aright.
 Ah ! on what oceans toss'd, what regions thrown,
 What toils, what dangers has my offspring known ! 920
 Ah ! much I fear'd from Libya's fatal charms ;
 Beauty's soft lure, and love's retaining arms.”

"Thy shade, my Sire! oft rising to my sight,"
The chief replied, "has call'd me here through night.
Safe on the Tyrrhene seas my vessels stand. 925
Ah! let me now join fondly hand to hand:
Refuse me not, my Sire! one dear embrace."

He spoke, and gushing tears bedew'd his face.
Thrice round his father's neck his arms he lock'd:
And thrice his touch the included phantom mock'd; 930
Fine as the ethereal air's impassive stream;
Or sleep's illusion hovering in a dreain.

Now in the vale's retreat Æneas sees
A grove, whose foliage whisper'd to the breeze;
And Lethe's placid wave, that, stealing round, 935
Lull'd, as it warbled, all the enchanted ground.
Thither, in crowds the shadowy hosts repair;
Thick as the bees in summer's noontide air:
When, eager to supply their fragrant cells,
The myriad spoilers sack the lily-bells; 940
And through the field the busy murmur swells.
Struck at the sudden sight, Æneas stood,
And ask'd, why throng'd the crowds, and what the flood?

To him Anchises: "Souls, by Fate decreed
To other bodies, there to Lethe speed; 945
And from the potent stream securely drain
Oblivious draughts of life's preceding pain."

Long have I wish'd thee here, my Son ! to trace
 The rising glories of our destined race :
 That thus thou may'st, elate with all my joy, 950
 Plant in thine Italy our root of Troy."

" And can it be, my Sire ! that souls sublime
 Would for our skies exchange this blissful clime ;
 And wish, with wretched preference, again
 For tardy bodies and life's dragging chain ?" 955

" All will I tell, thee, Son !" the sire rejoin'd :
 " Nor leave suspense with darkness on thy mind.
 First, heaven, earth, seas, the moon's resplendent zone
 And the bright stars that circle Titan's throne,
 One mighty spirit, one informing soul 960
 Pervades, and blending animates the whole.
 Hence men and beasts, the life that wings the skies,
 And that which ocean's monstrous brood supplies :
 All from one fountain draw celestial flame ;
 The primal energy in all the same. 965

But, by dull matter blunted and suppress'd,
 The fire burns dimly in its mortal vest.
 Thus souls feel joy and fear, desire and pain ;
 And, bound in darkness, gasp for light in vain.
 Nor, e'en when death dissolves the mortal ties, 970
 The gross contagion with the body dies :
 But in the soul, the growth of sensual years,
 By Nature's strict necessity, inheres.

- Hence are they sentenced to atoning pains ;
Till just infliction shall erase their stains. 975
- Some are suspended in the viewless wind :
Some deep in roaring waters are confined ;
And some are exercised with fire's sharp power :
Each soul must suffer expiation's hour.
- Then are we sent to range Elysium's sweets : 980
And few we are who gain these blissful seats,
Till, his full orb complete, long toiling Time
Has cleansed the foulness of concreted crime ;
And left, in all its native radiance bright,
The etherial sense of elemental light. 985
- Then, when a thousand circling years have roll'd,
These all to Lethe crowd, by Heaven controll'd :
That, thence unconscious, they may wish anew
To breathe in bodies, and the sun review."
- Thus spake the sire; and, drawing them along, 990
Immersed his comrades in the murmuring throng ;
And on a central rising took his stand,
Best to regard and point the passing band.
" Now come," he said, " and hence I will display
Our Dardan sons expecting solar day : 995
Illustrious souls, that shall adorn our name,
When Troy and Latium are in blood the same :
And, as thine eye pervades the brilliant line,
My tongue shall tell thee all thy Fates design.

That youth, reclining on his pointless spear, 1000
 Shall first resume his earthly life's career :
 From Troy and Italy shall blended rise,
 First of thy race, to breathe in upper skies :
 Silvius his Alban name, by birth reveal'd,
 When in the tomb thy mortal eyes are seal'd. 1005
 Him to thine age shall thy Lavinia bear,
 In woods sequester'd, and shall foster there :
 A king himself, of future kings the source ;
 From him our Alban power shall take its course.
 There Procas view, the glory of our race: 1010
 Capys and Numitor stand next in place ;
 And there Æneas Silvius, known to fame
 As like to thee in virtues as in name :
 In piety and war of high renown ;
 And great, if e'er indulged with Alba's throne. 1015
 Mark the young vigor in their mien display'd ;
 And the green oak that forms their temples' shade !
 By these thy realm with cities shall be fill'd :
 Their wealth shall Gabii, and Nomentum build :
 Shall plant Fidenæ ; and, encircling round 1020
 The craggy steeps, shall high Collatia found.
 By them shall Inuüs and Pometia tower :
 Bolæ and Cora shall proclaim their power.
 Though nameless yet each unexisting state,
 I give to each its name foredoom'd by Fate. 1025

Lo ! there, the asserter of his grand-sire's side,
Great Romulus awaits in martial pride.
Fair Ilia's offspring, of Dardanian strain,
He bears Assaracus in every vein.
See ! from his two-fold crest what splendors rise ! 1030
How Jove himself arrays him for the skies !
Rear'd by his hand, our mighty Rome, my Son !
Her course of empire o'er the world shall run :
Shall proudly, by her arms, o'er earth extend :
With her great soul shall high as heaven ascend ; 1035
And, robed in power, majestic and alone,
On her seven bulwark'd hills shall plant her throne :
Bless'd in her sons, like Cybele the great ;
When, crown'd with towers and on her car elate,
She ranges Phrygia in celestial state : 1040
And, glorying in the immortals of her race,
Throws round a hundred sons her proud embrace :
Each son a god, and all enthroned above,
Natives of heaven and family of Jove.
Now hither turn, and let thine eyes survey 1045
Thy Roman offspring in its grand display.
There Cæsar stands with all the Iülian line,
Destined on earth in future times to shine.
There, there is he, thou oft hast heard foretold,
In whom thy Latium shall again behold 1050
A Saturn, reigning in an age of gold,

Augustus, sprung from gods ! His mighty hand
 India and Garamantia shall command ;
 And stretch beyond the sun's star-spangled road ;
 Where Atlas bears the heavens' resplendent load. 1055

Warn'd by the gods, already conscious earth
 Through all her trembling realms expects his birth :
 Nile and the Caspian shake with prescient fear ;
 And pale Maeotis feels her victor near.

Alcides' self, in his victorious race, 1060
 Spread not his triumphs o'er so vast a space ;
 Though the brass-footed stag his shafts o'ertook ;
 Tamed Erymanth's fierce wood, and Lerna shook :
 Nor Bacchus, when he wreathed with vines his rein ;
 And drove down Nysa's steep his tiger-wain. 1065

And doubt we yet to rush on glorious fame ?
 Yet, unappall'd, to press our Latian claim ?

“ But who is he that wears yon olive band,
 With the god's ensigns in his holy hand ?
 'Tis he, the Roman king : I see and know 1070
 His venerable locks and beard of snow :
 He who, from Cures' ill-sufficing earth,
 To empire call'd for wisdom and for worth,
 Shall check bold license with religion's awe ;
 And found the city on the strength of law. 1075

Him Tullus shall succeed, ordain'd to break
 The chains of sloth, and Rome's fierce soul to wake :

To rouse her from the sleep of peace to war ;
And seat her once again on triumph's car.

Him Ancus follows, more to pomp inclined ; 1080
Even now too studious of the common mind.

Wilt thou behold the Tarquin kings ? or view
Brutus to vengeance and to freedom true ?

Who, Rome's first consul, in his awful hand
Shall bear the fasces of the new command : 1085

Nor bear in vain ; for as the sons conspire
To wake new wars, the justice of the sire
Shall strike their crime, and, stern in freedom's cause,
With filial blood atone the offended laws.

Unhappy : but howe'er succeeding days 1090
May give the deed to censure or to praise,
Yet shall it be transcendency of soul ;
His country's love, and glory's strong controll.

There see the Decii, and the Drusi here ;
And stern Torquatus, with his axe severe : 1095
And great Camillus, who shall rear again
Rome's standard fallen on Allia's fatal plain.

Those spirits, there, whom equal arms adorn,
So knit in harmony while yet unborn,
If they shall view the sun, from mutual rage 1100
What blood shall issue in the wars they wage !

From Alpine summits and Monœcus' tower,
The father with his tide of war shall pour.

The numerous cast the daughter's spouse shall wield ;
 And urge the dire decision of the field. 1105
 Ah ! cease, my Sons ! the guilty conflict spare !
 Nor thus your country's mangled bowels tear !
 And thou, my Offspring ! first the sword resign ;
 And prove by mercy's act thy race divine.
 To Jove's high fane yon chief in laurell'd pride, 1110
 For Corinth sack'd and routed Greece, shall ride.
 By him shall stoop to earth proud Argos' wall ;
 And Agamemnon's own Mycenæ fall.
 Even high Æacides himself, the race
 Of fierce Achilles, shall his triumph grace ; 1115
 And Troy be thus avenged, nor more in vain
 Pallas of her polluted shrine complain.
 Who can in silence pass great Cato's fame ?
 Or give not honor, Cossus ! to thy name ?
 Who can refuse the noble Gracchi praise ? 1120
 Or the two Scipio's crown'd with Libyan bays,
 Those thunderbolts of war ? or not relate
 Fabricious mighty, though of poor estate ?
 Or thee, Serranus ! from thy furrowing share
 Call'd to the duties of imperial care ? 1125
 Ah ! why, ye Fabii ! force me thus along,
 To speak your glories with a wearied tongue ?
 And thou, O Maximus ! whose wise delay
 Shall prove thy tottering country's surest stay ?

Others with softer hand may mould the brass ; 1130
Or wake to warmer life the marble mass :
Plead at the bar with more prevailing force ;
Or trace more justly heaven's revolving course.
Roman ! be thine the sovereign arts of sway ;
Nobly to rule, and make the world obey : 1135
Give peace its laws; respect the prostrate foe :
Abase the lofty, and exalt the low."

Thus spake the sire ; and then their wondering eyes
And ravish'd ears he struck with more surprise.
" See where, illustrious from the combat's toils, 1140
Marcellus triumphs with the imperial spoils !
In pomp of state, majestically tall,
He leads his victor hosts, and shines above them all. ¶
He, when the storm of war shall shake the state,
On his fierce steed shall turn the tide of fate : 1145
Shall quell the rebel Gaul, and proudly wield
Those arms which first shall make the Libyan yield ;
And, third in time, shall deck Quirinus' fane
With a chief's spoils whom he, a chief, had slain."

But here Æneas ; (for he now descried 1150
A youthful warrior by the hero's side,
Of noble mien, in radiant arns array'd ;
But sad his brow, and eyes o'ercast with shade ;)
" Say, who is he, whose steps the chieftain's trace ?
His son ? or only of his glorious race ? 1155

What stir surrounds him ! how his looks proclaim
 The semblanced chief, another yet the same !
 But round his dazzling form a cloud is spread ;
 And night hangs hovering o'er his youthful head."

"Son !" cried the weeping sire, " the wish forego 1160
 To learn what late must whelin thy house in woe.
 Him shall the jealous Fates but show to earth :
 A short bright flash between decease and birth.
 Too high, ye Gods ! our Roman power had grown,
 Had this your precious gift been all our own. 1165
 How shall the field of Mars lament his doom ;
 Its plain resounding with the groan of Rome !
 Tiber ! what pomps of woe shall o'er thy wave
 Gloom, as it murmurs by the recent grave !
 No youth of Troy, thus rich in early praise, 1170
 So high the hope of Italy shall raise :
 Nor shall our Rome, 'mid all her hero-host,
 A son so bright in dawning glory boast.
 O piety ! O faith of ancient strain !
 O hand, unconquer'd on the martial plain ! 1175
 On foot, or spurring his impetuous steed,
 The foe that met him had been sure to bleed.
 Ah ! could'st thou, hapless Boy ! through Fate's decree
 Break into age, thou should'st Marcellus be !
 Hither with loaded hands fresh lilies bring : 1180
 Here let me strew Elysium's roseate spring.

Vain though my offerings, let them yet be paid ;
And honor'd thus my great descendant's shade."

His son, engaged with high discourse like this,
Anchises led around the fields of bliss. 1185

Then, having shown him all his future fame,
And fired his bosom with the patriot flame,
What wars await him, next, the sirc relates ;
Laurentuin's sovereign and the Latian states :
Tells him how best his arduous course to run ; 1190
What counsel may achieve, what must by force be won.

Two are the gates of Sleep : of horn 'tis said,
One, through which pass true spectres of the dead ;
And one of ivory, highly wrought and bright ;
Whence issue unessential dreams to light. 1195

There as the Sibyl and Æneas wait,
The sirc dismiss'd them through the eburnean gate.
Quick to his fleet the hero speeds his way :
Then coasts the shore, and gains Caieta's bay.
There, by their anchors held, the vessels stand, 1200
Their prows to sea, their sterns upon the strand.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

N O T E S.

WHEN, from respect to the bulk of my publication, I relinquished the design, which I had once entertained, of attaching such a commentary to my translation as might fully illustrate my author, I threw this part of the business entirely from my mind; and the few notes, which I subsequently found it necessary to write, were written in a hurry, and, for the most part, on the immediate requisition of the press. Of the time, which I then allowed myself to want, I am now fully possessed: but on revising these hasty compositions, I have discovered in them very little which I am desirous of changing; and, with a few additions, they are here again offered, in their original condition, to the indulgence of the reader. A just commentary on the *Æneis* would occupy as much space as the poem itself; and, if I were able to write it, it would be gratifying, probably, to very few of those who may peruse my work. In Heyne the learned reader will, perhaps, find all the information with which I could supply him; and the less erudite may obtain that knowledge of the subject, which he may want, from the French commentators, Segrais and Catrou; or from the prefaces and notes of our own learned and judicious Trapp. Lemprière's Classical Dictionary will furnish all the requisite intelligence respecting the mythological part of the *Æneis*. I cannot say much of Dr. Warton's notes, appended to his edition of Pitt's translation. In some instances they discover the fine taste for which this amiable man was so justly celebrated: but, in general, they are trite and meagre.

BOOK I.

Verse 1.—Arms, and the man, &c.

This opening of the *Aeneis* (to v. 33 inclusive, of the original) is singularly fine and noble. Plain yet rich, its numbers are particularly grand, and it compresses a large mass of matter into a very small compass of diction. Every line is crowded with thought; and so studious of brevity was the poet, in this commencement of his work, that the construction of one of his paragraphs has its consequence suffered. The five lines from *Nec dum etiam causæ, &c.* to *jactatos æquore toto*, inclusive, must be in a parenthesis: and *Id metuens*, must be the nominative to *Arebat*. Dr. Trapp pronounces this construction “not to be endured.” It is indeed very trying to the temper of a grammarian: but it is the best which can be proposed; and in this opinion Heyue agrees with me. The magnificence with which this exordium closes in the 33d line,

· *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem,*

has frequently been made a topic of remark. The connexion of the subject of the poem with Rome had previously been shown:

*genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres atque altæ mænia Romæ :*

and, in this concluding verse, the heroic toils of *Aeneas* are nobly identified with her magnitude and importance. The smallest foundation stone of this mighty empire could not be laid without exciting, as it were, a tumult in fate; and throwing into agitation the powers of earth and of heaven. The introduction of Carthage into these initial lines is peculiarly happy; and the whole constitutes such an opening of a great poem, as is not to be equalled in all the productions of the epic Muse. The *Odyssey* opens beautifully, and the *Paradise Lost* magnificently: but the exordium of neither can vie with that of the *Aeneis*. This part of my work cost me a much larger proportion of time and trouble than any other. My predecessors, Dryden and

Pitt, have taken great liberties with it. Of the four lines, *Ille ego, &c.* which have been placed by some old grammarian before the Virgilian beginning of the poem, it is unnecessary to say any thing. The forgery has been already too much honored by the repeated and labored refutations which have been expended on it; and it has experienced too much notice from Heyne.

Verse 1.—. . . . who first, &c.

Autenor had led a colony from Troy, and founded Patavium in Transpadan Italy, before Æneas arrived in Latium. But this part of modern Italy was, by the distribution of ancient geography, in Cisalpine Gaul: and Æneas might consequently be regarded by Virgil as the first Trojan who had settled, not merely in Latium but, in Italy.

Verse 11.—Speak, Muse! &c.

The Muse was properly invoked by the poet, as, without such divine communication, it was impossible that he should be acquainted with many of the circumstances which his plan compelled him to relate, such as the conduct of Juno, and the counsels of the gods, &c.

Verse 39.—And all the offenses of the hated brood,

Et genus invisum.—The whole regal race of Troy, as derived from Dardanus, the son of Jupiter by Electra the daughter of Atlas, was hated by Juno, as the adulterous offspring of a rival fair. Dryden has not scrupled to supply what Virgil was contented only very remotely to hint;

“Electra’s glories, and her injur’d bed;”

in which line, also, there is a considerable ambiguity of expression; or, what has more learnedly been called amphibology.

Verse 47.—Scarce lost in distance were Sicilia’s shores,

Here commences the action of the poem, in the seventh year of the wanderings of Æneas, and within twelve months, or very

little more or less, of its termination. All besides, which it is necessary for the reader to know, is thrown into episode and narration: by which management the integrity and roundness of the fable are more perfectly preserved; and, from the shorter limits of the action, its impression is the more forcible. Homer, in the *Odyssey*, first gave the example of this artificial structure of an heroic fable; and it has since generally been followed.

*Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res
..... auditorem rapit; &c.*

The hints of the speech of Juno, of the storm, of the distress of Æneas, and of the grotto of the nymphs, have been derived by Virgil from the *Odyssey*; but every circumstance has been highly improved by him, and wrought into one picture of superior excellence. Between the reception of Æneas by Dido and that of Ulysses at the court of Phœacia, I can discover, excepting in the supernatural cloud which provides for the immediate safety of the two heroes, very little resemblance. Dido, indeed, like Nausicaä, is compared with Diana; and, of the two beautiful descriptions of the goddess, it is difficult to assign the preference to the Grecian or the Roman. The former shall be inserted in a note in its proper place.

Fer. 95.—twice seven nymphs, who near my person shine,

*I cannot conceive why Dryden should call these nymphs,
..... “the charming daughters of *the main*,”*

unless it be that Ruens in his note on *nymphæ* in this passage, says, “*Proprie minora AQUARUM numina sunt, ut diximus.*” Ecl. ii. 46. and adds, “*Addicuntur tamen et aliis numinibus quasi FAMULÆ.*” They are here manifestly of the virgin train (the maids of honor shall I call them?) of Juno, of a lineage wholly different from the nymphs of the sea. But a rhyme was offered to him, and the poet would not take the trouble of searching for another. This is one of the evils of rhyme, by which even Dryden very frequently suffers. His accommodations to rhyme are much more numerous than might be expected from so great and so experienced a master of the art. Of the objections to

this tuneful close of our English verse, the strongest is the temptation, which it suggests, to give it the precedence over some of the higher requisites of composition. It often allures from sense to sound ; and, in instances out of number, it induces the writer to employ words which are not the best, and which he would otherwise reject. That this should be its effect with inferior poets cannot surprise us: but we may reasonably wonder and complain when we see its influence, thus injuriously displayed, in the pages of our most accomplished rhymists, in those of Dryden and even of Pope.

Verse 107.—Ardent he hurl'd his sceptre as he spoke; &c.

. *Conversâ cuspide montem
Impulit in latus;*

With his inverted spear, (which he held as a sceptre in his hand) he struck the mountain on its side.—The sense is plain: but Trapp, who seldom mistakes the meaning of his author, has translated it,

He turn'd his spear, and push'd
The hollow mountain's side:

which he explains by saying that he made the entire mountain incline and stoop to the other side; and thus opened a passage for the winds at the bottom.

Verse 211.—There, in the bosom of the land recess'd, &c.

Of this beautiful description, Dryden, as it must be confessed, has given a very inadequate, and not very correct representation:

“ Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea;
And forms a port secure for ships to ride;
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a silvan scene
Appears above, and groves fur ever green.

A grot is form'd beneath with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls,
'The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.'

To ascertain the spot, so charmingly and specifically described by Virgil, has been the subject of much inquiry: but the result has not been fully successful. A place, mentioned by Shaw in his Travels, in the bay of Tunis, between the *promontorium Hermæum*, or Cape Bon, on the east, and the *promontorium Apollinis*, or Cape Zibeeb, on the west, seems to correspond the best with the poet's draught. That, to give verisimilitude to his work, he drew the picture principally from nature can scarcely be doubted: but the sea has innovated much on that part of the coast of Africa; and something also in the description must be attributed to the embellishment of poetry. It is not therefore surprising that the scene, as it came from the pen of Virgil, should not be distinctly discoverable after the lapse of so many centuries. I subjoin Dr. Shaw's account, as it will probably gratify my readers.

"Two leagues to the east north-east of Seedy Doude, and a little to the southward of the promontory of Mercury, is Lou-harcah, the Aqnilaria of the ancients, where Curio landed those troops, that were afterwards cut in pieces by Saburra. There are several fragments of antiquities at this place, but nothing remarkable: however, from the sea-shore to the village, which is at half a mile's distance, the interjacent mountain, from the level of the sea to the height of twenty or thirty feet, is all the way very artfully scooped and hollowed, small openings being carried up in several places to the surface for the admission of fresh air; whilst large pillars and arches are left standing at proper distances below, to support the mountain. These are the quarries, which Strabo takes notice of, whence the buildings of Carthage, Utica, and many other adjacent cities, might receive their materials. Moreover, as the mountain above is all over shaded with trees: as the arches below lie open to the sea, having a large cliff on each side, with the island Ægimurns placed over against them; as there are likewise, some fountains perpetually draining from the rocks, and seats for the weary

labourer, we have little room to doubt, from such a concurrence of circumstances so exactly corresponding to the cave which Virgil placeth some where in this gulph, but the following description is literally true, notwithstanding the opinion of some commentators, who have thought it fictitious. ‘*Est in secessu longo locus,’ &c. &c.’”*

Verse 295—. when Jove, enthroned in light,

‘The machinery, or the agency of the gods, in the *Aeneis* here first opens on us; and it must be confessed that the sovereign of Olympus never appears to more advantage than in this representation of him. We see him enthroned on high, throwing his eyes over the land and seas; and at last, from the summit of heaven, fixing them upon Libya, where the hero, the destined father of Rome and of the Julian family, was wandering, shipwrecked and an exile. As he is thus wrapped in the meditations of his providence, the monarch of heaven is approached by his daughter, Venus, the mother of the suffering hero. Her address to him, as to the supreme disposer of all things, is full of awful reverence, and of the most pathetic and persuasive expostulation. The reply of the king of the universe, which is most naturally induced, includes a prophetic summary of the history of Rome from her infancy to her state of mature greatness under Augustus; when he had closed the temple of Janus, and in his censorship had reformed the morals of the people. Nothing can be more artificial than this management of the great poet; and the whole is invested with the strongest probability. There is no image in poetry which exceeds that of the countenance of Jupiter, calming the tempest and arraying the universe in sunshine. We may address him as Lucretius did the goddess of love:

*Te—fugiunt venti : te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum : Tibi rident æquora ponti :
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.*

Verse 320.—Antenor, circled by his Grecian foes, &c.

‘This colony, settled by Antenor on the coast of the Adriatic near to its termination (called by the poet, “*Illyricos sinus et*

intima Regna Liburnorum," from the people who occupied the northern shores of that sea) is noticed by Livy, l. 1.—“*casibus deinde variis Antenora—venisse in intimum Adriatici sinum.*” Patavium, the city which he founded, is the modern Padua.

Verse 322.—..... whence Timavus raves: &c.

These verses in the original are exquisitely beautiful, and nobly grand. But critics have objected to them, as improperly introduced into this speech of Venus, and as not justified by the appearance of any river which can now be discovered in the situation assigned to the Timavus. On the point of taste and of propriety of introduction, I shall say nothing: but with respect to the description itself, the poet stands fully justified by the testimony of many of the ancient writers, and particularly by that of Strabo and Mela; the former of whom speaks of the seven, and the latter of the nine fountains of the Timavus, which soon unite and flow, after the short course of a mile, in one large body into the sea. They are said to have been discovered by modern travellers in the rocky region of Istria, near the fortress of Tywein; and if their present appearance does not fully correspond with Virgil's description, the difference may fairly be ascribed to the changes, which have been effected in that part of the northern coast of the Adriatic by the constant setting of the tide against it.

Verse 423.—She leaves swift Hebrus laggard in the race.

This verse has been altered since its first publication, (when it was, “She leaves the wind behind her in the race,”) in consequence of my change of opinion as to the original idea of my author. In all the MSS. the verse in question is, “*Harvalyce, volucremque fugâ prævertitur HEBRUM:*” but imagining that to surpass in speed the current of a river was not a great feat for a horse, or even for a fleet huntress, Huetius (or rather Rutgersius, who preceded him in the conjecture) substituted “*Eurum*” for “*Hebrum,*” and thus fancifully obtained a more rapid agent for the poet's illustration, and one which more aptly accorded with the attached epithet of *volucrem*. This stroke of conjectural criticism was regarded as most happy

by many of the subsequent commentators on Virgil; and “*Eurum*,” contrary to his accustomed caution in similar cases, was admitted by Heyne into his text. Seduced by the speciousness of the proposed emendation, I also adopted it: but on reconsidering the question, at the suggestion of a very profound scholar and most able critic, with whom I am connected in the nearest degree, I now feel assured that I was in an error, and that “*Hebrum*” was in the original MS. of Virgil. The current of the most rapid river does not, it is true, flow at the rate of more than six, or, at the utmost, seven miles in an hour, and this speed, as it must be superfluous to remark, is greatly inferior to that of a horse, or even of a man trained in the exercise of running. But the violent motion of an agitated stream suggests the idea of great velocity; and a poet, who, consistently with his appropriate duties, rejects the accuracy of science, has no concern but with effect. He represents things only as they appear to be, and according to the ideas which they excite. He addresses himself, in short, solely to the imagination, and leaves the province of pure intellect to the philosopher and the geometer. If he impresses a certain image on the fancy, he is careless of the mean; and he finds his whole purpose accomplished. Whoever witnesses the rush of a violent river, must be struck with the abstract idea of rapidity; and he will not be immediately convinced that he can outrun the torrent which is hurrying down before him. That the Hebrus has been said to be a slow-flowing river, is not much to the purpose, even if the fact were ascertained. It is here placed by the poet generally for a river; and it is specified by him as being a river of Thrace, the country of Harpalyce. It may be cursorily observed, that Harpalyce was not an Amazon, but a huntress, and the daughter of Harpalycus, a Thracian king.

Verse 452.—The sceptre Dido holds: &c.

On the anachronism, of which Virgil is supposed to be guilty when he thus brings together persons separated, as is pretended, by more than three centuries, much has been said, and much idle disquisition, for the purpose of attack or defense, has been expended. Carthage was first founded, according to the best

ancient authorities, about fifty years before the destruction of Troy, by a Tyrian colony under Tzorus (or Zorus) and Carchedon; and was subsequently increased with a new emigration under Dido, about the precise time of which there is much variety of opinion. By others, again, these two settlements are confounded; and there is so much darkness hanging over this whole period of chronology, that it may justly be considered as under the full dominion of the poet. It must be observed also in the vindication of Virgil, if he can be supposed to require any, that he was not the first of the Romans who brought the times of Æneas and of Dido into union. Varro had previously, as Servius asserts, landed Æneas at Carthage: but he gave to the false man the other sister, Anna, for his mistress; and laid her on the pile, on which Dido is immolated by Virgil. The husband of Dido is called by some authors Sieharbas and by others Acerbas. The story, if any person can wish to seek for it out of the page of Virgil, may be found in Justin (xviii. 4.) to whose more popular narrative may justly be ascribed the loss of the valuable history of Trojans, of which he was the abbreviator.

Verse 491.—(Hence Byrsa's name)

This refers to the Grecian fable, according to which Dido, on her landing in Libya, was said to have purchased from Iarbas, the sovereign of the country, as much ground as she could cover with the hide of an ox, (in greek $\betaύξα$); with which, when divided into very slender thongs, she enclosed a sufficient area for the foundation of a citadel. This fable is supposed, by many learned men, to have derived its origin from the similarity of the Hebrew word Bosra, a fortified place, to the Greek, Byrsa, a hide.

*Ver. 557.—Which, swelling o'er the ramparts, from its brow
Sees towers, and fanes, and palaces below.*

This sudden change, from a desert scene to the spectacle of a large and populous city, is happily imagined, and productive of much effect. L. 426. *Jura magistratusque legunt, sanctumque senatum* is a line quite out of its proper place; and interferes

immediately with the description of the builders, in the midst of which it is most awkwardly interposed. Heyne with much reason suspects its authenticity, and I have omitted it in my translation, as breaking the picture.

Ver. 571.—When the young summer strews the lawn with flowers, &c.

This charming simile is supposed to be borrowed from the second Iliad, where the Greeks issuing from their ships and tents are likened to bees swarming from their nest in a rock. But there is scarcely one point of resemblance between the two similes; and their objects of illustration are essentially different, that of Homer's being solely number, and that of Virgil's, activity and earnestness of various occupation. It is impossible to decide which is the most intrinsically beautiful, as they are both exquisitely poetic. I will subjoin the simile from Homer, with its fine, but still inadequate translation by Pope.

'Ηύτε θυεα εῖσι μελισσῶν ἀδινάων,
Πέτρης ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ νέον ἔρχομενάων,
Βορεὺδὸν δὲ πέτονται ἐπ' ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖσιν,
Αἱ μέν τ' ἔνθα ἄλι; πεποτήσαται, αἱ δέ τε ἔνθα·

β. 87.

As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
Clust'ring in heaps on heaps, the driving bees ;
Rolling and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms.
Dusky, they spread, a close embodied crowd ;
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.

In this translation, as the scholar need not be told, some circumstances of description are added, and some unfortunately omitted. We look in it, in vain, for the vernal flowers of the original, and for the busy flitting of the insects here and there from flower to flower. It is less specifically descriptive and, of course, less poetically beautiful than the Homeric prototype.

*Verse 607.—He sees, in order, Ilion's wars portray'd ;
These pictures on the walls of the Carthaginian temple are
conceived in the happiest humor of poetic invention ; and the*

hint of them is altogether unborrowed. Homer frequently alludes to sculpture, but never to painting; which was the improvement of the imitative arts in a later age.

Ver. 635.—The sand is furrow'd with the inverted spear:

With the spear, as says Ruens (and he is followed by Trapp.) of Achilles driven through the body of Troilus. But surely on this supposition, the expression *versa hastā* must be improper, for it must have been the point of the spear, if the spear be that of Achilles which inscribed the dust, and not the inverted spear. The description is sufficiently accurate. Troilus had lost his arms. His shield had fallen from his grasp, and his head was bare, for his hair trailed along the ground: but he still held the reins, and his spear, though not grasped for any purpose of offense, was so far retained, that its end dragged upon the sand; or it might very well be entangled in the reins, or in the ear. The *versa hastā* can never mean the point of any spear, and must be considered as decisive of the question.

Verse 654.—. and swarthy Memnon, bright
In blazing arms,

Among the heroes who fought at Troy, Memnon has been admitted to a very illustrious rank; and by the poets of Greece, posterior to Homer, has been made the subject of many a fable. In the page of Homer his name occurs only once, when he is mentioned (Od: 8. 188.) as the chief by whom Antilochus, the son of Nestor, was slain. Time has swept away all the more ancient poems in which this hero was recorded: but, from what has been handed down to us respecting him, we may conjecture that he was a chief sent by the great Assyrian monarch to the assistance of Troy, which was at that time one of the dependencies of his extended empire. Memnon was said to be the son of Aurora in consequence of his coming from the east; and Vulcanian arms were attributed to him in compliment to his personal prowess, and to the richness of his armour. He is called by Virgil, *niger* (black or swarthy) from the confusion which prevailed among the ancients between Ethiopia and India, to which latter country, his distant origin in the east occasioned him to be ascribed. He is said to have fallen in

single combat by the hand of Achilles, subsequently to the death of Hector, and of course, beyond the period comprehended in the Ilias. But a very long and a very *un-Homeric* description of the battle between the son of Thetis and the son of Aurora, which terminates fatally for the latter, is to be found in the second book of Quintus Culaber, where it occupies not fewer than 150 verses, from v. 394 to v. 544. Of the Egyptian Memnon, (called sometimes Pha-memphra and sometimes Amenophis) with whom our Assyrian Memnon has been confounded, nothing is distinguishable through the mists of fable.—*pereunt ipsaque ruina.* His statue in upper Egypt is well known, as having been celebrated, by more than one of the ancient writers, for uttering certain plaintive notes when first struck with the rays of the rising sun. This subject has been treated by Pocock with abundant erudition.

Ver. 665.—Like great Diana, when she walks the meads, &c.

The simile in the Odyssey, from which this is borrowed, is the following:

Οἴη δὲ Αρτεμίς εἶτα κατ’ ὄυρος ἵοχέας·
Η κατὰ Τηνύγετον πεξιμήκετον, οὐ Ερύμαθον,
Τερπομένη κάπραιστα καὶ ὀκέτην, ἐλάφοιστι·
Τὴν δέ θέ με Νύμφας καῆραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
Λυρούμοι πάιζεσσι γέγυνθε δέ τε Φρένα Λητῶν.

§. 104.

As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves;
Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves:
A silvan train the huntress queen surrounds:
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds.
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow,
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe.
High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace.
Distinguish'd excellence the Goddess proves:
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.

POPE.

This translation must be allowed to be worse with respect to fidelity, and much lower in the article of poetic execution than

that, which we have cited in a preceding note; and it is the scholar only, who can appreciate the respective merits of the two similes, or rather illustrations as they may more properly be called; and give the golden apple to the Grecian or to the Roman Goddess. *Ιοχέαιρα* is one of those fine compounds which belong exclusively to the Greek; and in *παιζόσι* (they frolic with the vivacity and wantonness of children,) there is a peculiar beauty inexpressible with any one word in the Latin. Perhaps also the *γεγνθε δέ τε Φρένα Λητώ*, may please with its simplicity beyond the *Latona tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus*; beautifully expressive as is the epithet, *tacitum*. But it seems impossible to excel the admirable portrait presented to us by Virgil. When I refer to the charms of Virgil's diction, I entreat that my translation may be entirely thrown out of the question.

Verse 784.—Illustrious in full light Eneas trod: &c.

There is something surprisingly fine and striking in this discovery. I know of nothing equal to it in the page of poetry. The heightening of the hero's beauty is imitated from another fine passage in the same book of the Odyssey, from which we have just cited; where Pallas throws super-human graces over the person of Ulysses, as Venus does here over that of her son. The discovery of Satan on his throne, after his adventure in Eden, in the tenth book of the Paradise Lost, in which Milton had evidently this passage in the Aeneis before his eyes, is very noble and magnificent.

..... Down awhile
He sate, and round about him saw unseen.
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, &c.

The Italian reader need not be informed that the Soldan also (in the tenth book of the Jerusalem Delivered, remains concealed in a cloud, thrown over him by the sorcerer, Ismeno; and listens unseen to the debates in the royal council.

Verse 873.—. . . round which the bright acanthus roll'd;

"Et circumtextum croceo velamen acanthe."—*l. 649.*

The acanthus, which, as it grew accidentally round a basket, suggested to Callimachus, an architect of Corinth, the idea of the Corinthian capital, is an herbaceous plant, generally known to our gardeners by the name of brank-ursine. It seems to have been in peculiar favor with the ancients, as they had vestments which were called acanthine, either from their being embroidered with the elegant foliage of this herb, or from their being spun from its down and fibres, prepared by a certain process for the purpose. In their comments on this line of Virgil, most of the critics have regarded the robe in question as embroidered throughout its extent with acanthine leaves: but I have Salmasius on my side when I confine the ornament in this instance to the border of the dress. Salmasius writes thus: *Tunica est per extremitatem oræ infimæ limbum habens croceum ad instar acanthi flexibilis virgulti. Immo ἀκάρδος Græci etiam vocare hujus modi limbos vestim. Aliud acanthus, aliud ἀκάρδιον a quo restes acanthinae, &c.* On this subject, my friend, Mr. E. H. Barker, has supplied me with a very learned note, of which I regret, that, in consequence of its length, I can avail myself only of a part. "Salmasius," says Mr. Barker, "has given the best interpretation of this verse, (Æn. I. 649.) though I have never seen his words quoted by any commentator on Virgil. *Acanthina vestimenta ab acanthio herba fucre nota veteribus; sed non a colore acanthii sic nominata; terebantur enim e lannagine, qua folia acanthii sunt obducta; de qua Plinius xxiii. 12. De his acanthinis vestibus locus Varronis apud Servium sic est corrigendus: cum dempti sunt aculei, ex his implicitis mulieres conficere vestem; hinc vestimenta acanthina appellata.* At Servius vestes in similitudinem acanthi ornatas et confectas accipit, et sic intelligit versum Poetæ 'Et circumtextum,' &c. quam bene nos infra docebimus." Salmasius in *Flav. Vopis.* p. 399. The passage to which he refers occurs in p. 405. Pollux, 'Αἱ μὲν ἐν τοῖς χιτῶσι ποεφυρᾶι ἡγέδοι παρενθὰ καλεῦται, intellige virgas illas quae in circuitum vestis sunt, ad oram infimam currentes, quas et ἀκανθας appellant. Hesych: "Ἀκανθος περίγραμμα ὑφασμένος, καὶ ζῷον καὶ φυτὸν καὶ πτηνὸν. Hinc

intelligitur illud Virgilii, ‘Et circumtextum,’ &c. Acanthus enim ibi est purpura, quæ circumit extremam vestis oram. In the Pliniæ exercitationes in Solinum, p. 212.

Ver. 888.—That Cupid should supply Ascanius’ place, &c.

This personation of the boy, Ascanius, by the God of love, is finely imagined, and admirably executed. It accounts for all the subsequent effects, and leads us naturally to all that storm of passion, which terminates on the funeral pile in the fourth book. The conveyance of Ascanius, in a soft sleep, to Idalia and the laying of him there on a bed of fragrance, are circumstances of extreme beauty.

Ver. 947.—The queen, reclining with majestic grace, &c.

The description of the royal feast, and all that follows to the conclusion of the book are in the richest style of poetry, and gratify the imagination with some very gorgeous painting. The Queen, under the progressive influence of love, is admirably drawn; and her conduct throughout is grand and regal.

Ver. 1011.—. . . . Iöpas on his lyre

This portrait of the bard is fine; and his song, derived from Atlas, is very sublime. From his astronomical pursuits, this king of Mauritania, who is hidden in the depths of fabulous antiquity, was said to support the heavens. After an interval probably of more than two thousand years, the country of Atlas produced another monarch, devoted, like him, to the study of astronomy, and with eminent success. In the eleventh century of the Christian æra, Ben Mohammed (commonly known by the name of the Nubian Geographer) constructed a silver sphere, with all the divisions and astronomical circles accurately described on it, and presented it to Roger II. of Sicily; in whose dominions he had obtained an asylum when he was driven from his own. In the heroic ages of Greece, as well as in Celtic and Runic antiquity, the *αοιδὸς* or minstrel, (like the bard and the scald) had a seat at every great feast, and formed a part of every opulent establishment. The classic Iöpas, with his long hair and his 'yre, bears a strong resemblance to a Celtic or Welsh

bard, with his unshorn locks and his harp. The reader need not be reminded here of Demodocus, whose song produces such effects at the feast of Alcinous, in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*. In a beautiful passage of the Latin poem, which he addressed to his father, Milton seems to have had Iōpas in his view.

*Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculeā intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroīumque actūs imitandaqne gesta canebat ;
Et chaos, et positi latē fundamina mundi, &c.*

There sat the bard in state above the rest;
His unshorn locks with oaken wreaths compress'd,
His, the high deeds of heroes to rehearse ;
And bid the great examples live in verse :
His, with sublimer spirit to recite,
The world first rising from essential night, &c. &c.

C. S.

Ver. 1025.—With various converse the devoted queen, &c.

Nothing can be more natural than the questions with which the love-devoted queen here importunes her hero-guest; and they conduct us by an easy transition to the narrative which occupies the two succeeding books. The whole scene, exhibited to us on this occasion, is impressive in the highest degree. A hero, who had lately been engaged in events which had resounded through the world, is entertained at a royal feast by an opulent sovereign, and, amid the silence of a large and splendid party, during the solemn hours of midnight, is induced to relate the fall of a great city which had flamed under his eyes; and the wonders of his own subsequent wanderings and dangers, during the long space of seven years, upon seas at that time very imperfectly known. His person is invested with all imaginable importance. He sails under the immediate care of Heaven, and his course is directed to a land where he is destined to found the empire of the world. The whole of this first book of the *Aeneis* is charmingly diversified; and is filled with the most attractive and delightful images. In the following book the scene is entirely changed; and is replete with interest of a still stronger nature.

BOOK II.

SOME writers (I will not call them critics) have censured this and the following book, as too ornamented and poetic for the narrative of *Æneas*, and as placing the Trojan hero in the same class of poetic excellence with the Roman bard. What would these gentlemen wish? On their principle, the narrative in question ought to be in unadorned prose; and every speech in the poem should flow in the periods of Cicero or Livy, whilst the poet alone, when speaking in his own person, is to be indulged with the melody of verse. An epic poem, executed on this plan of rigid propriety, according to the sentiment of these writers, would surely form a monstrous object to the eye of taste; and would resemble that motley and non-descript thing, the Meipporean or Varonian Satire. We must recollect that, when the poet professes to give the narrative of *Æneas*, he professes to give only the matter of that narrative; reserving to himself (and thus asserting that the whole has passed under his dominion) the diction and the ornament with which the story is to be arrayed. It is the prose narration of the hero, related by the Muses with all the melody of their tuneful tongues, and adorned with all the coloring of their heavenly imaginations. In prose composition, even if it were spoken, an occasional simile might be admitted; and, on its being translated into poetry, such a simile would naturally and properly be expanded and ornamented. *Æneas*, in short, and *Evander*, when they are the creatures of Virgil, must necessarily become identified with him, and must consequently be, each of them, as great a poet as himself. M. de la Motte wrote some nonsense upon this topic; and Gibbon, in his youth, was pleased to take the stuff, and to vend it as the produce of his own loom. Dr. Warton, in a note or two on the subject, has discovered a similar littleness of conception; and has been at some pains to prove that *Evander*, as descended from Mercury, might be equal to the most eloquent narration; and, as the critic might

have added, to the highest strains also of poetry, since he was not only of the family of Mercury, the *curvæ lyræ parentem*; but the son too of Carmentis.

..... CECINIT quæ primæ futuros
Aeneadas magnos!

If this be not folly and dulness, in the disguise of superior sagacity and fine taste, I am strangely out in my judgment.

Ver. 1.—Through all the assembly mute attention ran; &c.

This book opens most affectingly. The deep attention of the princely audience, and the struggles of painful sensibility, with which the hero enters on his narrative, are striking circumstances, preparing us for something great, wonderful, and terrible; and our expectations, which are thus forcibly awakened and excited to an intense degree, are in the end fully gratified; for such a relation of grand and pathetic events was never before made. The fall of a great and ancient city, the sanguinary death of a venerable and once potent monarch, the manifested agency of all the great powers of heaven; and the escape, through flames and foes, of the hero, who relates the facts, with his hoary father, his child, and his household gods, are events which must rouse every imagination, and agitate every heart. The second book of the *Aeneis* is a composition which could be equalled only by the pen of Virgil, and by that could not be excelled.

Ver. 21.—The Grecian chiefs, by Pallas taught, devise, &c.

This story of the wooden horse was derived from Homer and the Cyclic poets of Greece: but it was offered to the hand of Virgil from other quarters. The Ιλίς πέρσις, or the destruction of Troy, in which this machine was generally admitted to its share of the action, was a popular topic in Grecian poetry; from whence this fable had been borrowed by the old poets of Rome, by Livius Andronicus, and, as we learn from Macrobius, by Nævius. In a painting by Polygnotus, suspended in the temple of Delphi, the wooden horse obtained a place; and, to perpetuate the tradition, a brazen representative of this fatal engine was

kept in the citadel of Athens. These facts of the painting and the image are recorded by Pausanias. But the wondrous skill, with which Virgil has raised this silly fiction into importance and invested it with probability, is worthy of our best notice and our highest praise. The artful tale of Sinon, and the prodigious death of Laocoön were sufficient to impose upon any people. Superstition was the agent employed on this occasion; and superstition, as we know, has the power of extinguishing all the illumination of the human mind. The horse was admitted, as we must recollect, by the impulse of the ignorant and sottish multitude, in opposition to the opinions of many of the more enlightened chiefs. I will not dwell upon all the detail of the story; but will leave it to be weighed by the reader as he proceeds. It impresses my mind with all the effect of poetie truth: though I rather wish, with Trapp, that the

.....utero sonitum quater arma dedere,—l. 243.

had been omitted, as it supposes too great a depravation of the popular understanding under any influence.

Ver. 174.—Hid in a rushy pool, &c.

They, who are determined to find the whole Roman history concealed in the *Aeneis*, discover in this passage Marcius, when driven from Rome by the prevailing force of Sylla, secreting himself in the marshes of Minturnæ. It is possible that this celebrated event might have been present to the poet's mind, when he put this lie into Sinon's mouth.

Ver. 258.—And here, to shake us more and more mislead, &c.

The death of Laocoön is inimitably conceived for the purposes of exciting horror, and of maddening the mind of the populace with superstitious plausy. There can be no doubt that the story was among those traditions, respecting the destruction of Troy, which formed the themes of the Cyclic poets. Lysimachus, a poet of Alexandria, is mentioned by Servius as having recorded it. Lycophron, as we know, refers to it; and there is much reason to think that Euphorion admitted it into his poem. The celebrated statue of Laocoön, found in the baths of Titus,

was certainly of an age antecedent to that of Virgil. Consistently with the different genins of their art, the sculptors (for Pliny tells us that there were three of them, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus) treat the subject rather differently from the poet, and bring the three deaths into one group or point of horror.

Ver. 267.—Wallowing beneath, their monstrous volumes glide.

.....*pars cetera pontum
Pone legit, simulantque immensa volumine terga.*

Milton seems to have had a view to this passage in his grand description of Satan in the fiery lake.

His other parts beside
Prone on the lake, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood.

Ver. 286.—To his dread outcries heaven's high vault replies;

Some critics have objected to these outcries of the agonized Laocoön. But it was the poet's object to aggravate the horror of the scene as much as possible. There could be no reason for enduing Laocoön with more than human fortitude; and a death so monstrous might well be imagined to be superior to the common constancy of man.

*Ver. 337.—To the known shores the furtive navy steals,
And their mute course the silent moon conceals.*

Attending to the tradition, that Troy was taken when the moon was full, and thinking of that line of an ancient poem upon that subject, Νῦξ μὲν ἔην μεσάτη, λαμπρὴ δ' ἐπέτελλε σελήνη, I did not hesitate to regard *per amica silentia lunæ*, when I first translated the passage, as referring to the silent radiance of the luminary of the night. But I have since been convinced that this was not the sense contemplated by Virgil; who, by the silence of the moon, intended to express her absence from the

night, as a circumstance peculiarly favorable to the furtive passage of the Grecian navy. “*Silens luna*,” is used by Pliny (xvi. 74.) as equivalent with “*interlunium*.” “*Inter omnes verò convenit utilissime in coitu ejus sterni, quem cum alii interlunii; alii SILENTIS LUNÆ appellant.*” For this observation I am indebted to Professor Martyn, who, in the few remarks which he has left to us on the *Aeneis*, discovers the same sagacity, learning, and rectitude of understanding, which are so conspicuously displayed in his commentary on the *Georgies*. The moon, then, being on the wane, and not rising till subsequently to the passage of the Greeks, was friendly by her silence (or not shining) to their purposes of concealment. Milton, in his *Samson Agonistes*, has adopted this classic meaning of silent, in its application to the moon, when, in the person of his hero, he says,

To me the sun is dark,
And *silent* as the moon
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

If the moon had been full when the Greeks passed from Tenedos, the fiery signal on the royal galley would have been an unnecessary expedient for the direction of the fleet.

In another passage of Pliny, not cited by Martyn, the epithet *silens* is applied to the moon, to indicate her invisibility: “*Hoc SILENTE LUNA seri jubent.*” (xviii. 74.) Thus supported, I must consider my corrected translation of my author’s “*silentia lunæ*,” as irrefragably established, although it be in opposition to the high authority of Heyne; and although it follows an interpretation, which had been previously rejected by Ruæns.

Ver. 344.—Thessander, Sthenelus, Ulysses glide: &c.

From a passage in Athenæus (xiii. 9. xci.) it appears probable that Virgil derived this list of the heroes, inclosed in the wooden horse, from Sacadas, a poet of Argos, who wrote on the subject of the taking of Troy. Καὶ ἐὰν μέν τις σου πύθηται, τίνες ἥσαν οἱ εἰς τὸν δούριον ἵππον ἔγκατακλεισθέντες, ενὸς καὶ δευτέρου ἵσως ἐρεῖς ὄνομα· καὶ οὐδὲ ταῦτ’ ἐκ τῶν Στησιχόρων, (σχολῆ γὰρ) ἀλλ’ ἐκ τῆς Σακάδης Ἀγγέως Ἰλίς πέρσιδος· οὗτος γὰρ παμπόλλους τινὰς κατέλεξε. “If any one should ask you who were inclosed in the wooden horse,

you may, perhaps, tell the name of one or the other of them; and this not from the poem of Stesichorus (for that you could hardly do), but from the ‘Destruction of Troy,’ by Sacadas, the Argive; who, indeed, names many of them.”

Ver. 353.— “I'was now the time when Heaven on labor throws, &c.

Nothing can exceed in impressive melancholy this vision of the deceased hero; and it is most admirably adapted to the design and plan of the poet. The vague questions of the sleeping chief, to the apparition of his friend, are quite in the inconsistent character of a dream, and the reply is strikingly pathetic and noble. No sleep was ever more fearfully broken than that of Æneas; and no hero ever started from his bed to a more terrible and affecting scene. The verses, in which all this is related, are amongst the most exquisite even of those which fell from the pen of Virgil.

Verse 401.— As when the flame o'er fields of crackling corn, &c.

This very fine simile seems to have been suggested by more than one in Homer. That which the greater part of it resembles is in the fourth book of the Ilias; where the tumult of the two contending hosts is compared to the roar of wintry torrents, rushing from the mountains and clashing as they blend in the vale. Nothing can be more finely imagined or more admirably expressed than the Homeric simile: but the Virgilian is adorned with more circumstances; and the listening shepherd, who, in that, is a mere supernumerary in the picture, is, in this, the exact representative of the listening and amazed hero. I will transcribe the passage in question from Homer, with its translation by Pope.

‘Ως δ' ὅτε χείμαρροις ποταμοὶ, κατ' ὄρεσφι βέοντες,
 ’Ες μισγάγκεισαν συμβάλλετον ὄξειμον ὕδωρ,
 Κρυψῶν ἐκ μεγάλων, κοίλης ἔντοτε χαράδρης,
 Τὰν δέ τε τηλόστε δάπκον ἐν ἀρεστιγέλαινε ποιμήν.

(δ. 452.)

As torrents roll, increased by numerous rills,
 With rage impetuous down their echoing hills :
 Rush to the vales; and pour'd along the plain,
 Roar through a thousand channels to the main.
 The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound.

POPE.

*Ver. 44S.—. and more
 Than e'er Mycenæ wafted to our shore.*

Millia quot magnis numquam venerè Mycenis.

Heyne with Heinsius, on the authority of some MSS. reads *unquam* for *numquam* in this line: but to the disadvantage, as I think, of the sense. If the line be not altogether an interpolation, as there is reason to believe, it seems to indicate the speaker's suspicion of treason, that Troy was assailed by some of her own sons, united with the Grecians: or it might be only an aggravation of the hostile numbers in consequence of the terror of the narrator. To say that the Greeks were now as numerous as when they first disembarked on the coast, before they had been thinned by the slaughters of a ten years' war, would indeed be greatly to exaggerate; but yet it would not be the first wild exaggeration of fear. I conceive it, however, to be an intimation of treason, and then all is clear.

*P*erse 476.—Thence like marauding wolves, by famine press'd, &c.

Trapp, for whose judgment and good sense I feel much respect, is not pleased with this simile; and he says, that he cannot imagine why men of courage and virtue, endeavouring to defend their country, though by night, should be compared to wolves ravening for their prey, and adds, “there is nothing common to both but the darkness of the night; and that is a circumstance not considerable enough to support all the rest.” But Trapp, in this instance, took a perversely wrong view of the subject, and fixed his eye altogether on the epithet *raptore*s, applied to the wolves, without considering that their obstinate ferocity, and the violent impulse of motive under which they raged, were the real points of resemblance between them and

these patriot warriors. The wolves were made desperate with the sting of hunger and the parental instinct; for on the event of their excursion depended the lives of their whelps, who were expecting with parched jaws the bloody prey requisite for their subsistence. Surely there could not be a finer illustration of the desperate valor of these young Trojans, who were to fight, not only for their own lives but, for the lives of all who were the most dear to them. In the sixteenth book of the Ilias, (π. 156,) the Myrmidons, eager to issue into the battle, are likened to a band of wolves, who, gorged and, with their jaws crimsoned by their bloody repast, ($\pi\alpha\sigma\iota\nu \delta\acute{\epsilon} \pi\alpha\gamma\eta\iota\nu \alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota \phi\omega\eta\circ\iota$), rush in a body to slake their thirst at a fountain. The Homeric simile, which is extended to a much greater length than the Virgilian, is filled with distinct and terrific imagery; and is, altogether, such a masterly and living picture, as scarcely to be contemplated without a feeling of alarm. Its excellence is, indeed, transcendent: but, regarded in its adaptation to its own specific object, the simile of the Roman poet cannot be outdone; and we may remark, that, in this instance, Virgil has not borrowed from his predecessor any thing more than his *lupi cœn*, $\lambda\nu\chi\omega\iota \ddot{\omega}\varsigma$: which words also terminate another verse in the Greek epic. (λ. 72.)

.....οἱ δὲ λύχωι ὡς
Θῦνοι.

“They rushed like wolves.”

Apollonius (in his second book, l. 123.) compares the Argonauts, rushing on the Bebrycians, to wolves rushing upon a sheep-fold: but there is nothing alike in the two similes, but the “ $\mu\alpha\alpha\tau\iota \chi\epsilon\mu\epsilon\rho\iota\omega$ ” of the Greek, and the *atram in nebula*, of the Roman poet.

Ver. 502.—Like him, who, passing through the tangled wood,

This happy comparison is taken from one equally happy in the third book of the Ilias (γ. 33.) where it illustrates the sudden retreat of Paris, at the sight of his injured rival Menelaus.

'Ως δ' ὅτε τίς τε δράκοντα ἴδων παλίνορφος ἀπέση
Οὐρεος ἐν Κισσης, ὑπό τέ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα,
"Ἄγ τ' ἀγεχώρησεν, ωχρός τέ μιν εἶλε παρεάς."

As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees,
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees:
Trembling and pale he starts with wild affright;
And all confused precipitates his flight.

POPE.

I may passingly observe, that Pope has done more justice to this simile in his translation, than he has to that which I lately cited of the mountain torrents: for in that he has omitted all the fine particulars of the wintry torrents, rushing from their respective heights, and mingling, as they clash, in one agitated body in the vale. The *Ἐς μισγάγχεσσαν* and the *συμβάλλετον*, which form the strong points of the comparison, are entirely forgotten by the translator; and their places are supplied with diluted and general expressions.

Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain.
Roar through a thousand channels to the main.

Perhaps the following lines may convey to the English reader a more just idea of this noble Homeric simile, whatever decision may be passed upon the relative merit of their poetry.

As when, each rushing down its channell'd rock.
Two wintry torrents mix with adverse shock.
Inforced with all the mountains' liquid stores,
In the deep dell the watery conflict roars.
On some far eminence the swain aghast
Hears the wild tumult bellowing on the blast.

C. S.

Ver. 552.—As when a storm has burst the Aelian caves, &c.

This simile was probably borrowed from one in the ninth book of the *Ilias*: but the object of its illustration is different; and it is, after the manner of Virgil, more ornamented than Homer's.

‘Ως δ’ ἄνεμος δύο πόντου ὄρινετον ἵχθυσέντα,
Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τώ τε Θρήκης ἄντοι,
‘Ελάζοντ’ ἐξαπίνης ἀμυδίς δέ τε κῦμα κελαινὸν
Κορδύεται, πολλὸν δὲ παρέξ ἄλα φῦκος ἔχεναι.

l. 4.

As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
A double tempest of the west and north
Swell o'er the seas, from Thracia's frozen shore:
Heaps waves on waves, and bids the Aegean roar:
This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost.
Such various passions urge the troubled host.

POPE.

Verse 630.—Like the fell snake who from his winter bed, &c.

By one expression in this very fine simile (*mala gramine pastus*), it appears that Virgil, when he wrote it, had a simile of Homer's, in the 22d of the Ilias, in his view. But the object of the two similes is essentially different, that of the Roman poet being to illustrate activity and fierceness of attack; and that of the Grecian to exhibit desperate resolution and the steady expectation of assault.

‘Ως δὲ δράκων ἐπὶ χεῖη ὁρέερος σύνδρα μέντοι
Βεβρωκὼς κακὰ Φάρμακ’ ἔδυ δέ τέ μι, χόλος αἰνὲς,
Σμερδαλέον δὲ δέδορκεν ελισσόμενος περὶ χειῆ.

x. 93.

So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake:
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains.
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire;
And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.

POPE.

In this version it must be observed, that the two last lines (and they are very fine lines) belong wholly to the translator, the only hint of them in the original being in the Σμερδαλέον δὲ

δέδογχεν. But Virgil's description is, in his usual style, more circumstantial and ornamented. The *in lucem*, in the first verse of the Virgilian simile, appears to be an error of the transcriber's; for not only *luce* occurs in the line immediately preceding, but *in lucem* in this place requires the government of a verb, which is not to be found in the sentence. To refer it, either to *exultat* in the antecedent sentence, or to *convolvit*, nearly at the close of this, seems to be impossible. Many attempts have been made to correct the passage. *E lustro*, with a reference to the περὶ χαῖς of Homer, has been speciously proposed as a substitute. To Heyne *ingluviem* seems preferable: but *ingluviem—mala grama pastus*, strikes me as a very hard expression. If we could substitute what we pleased in this place, I would write *exiluit*. As the passage now stands, some verb to this effect must be understood after *in lucem*.

Ver. 733.—Faintly upon the impassive brass it rung;
Nor on the surface of the buckler hung.

.....*ravco quod protinus ære repulsum,*
Et summo clipei nequidquam umbone pependit.

With Ruæns and the greater number of the commentators, Heyne considers the spear of the old monarch as hanging, when repelled by the brass, in the leathern covering of his adversary's shield. But more than one circumstance induces me to reject this interpretation of the passage. The brightness of the arms of Pyrrhus, before noticed by the poet, when he describes that hero as *telis et luce coruscus ahena*, seems to imply that his shield, which constituted so large and so conspicuous a part of his arms, was not covered; and then the words *ravco* and *protinus* (the former of which intimates the ringing sound of the stricken brass, and the latter the *quick result* of the ineffectual spear) both make against this notion of a covered shield, and of the weapon's hanging in the hide which was over the brass. I have followed, therefore, Servius in this instance, and regarded *nequidquam* as equivalent to *non*. The spear did not penetrate the brass, even so far as to hang upon its surface. I wish that I could substitute *nequaquam* for *nequidquam*.

Ver. 764.—Thus my whole army I, as thence I stray, &c.

The twenty-two lines which follow in the original from *Jamque adeo super unus eram to furiatâ mente ferebar* inclusive, are not found in the oldest and best MSS. and they are said to have been only in the margin of Virgil's original copy. That they are Virgil's has not been, and, from their intrinsic character, cannot be questioned; and it is also certain that they are made essentially necessary by what immediately succeeds in the speech of Veims. The tradition, preserved by Servius, is that they were omitted by Tneea and Varins, on their revision of the *Aeneis*, as inconsistent with the account given of Helen by Deiphobus in the sixth book; and as containing a sentiment unworthy of a hero. But both of these assigned reasons are evidently frivolous: for, as has been more than once remarked, why might not Helen, in the beginning of this fatal night, betray Deiphobus; and subsequently, on not finding her treachery correspond with her hope of reconciliation with Menelaus, fly to the sanctuary of Vesta's temple? With respect to the second objection, what could be more natural than that a human being (hero or not) on the sudden sight of this woman, and with the dreadful result of her vices, in the ruin of his country, glaring immediately on his eye, should be kindled into rage and meditate vengeance by her death? He himself anticipates the censure, or the no praise at least, of his thus killing a woman: but he urges strong arguments to justify the blow; and, after all, be it recollect, that he has not resolved on it; when his mother appears to bring him back to his senses. On the whole view of the subject, it would seem that Virgil had laid aside the verses in question with the design of giving them a higher polish: and from his hand, and his alone, they might have received it. I do not agree with Trapp in objecting to the expression. *sudarit sanguine tellus*. Poetry has no concern but with appearances; and if the ground was bedropped with blood, it might properly be said to sweat blood, in whatever way the bloody drops came, whether from within or from without. Besides, if the ground were thoroughly saturated with blood, it might exude it, and thus the metaphor would be strictly proper, according even to Trapp's idea of propriety. The expression

also is borrowed from Ennius. The *animum ultricis flammæ*, is certainly rather hard, and may not be so obviously defensible.

Ver. 809.—See! for I now will chase the mists that shroud, &c.

This passage, in which Venus enables the mortal vision of her son to discern the forms of the gods; and discovers to him the great powers of heaven in dreadful action to accomplish the overthrow of his city, is not to be excelled in sublimity. The first hint of it was suggested by Homer, who, in the fifth book of the Ilias, represents Minerva as opening the eyes of Diomede, and empowering him to distinguish the gods who engaged in the battle: but the whole picture is Virgil's, and terribly grand it is. Milton's fine imitation of this admirable passage is very generally known.

..... but to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed
Which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight,
Had bred: then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see:
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.

PAR. LOST. B. xi. 411.

Like Virgil, Milton imitates as an inventor; and, when he borrows, he borrows, like a king, not to supply his poverty but to increase his wealth. Tasso has likewise imitated Virgil in this place; and the stanza is worthy to be transcribed.—Michael is Tasso's agent on this occasion, as well as Milton's:

*Drizza pur gli occhi a riguardar l'immenso
Esercito immortal ch' è in aria accolto;
Ch' io dinanzi torrotti il nuvol denso
Di vostra umanità, ch' intorno avvolto
Adombrando t' appanna il mortal senso
Sì che vedrai gl' ignudi spiriti in volto;
E sostener per breve spazio i rai
.De l'angeliche forme anco potrai.*

LA GER. LIB. xviii. 93.

Lift up thine eyes and in the air behold
 The sacred armies, how they muster'd be :
 That cloud of flesh, in which from times of old,
 All mankind wrapped is, I take from thee ;
 And from thy senses their thick mist unfold,
 That face to face thou may'st these spirits see ;
 And for a little space right well sustain
 Their glorious light, and view those angels plain.

FAIRFAX.

The imitations, of the great Roman poet, by his illustrious successor Torquato, are so numerous (as they who are acquainted with the two epics need not be told) that I shall not pretend to notice them all. Here and there, where one particularly striking occurs, it shall be observed and transcribed.

Verse 837.—Fallen like some hoary ash, &c.

This noble simile is supposed to be taken from two, of a like nature, in the Ilias; one of which occurs in the fourth book, (§. 482.) where Simoësius, extended on the ground, is compared to a poplar, felled by a woodman; and the other, in the thirteenth book (v. 389.) where Asius, pierced by the spear of Idomeneus, is represented as falling like an oak, or a *white poplar*, or a *lofty pine*. There is not, however, any other resemblance between this simile of our poet's, and the two, which have been cited as its prototypes, than what is to be found in their common subject—a prostrate tree: unless, indeed, it be, that in the latter of these Homeric similes the trees are described as being cut down with axes; and the *bipennibus* of the Roman bard, corresponds with the *πιλέκεσσι* of the Greek. Virgil seems rather in this instance to have looked to Apollonius; who, in his fourth book, likens the fall of the brazen Talus, as he is obstructing the landing of the Argonauts on Crete, to the fall of a lofty pine from the brow of a mountain. The passage in the Greek poet is very fine :

Αλλ' ᾧς τίς τ' ἐν ὅρεσσι πελωρίν ὑψόθε πεύχη,
 Τὴν τε θοοῖς πιλέκεσσιν ἔθ' ἡμιπλῆγα λιπόντες
 "Υλοτόμοι δευμοῖσι κατήλυθοι· οὐδὲ ὑπὸ νυκτὶ

Πιπήσιν μὲν πρῶτα τιάσσεται, ὥσπερ αὗτε
Πρυμνόθεν ἐξεσγεῖσα κατήριπεν.

1682.

As some tall pine, whose trunk immense half-cleft
Upon the heights the woodman's axe has left;
Shakes with the freshening of the night's loud blast;
Then, headlong, crashing, strews the ground at last.

F. WRANGHAM.

*Verse 851.—My sire, the first fond object of my care,
Whom first to Ida's height I fain would bear,
Refuses to survive his country's fate; &c.*

This new difficulty, in the great tragic drama, is admirably calculated to interest our passions; and the prodigy, by which it is overcome, is finely imagined. All that follows to the end of this book is in the highest strain of pathos and of poetry. The loss of Creüsa; the uncertainty of her fate; the anguish of the hero, which desperately engages him again in all the dangers which he had escaped; the appearance of her spectre, with her sublime and pathetic speech to appease and comfort him; the conflux of exiles to his place of rendezvous; and, finally, when every hope of successful attack on the enemy had ceased to exist, his yielding reluctantly to Fate, and retiring, with his father on his shoulders, to the strong holds of Ida, are all circumstances which very powerfully excite our attention and agitate our hearts.

BOOK III.

THIS book opens beautifully, and conducts us through a scene entirely different in character from that through which we have just passed. To give verisimilitude to his narrative, it is curious to observe the happy use which the poet has made of the materials supplied to him on this subject by tradition. Most of the facts, which he has poetically related, are to be found in the beginning of the history of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and there is scarcely one of them which was not attested by some ancient monument, or by a hint in some preceding writer. We cannot but be deeply interested in the fate of these noble exiles, who were departing finally from the ashes of their native city; and were launching on the deep in quest of a new home in some remote and unknown land, in submission to the mandates of the gods and under their immediate direction. This book is eminently distinguished by the learning, as well as by the poetry which it exhibits; and is not perhaps inferior to any in the whole poem. If it has been regarded less than it ought to be, the circumstance must be ascribed to its position between those two most pathetic and agitating books, the second and the fourth. But its situation is admirably adapted to the production of variety, and of a new species of entertainment.

Verse 26.—From my own name, Æneadæ I call.

This first establishment of the Trojan exiles, conducted by Eneas, on the coast of Thrace, is noticed by several Greek writers under the different names of Ænos, Ænia, and Æneadæ; which last appellation seems proper only for the inhabitants of the city.

Verse 31.—A mound stood near: thick cornels shagg'd its head; &c.

This prodigy of the bleeding myrtle, and the living corse of Polydorus, has been censured as too marvellous for the epic

Muse. But, with reference to the system of Pagan superstition, I cannot admit the propriety of the objection. The story of Polydore's murder, and the speech of his ghost, Virgil derived immediately from the Hecuba of Euripides. The ghost tells the same sad tale here and in the Grecian drama. In defense of this prodigy we may remark, that it was written for a people who did not refuse their belief to prodigies; and in whose histories they were frequently recorded. In the "Jerusalem Delivered" we find a bleeding and speaking tree: (x. 41.) and in Spenser a still closer imitation of Virgil's prodigy. F. Q. b. I. c. 2. s. 30, 31.

Verse 88.—Round it, in their accustomed pomp of woe, &c.

As the original leaves it doubtful whether the mourning matrons walked in procession round the tomb or stood encircling it, many critics have asserted that it was their custom on these occasions to stand, and to discover their grief by their immovability. I have translated the passage differently, and conceive myself justified by the procession of the mourners round the funeral piles, in the eleventh book.

Ter circum accensos—

Decurrere rogos :—ter mæstum funeris ignem

Lustravere, &c.

Dryden and Pitt understood the passage as I do—but Trapp follows the other interpretation; and De la Cerda with a great body of learning, and Heyne, are against me.

Verse 101.—. an island gems the central main.

Delos, anciently called Ortygia, an island in the centre of the Cyclades, was famous, in the mythology of Greece, as the birth place of Apollo and Diana; and was subsequently renowned by its temple, consecrated to the former object of Grecian worship, and by the annual concourse of all the religious delegates of Greece. In remote times it was said to have floated, and to have been overflowed by the sea. But, having supplied Latona with an asylum, when she was persecuted by Juno and in the pains of parturition, it was fixed by the grateful power of her son, the God

of the bow; who is therefore styled by Virgil in this passage, *pīus Arcitenens*. To this part of the fable Callimachus alludes in his hymn to Delos.

Καὶ τὰς μὲν κατὰ βένθος, οὐ' ἡπείροιο λάθωται,
Πρυμόθεν ἐρρέζωσε· σὲ δὲ οὐκ ἔθλιψεν ἀνάγκη,
Αλλ' ἄφετος πελάγεσσιν ἐπέπλεες—

34, &c.

‘Ηνίκα δέ Απόλλων γενέθλιον οῦδας ἐπέσχες,
Τότο τοι αὐτημοισὸν αλίπλοος ἔνομ’ ἔθευτο.
Οὐνεκεν ψύχετ’ ἀδηλος ἐπέπλεες, ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ πόντῳ
Κύμασιν Αἰγαίου ποδῶν ἐνεδήκαο ρίζας

51, &c.

This island is said to have obtained the name of Delos ($\Delta\tilde{\eta}\lambdaος$, manifest or visible) from the circumstance of its having suddenly emerged from the sea, with which in its erratic state it was covered, for the reception of Latona. Its other name of Ortygia, is derived from "Ορτυξ, a quail, in consequence of its abounding with those birds.

Verse 104.—To Gyaros and Myconus, &c.

Gyaro celsā Myconoque revinxit, written in the common editions, *Mycone celsā Gyaroque revinxit*; by which placing of the names, the epithet, *celsā*, is improperly attached to Myconus (viciously written Mycone) which, according to the report of modern travellers, is all low ground; and taken from Gyaros, to which it appropriately belongs.

Verse 147.—My father spoke: &c.

When Anchises, misinterpreting the obscure response of the oracle, determined the course of the Trojan exiles to Crete, it seems strange that Æneas should not remember what the ghost of Creüsa had told him of his destined establishment in Italy, upon the banks of the Tiber. It may perhaps be said in vindication of the poet, that the mind of the hero might be so agitated, by the appearance of the spectre, as not to recollect the prediction

till subsequent events had recalled it to his mind. If this defense of the poet's conduct in this instance can be admitted as specious, it cannot be regarded as altogether satisfactory.

Verse 152.—O'er the rich realm a hundred cities spread.

In the *Ilias*, (*B. 649.*) we find Crete denoted as Κρήτη ἑκατόμπολις, the hundred-citied Crete; and in the *Olysses* (*v. 172.*) as having only ninety: a discrepancy which, by those who contend that these poems are the productions of different authors, might be adduced for the support of their opinion. The passage, to which I refer in the *Olysses*, shall be cited, as it was probably present on this occasion to Virgil's mind.

Κρήτη τις γαῖ ἐτί, μέσω ἐν οἴνοπι πάντω
Καλὴ καὶ πίκρα, περίγρυπτος· εὐ δὲ ἀνθεποντι
Πολλοὶ ἀπειρόσιοι, καὶ ἐνηκούτα πόληες.

“Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:”

is the inadequate translation by Pope.

*Ver. 288.—Where, since the board of Phineus was denied,
Celæno and her Harpy flock reside.*

The Harpies (whose name, expressive of their rapacity, is derived from the Greek verb *αρπάζω* rapio) are differently described by the poets of Greece; and we find them not uniformly represented on the gemis and coins of antiquity. In the *Ilias* (*v. 150.*) we have a Harpyie, Podarge, who, breeding by Zephyrus, produces the immortal horses of Achilles: and in the *Theogonia* of Hesiod (265) the Harpies are the progeny of Thaumas by Electra, the daughter of Oceanus; are called Aello and Ocypete, and are described as having wings and beautiful hair, and without any attribute of deformity. But Virgil derived his Harpies immediately from the second book of the *Argonautics* of Apollonius (188). They were sent by Jupiter for the punishment of Phineus, king of Bithynia; who had been previously blinded by the god, in resentment of his daring disclosure

of the divine counsels. The wretched condition of the royal prophet is very powerfully described by Apollonius. On the arrival of the Argonauts on his coast, the miserable king is delivered from his persecutors by Zetes and Calaïs, the winged sons of Boreas, who, driving the monsters to the islands called Plotæ, are there commanded by Iris to discontinue their pursuit. From this circumstance, of the pursuers thence turning back, these islands derived their subsequent name of Strophades. But I am going out of my province, and giving trite information which is at every person's hand in the classical dictionary of Lempriere, or in any school-book which treats of the Grecian mythology.

Zetes and Calaïs, the sons of Boreas, called by the poet the Monarch of the Winds, are noticed by Pindar in his fourth Pythian.

..... καὶ γὰρ ἔκων
Θυμῷ γελανεῖ θᾶσσον ἔγ-
τυνεν βασιλεὺς ἀνέμων
Ζήταν Κάλαχι τε πατὴρ Βορέας
Ἄνδρας πτεροῖσιν νῶτα πε-
Φρίκοντας ἄμφω πορφυρέοις.

321, &c.

*Verses 359.—And now Zacynthos lifts her crown of trees:
Dulichium, Samè rise above the seas;
And Neritos, &c.*

These islands, as they are now included in the name of the Ionian Isles, have risen in British interest, since, in consequence of the varying fortunes of a most extraordinary, and, in some essential respects, a most calamitous war, they have become a part of the widely extended British empire. The names of these seven associated islands are Zante (Zacynthus) Cephalonia; Corfu (Corcyra and the Homeric Phœacia) Cerigo (Cythera) Santa Maura (Lencas) Ithaca and Paxo. Cephalonia is mentioned by our poet under the name of Samè, from its principal city.

Verse 372.—At Actium celebrate the games of Troy.

Having brought his hero to the coast of Acarnania, it was to be expected that Virgil would not omit the opportunity of distinguishing Actium, near the promontory of which was fought the naval battle between Octavianus and M. Antonius, which gave the empire of Rome to the former. At Actium were celebrated quinquennial games, as Strabo informs us, under the presidency of the Lacedæmonians, the antiquity of which was considerable. On the opposite side of the Ambracian gulf, in commemoration of his victory, Augustus founded the city of Nicopolis, the inhabitants of which he invested with considerable privileges: and near to it he instituted also quinquennial games, with the common name of *Ludi Actiaci*.

Verse 389.—Here Fame reports, to startle our belief, &c.

This episode, of the meeting of Æneas with Helenus and Andromache, is interesting and pleasing in a very high degree. It was not wholly a creation of our poet's: for Dionysius of Halicarnassus (I. 51.) relates that Æneas, having arrived at Buthrotus, a port of Epirus, went with a select part of his forces two days' journey from the coast, for the purpose of consulting the oracle of Dodona; and that he there found Helenus with his Trojans. In this account Dionysius followed, no doubt, some of the earlier writers of Greece; and Varro, as he is cited by Servius, reports nearly the same circumstances. With the materials thus ready to his hand, Virgil constructed the beautiful episode now before us, by which the best affections of the human heart are very powerfully engaged and delighted. The circumstance, of Æneas finding Andromache offering at the cenotaph of Hector, is most happily conceived; and what passes at the unexpected interview is told so forcibly and with so much of the truth of nature, as most strongly to excite the sympathies of our hearts. When Andromache refers to the loss of Creüsa on the fatal night of Troy's destruction, it has been asked how she could become acquainted with this fact in a state of captivity as she was, and distantly sundered, till the present moment, from Æneas and the

Trojans who had escaped with him. To me there seems to be no difficulty in the case. The loss of Creüsa, the daughter of Priam and the wife of Æneas, must have been known to several of the Greeks; and by some of them it would naturally be communicated to their Trojan captives; if, indeed, these were not more immediately informed of it. We must recollect that the hero traversed the city with the hope of recovering her; that he even saw the captives in the portico of Juno's temple; that he made the streets repeatedly re-echo with her name. Is it possible then, or at least probable, that her loss should be unknown to all the Greeks; to all the Trojans yet surviving in the town; or to a princess so nearly connected with her as Andromache, who, when the tumult of her distress had subsided, would inquire, with natural solicitude, about the fate of every member of that royal family to which she belonged? The hemistic *Quem tibi jam Troja*, in which the sense as well as the verse is imperfect, has exercised the ingenuity of more than one to supply it; and the attempts, as is well known, have most egregiously failed. Many years ago, as this page of the Æenis was under my eye, it occurred to me in my idleness that the verse, with perfect reference to the place which it occupies, might be thus made out:

Quem tibi, jam Trojà incensâ, deus obtulit orbum.

and when I reflect on it, even at this distance of time, I cannot discover any objection to which the proposed supplement is fairly exposed. The expression of *deus adpulit oris*, occurs in the line next but one before it; and, in the wanton indulgence of conjecture, we might almost suppose that Virgil had written the verse as it is here supplied; and then, erasing that portion of it which too nearly resembled what so closely preceded, had left it thus defective; and, in the interest of his subsequent progress, had eventually forgotten it. *His nugis da veniam, lector.*

Verse 422.—O ! happy she ! the Priameian maid !

Polyxena, the beautiful daughter of Priam, according to the story adopted by the dramatic poets of Athens, was beloved by Achilles; and, being affianced to him, was innocently the occasion of his death: for on the day appointed for their nuptials, he was treacherously slain, in the temple of Apollo Thymbræus in

Troy, by Deiphobus and Paris. After the taking of Troy, the ghost of the hero requires the immolation of his virgin-bride ; and she is accordingly slain, with all the rites of sacrifice, on his tomb by his son Pyrrhus. This event constitutes much of the pathos of that most affecting tragedy, the Hecuba of Euripides ; in which the dignified and modest demeanour of the royal victim at her death is admirably related. If the speech of Talthybius, containing the narration in question, were not too long for a note, I would translate it for the amusement of my English readers.

*Verse 462.— Them in wide porticoes the monarch treats.
We in the regal hall our banquet hold : &c.*

The 353d, 354th, and 355th lines of the original *Illos porticibus rex adcipiebat in amplis, &c.* have been suspected by Jacob Bryant as suppositions, in consequence, as he imagined, of their irrelevancy and ill-agreement with the verses to which they are united. In this opinion I can by no means concur : for the lines in question appear to me to be highly proper, if not indispensably necessary, in the place where they are stationed. They conclude, indeed, as Heyne has observed, rather weakly, with *paterasque tenebant* : and in this instance discover the want of the great Poet's last polishing hand. But not to notice the hospitality of Heleus, as it extended generally to his countrymen thus fortuitously brought to his new kingdom, would certainly have been a culpable omission ; and this notice is conveyed in the lines which are the subjects of our remark. To give them their just and full sense however, it is absolutely requisite to correct *libabant* into *libamus*, and *tenebant* into *tenemus*, and thus to confine their reference to Aeneas and his chiefs ; as the Trojan common men could not be supposed to have been feasted in the palace and to have drunk out of gold. No commentator, as far as I know, has taken notice of this passage ; and all the translators, whom I have consulted, have either, to avoid the absurdity, unfaithfully evaded it ; or, by adhering as honestly as they could to the present text, have presented us with strange stuff. Let us attend for instance to Trapp, who prides himself on his fidelity, and has followed the text as it now stands :

*Nor less the Trojans share the friendly town :
Them in large stately rooms the king receives*

In the mid court: they feast with bowls of wine;
With massy plate, and banquets served in gold.

Here we must remark that *large stately rooms* are not the just representatives of the original *porticibus amplis*, and are substituted only for the purpose of according with *the mid court*, in which the Trojans (or the Trojan host,) are said to feast upon golden plate!! To me it appears most evident that the common Trojans were entertained by the king in the large public porticos of the town, whilst their chiefs were feasted with royal magnificence within the palace. It cannot for a moment be supposed that the crews of twenty ships, or even a large proportion of them, would be received into the palace, and treated with so much state; and we know that the Grecian cities were generally adorned with these public porticos, which were so admirably adapted to the indulgence of this extensive hospitality. I feel assured therefore, that the sense conveyed by my translation was that which was intended by Virgil: and that, consequently, *libamus* and *tenemus* must be substituted for *libabant* and *tenebant*. At least, (as Bentley would say on a similar occasion) if Virgil wrote the verses as they now stand, he ought to have written them as they are now corrected.

Ver. 508.—Shall see a swine whom thirty young surround,
The dam and offspring all of snowy white; &c.

This circumstance of the white sow with her thirty white offspring, as well as that of the Trojans devouring their tables, which may appear to some readers as beneath the dignity of epic song, are related by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, on the authority, as cannot be doubted, of antecedent writers; and we may conclude that they were the subjects of some ancient traditions. Our poet, therefore, very properly seized on them for the purpose of authenticating his poem with the semblance of historic veracity. We must observe, also, that he founded the whole body of the Æneis on the popular superstition of his countrymen, with its Fates, its vicious gods, its omens, prodigies, visions, dreams, ghosts, and signs. His machinery was not introduced for the sole object of poetic embellishment: but to impart to his work a religious character; and thus to give it currency among those to whom it was addressed, with the impression of the most

awful truth. What may tend to lower it in our eyes was calculated to raise and dignify it in those of the Romans. When we read the *Aeneis*, this design of the great Poet's should be always within our view. From the white sow and her thirty young the city of Ascanius, Alba Longa, is said to have derived its name.

Verse 649.—Epirus Italy in love embrace ; &c.

This affectionate wish, for the union and amity of these two countries, was but ill fulfilled by the subsequent events recorded in history; for, not to mention the wars between Pyrrhus and the Romans, it must not be forgotten that, after the battle of Pydna, Paulus *Æmilius*, with the most execrable fraud and barbarity, seized, in one day and in profound peace, on seventy cities of the devoted Epirus; and, resigning them to plunder, sold one hundred and fifty thousand of their inhabitants for slaves! In the time of our poet indeed, from its connexion with Actium and Nicopolis, Epirus had accidentally risen in Roman estimation; and this might be sufficient to justify his allusion to the future friendship of the two countries. In any event, the wish was most proper to be expressed by the pious and grateful hero at this moment of his departure from his hospitable friends.

Verse 653.—We sail, till near us the Ceraunia rise ;

The Ceraunia or Acroceraunia are some of the highest mountains in Epirus, and derived their ancient name from *κέραυνος* (thunder,) in consequence of their summits being exposed, by their peculiar loftiness, more especially to the stroke of the thunder-storm. They are now called Monti della Chimera. Other high mountains, such as Taurus, were called, by the ancients, Cerannia.

Verse 717.—(Tarentum glorying in Herculean fame,) Hinc sinus Herculei (si vera est fama) Tarenti,

Many conjectures, have been offered by the commentators respecting the epithet, Herculeum, attached in this place by Virgil to Tarentum: but none of them are satisfactory; and the Poet, by his parenthetical *si vera est fama*, seems to allude to

some traditionary connexion, between the hero and the city, the memory of which is now lost. Phalanthus, who led thither the Partheniae, (or the illegitimate offspring of the Spartan women, begotten during the absence of their husbands at the siege of Mossene,) and who was a sort of second founder of Tarentum, is said by Servius, to have been of the family of Hercules, which was then possessed of the throne of Sparta. But, admitting this to be the fact, Phalanthus and his followers were of too late a date, and their expedition was of too much historic certainty to allow them to be received in explanation of this Virgilian verse. Hercules, as we know, was honored by the Terentines as their tutelary divinity. A colossal statue in bronze, the workmanship of Lysippus, was consecrated to him by their tasteful devotion; and his image was stamped upon their coins.

*Verse 746.—Deep within cliffs the port itself immured
Sleeps, &c.*

Denon, who visited Sicily in 1778, says, “ Whilst we were waiting for the uncovering of Ætna, I made a little excursion, on the side of Iaci, to the port where Homer has placed the landing of Ulysses, and which bears the name of Porto d’Ulysse. Homer made choice of a very miserable spot for the reception of his hero, or the lava, with which it is enveloped, has greatly changed its form. Virgil has been happier in the description which he has given of the landing of Æneas on the coast of the Cyclops. It seems as if he had described it from nature; for that passage of his poem is the very picture of the Scoglio d’Iaci, near the castle of Iaci.”

*Verse 767.—But a strange horror through the night pre-
vails.*

In this circumstance, of a body of men being driven in the night upon an unknown coast, in the neighbourhood of a volcano, with the phænomena of which they were unacquainted, and being alarmed with subterranean groans and bellowings of which they could not divine the cause, there is something very striking to the imagination; and we cannot but be affected by the subsequent picture of the wretched Achæmenides, rushing

out of a wood at early dawn, and presenting a figure of something between a living man and a ghost. The description of Ætna is highly poetic and noble; and the objections, which have been urged against it by Macrobius, and before him by A. Gellins, must be felt by every reader to be mere frivolous cavils, unworthy of any reputable author. As Trapp has expended on their refutation more time than their utter insignificance could justly claim, I will pass them without any further notice. It has been said that Virgil has here imitated Pindar; who, in his first Pythian, has drawn a very sublime portrait of the same great volcano. But each of the poets seems to have seen and described for himself. That the reader may form his own judgment on the subject, I will transcribe the passage in question of Pindar, with a translation of it by Mr. West.

..... κίνος
Δ' αὐγανίκη συνέχει,
Νιφόεσσ' Λίτα, πάνετες
Χιόνος ὀξεῖας τεθίνα.
Τᾶς ἐρεύγονται μὲν ἀπλά-
τεν πυρὸς αἰγυνέταταί
Ἐκ μυχῶν παγαὶ πεταμοί
Δ' αἱμέραισιν μὲν προχέοντες βόον καπνῷ
Αἴθων· ἀλλ' ἐν ὅρφικισιν πέτρας
Φοίνισσα κυλινδομένος φλὸς εἰς βαθεῖ-
αν φέρει πόντα πλάκα σὺν πατάγῳ.
Κεῖνο δ' Ἀφαίσοι κέρουνος ἐρπετὸν
Δεινοτάτης ἀναπέμ-
πει τέρας μὴν θυμητον προσιδέ-
σθαι· θυμητὸς δὲ καὶ παχεόν-
των ἀκεῖσαι, &c. &c. 36. 51.

I am inclined to think that in sublimity the Ætna of the Greek poet excels that of the Roman. The pillar of heaven, the nurse of intensely cold (*οξεῖας*) snow; the fiery rivers pouring out torrents of inflamed smoke; the red flame whirling rocks into the profound sea; and the monster ejecting the most tremendous whirlpools of fire, are images of the highest poetry and of almost matchless magnificence. But I promised Mr. West's translation and here it is:

Now under sulphurous Cum'a's sea-bound coast,
 And vast Sicilia's lies his shaggy breast ;
 By snowy Aetna, nurse of endless frost,
 The pillar'd prop of heaven, for ever press'd :
 Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
 Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
 And veil in ruddy mists the noon-day skies,
 While wrapp'd in smoke the eddying flames aspire ;
 Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar,
 Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.
 But he, Vulcanian monster, to the clouds
 The fiercest, hottest inundations throws, &c.,

Verse 863.—These the sole solace that his ills afford.

Lanigeræ comitantur oves : ea sola voluptas,
Solamenque mali.

In the greater number of the most authentic MSS., this hemistic is left un supplied : but in some (and these are generally followed in this instance by the printed copies) the verse is completed with *de collo fistula pendet*. On the admission of this supplement as Virgilian, I would not hesitate to connect it, by the punctuation, with *ea sola voluptas*, &c. : thus regarding his pastoral pipe as the sole pleasure and solace of the blind Cyclops. But, with Heyne, I have retained the hemistic ; as, upon the whole view of the case, I am disposed with him to consider the supplementary part of the verse as an interpolation. If this addition to the picture were to be preserved, I would arrange my translation as follows :—

And, the sole solace that his ills afford,
 His pipe, that oft would lull his pains to rest,
 Strung round his neck, depended on his breast.

Dryden has followed the Delphin, and the majority of the printed copies, in his translation ; but has differed from his original in the place assign'd in the description to the pipe, giving it the precedence of the sheep, and degrading it into a whistle—

His ponderous *whistle* from his neck descends :
 His woolly care their pensive lord attends :
 This only solace his hard fortune sends.

Lauderdale has the pipe ; without making it, however, its master's solace :

A pipe hung round his neck : his fleecy train
 Attends, the sole delight, which soothed his pain.

Trapp also admits the pipe ; but attaching *ea sola voluptas* to the sheep, he appropriates the instrument as the *solamen mali*.

..... His woolly sheep attend his walk,
 (These were his sole delight;) and from his neck
 His pipe hangs down, the solace of his woe.

And, lastly, Pitt, in two indifferent lines, which are somewhat defective in grammar, follows Trapp in his disposition of the *voluptas* and the *solamen* :

His flock attends ;

(the translator had before described the Cyclops as advancing *amid his sheep* :)

..... the only joy he knows :

His pipe around his neck, the solace of his woes.

I believe, indeed, that Virgil finished his description with *Langeræ comitantur oves* : to which *ea sola voluptas*, &c. was afterwards rather awkwardly attached ; and not in strict consistency with grammar.

Verse 911.—And the Geloan fields afar we see,
With Gela's towery pride :

Inmanisque Gela fluvii cognomine dicta. I cite this line of my author solely for the purpose of remarking that the illustrious Porson, (as appears from his miscellaneous criticisms lately edited by Mr. Kidd,) thus corrected it: *Inmanisque Gela fluvio cognomine dicta*—Mr. Barker, who pointed my attention to this circumstance, informs me also that the same correction had been suggested by my friend, Dr. Parr, before the publication of Mr. Kidd's volume. Though not sanctioned, as I can find, by any MS. this reading is unquestionably the most elegant ; and consequently that which may be regarded as the genuine. Different interpretations have been assigned to *Inmanis*, in this

application of it. As Gela does not appear, from any ancient author, to have been remarkable for its magnitude, I conceive that the epithet refers to the celebrity of this city in Sicilian history, as it was the birth-place of some great men, who distinguished themselves on the throne of Syraeuse. Hiero I., Thrasylus, and Gelon were natives of Gela. The epithet of "palmosa" given, in v. 705, to Selinus was, no doubt, justified by the groves of palms which, in the time of Virgil, covered the plains contiguous to the city. On these plains, at present, nothing is to be seen, according to the testimony of Denon, but the dwarf palm, (or the chamaerops,) which resembles in nothing, but the name, the date-bearing palm of the east. It is scarcely necessary to inform my reader that Acragas, (*Agrigentum*, the modern *Girgenti*) with all the other Greek cities in Sicily, was founded at a period subsequent to the days of Eneas. The Poet would not venture to take a similar liberty with respect to the introduction of Syracuse on this occasion; as the relatively modern foundation of this noble city was more popularly known.

Verse 922.—Here,

My dear Anchises, worn with years, I lost:

When Virgil thus places the death of Anchises in Sicily, he follows the story as it was related by more than one antecedent writer; and the tomb of this reputed ancestor of the Julian family was shown at Drepanum during many of the succeeding ages. That a variety of accounts, respecting an event buried in the depths of fabulous antiquity, should be found in different authors, is a circumstance which ought not to surprise us: it is sufficient that our poet had abundant authority to justify the fact as he relates it; and nothing surely could be more opportune for the purposes of the poem than the death of the hero's father at this particular juncture. How embarrassing at Carthage would have been the presence of the prudent and pious old man, must be immediately obvious to every reader. Under the eyes of the paternal sage, the amour of the son and the Tyrian queen could not have been conducted; and if this had not been effected, the poem would have been deprived of one of its chief ornaments. It might still perhaps have been a sparkling diadem: but its front jewel would have been wanting.

BOOK IV.

ON the pre-eminent beauty and excellence of this book, it would be altogether superfluous to insist: for they must be immediately obvious to every eye which peruses it; and the heart which can be insensible to their effect, must be dead to the impression of one of the most forcible and striking delineations of human passion which has ever been conceived by the mind or executed by the hand of a poet. The high estimation, in which this part of the Æneis was held by the contemporaries of its author, is sufficiently intimated by Ovid, not only in those well known lines

*Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo fædere junctus amor:*

but by his professed imitation of it in his epistle of Dido to Æneas: in which he plays upon a flageolet, while Virgil is sounding a trumpet. My notes on this book will be few and short; as the passion, of which it wholly consists, can require no commentary to lead it to the heart; and as the reader would have reason to resent the attempt, to direct or to influence his judgment, if I were to affect to point his observation to the leading beauties of the composition, or to discover to him in particular places the exquisite art and mighty power of the poet. I will only in general remark, that all the speeches of the unhappy queen, from that in which she timidly discloses her love to her sister to those in which she pours her execrations on her faithless lover and with which she terminates her life, are masterpieces of composition, and show the triumph of the poetic power. Nature, genuine Nature, frail, it is true, but yet sublime, prevails in them from the first to the last. Her voice is given to her by the Muses: she is dressed by the Graces; she acts under the omnipotence of Love; and she is armed by Nemesis and the Furies. The majestic and impassioned Dido commanding all

the great interest of the scene, the affectionate and the faithful Anna, who must be the object of our love, is discovered only in a subordinate character; and, when we are recovered from the convulsing distress of the great tragic drama, we are desirous of knowing more of her. It gratifies us, therefore, to find her adopted as his subject, and brought forward to our inquiries and sympathy, by another favorite of the Muses, the copious and the tender Ovid. In his Fasti, this delightful poet has indulged us with the story of poor Anna's fortunes after the death of her beloved sister; and we follow with agitated feelings the unhappy princess as, driven from Carthage by the terror of Järbas, she wanders from land to land, till meeting Aeneas, (now possessed of the Latin throne) upon the coast of Latium, and being by him hospitably received, she is lost, after a short interval, in the Numicus, while she is flying from the causeless jealousy of Lavinia. FAST. iii. 543.

Ver. 11.—Anna! my Sister! ah! what dreams affright, &c.

Parts of this speech are shadowed out from Apollonius, who introduces Medea making a similar confession of her new love to her sister Chalciope. The effect of dreams on her agitated mind is mentioned by the Colchian princess; and it is undoubtedly a fine instance of a disturbed bosom.

The reasons for the indulgence of her passion, which are suggested to the love-sick queen in the reply of Anna, are very powerful, and such as might influence a woman, who was not, equally with Dido, prepared to admit them.

Verse 70.—First, they frequent the fanes, and peace implore, &c.

In this passage (to v. 115) the effects of love are inimitably described; and it requires only to be read to be admired. *

Verse 153.—And the red plumage trembles on the line,

Dum trepidant alæ. It is surely surprising that many commentators, with Servius at their head, should consider *alæ* in this

passage as signifying the troops of horsemen, when in that sense *turmae* would be the appropriate word; when *trepidant*, for their interpretation, must be strained a little from its direct meaning; (for *trepido*, when applied to animals, always implies the idea of alarm;) and when, above all, the most ready and simple explanation of the expression is at hand in the practice, familiar to the ancient huntsmen, of tying scarlet feathers to the upper line of their nets, for the purpose of scaring the inclosed animals, and of thus preventing them from leaping over the toils. This hunting artifice, (when deer, at least, were the game,) is too well known to every classical reader to require the adduction of authorities for its support. In the last book of this poem, (l. 750) it is made the subject of still more distinct reference.—*Cervum-puniceæ septum formidine pennæ.*

In my former translation of this passage, I had omitted some of the specific circumstances of my original, and had thus been guilty of that sin of slurring, in which my predecessors, Dryden and Pitt, not infrequently indulge, but of which I cannot accuse myself in any other instance. Having here corrected this offense; I now stand accountable to my author for one violation less of his majestic and sacred muse.

*Ver. 186.—In choral symphonies, around his shrine,
Thessalians, Cretes, and painted Scythians join.*

This assemblage of different nations, hymning the praises of the Delian god and dancing around his altar, presents a pleasing picture to the imagination. The sacred delegation, or the *theoria*, sent annually to Delos by the Hyperboreans, (the *Agathyrsi* of Virgil) is an historic fact, which is very generally known. Callimachus, in his hymn to Delos, has referred to it. Milton has happily availed himself of it in his poem, addressed to Manso, in which he has very skilfully converted the Θυγατέρες Βορέων, (the daughters of Boreas) of the Greek poet into British nymphs. The passage is so beautiful that the reader will thank me for inserting it.

*Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Fluventes spicas et lutea mala canistris,*

Halantemque crocum, (perhibet nisi vana vetustas,) Misimus; et lectas Druidum de gente choreas. Gens Druidum antiqua, sacris operata deorum, Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta canebat. Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu, Delo in herbosâ, Graiae de more pueræ Carminibus lætis memorant Corineïda Loxo, Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecuërgé, Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuso.

We too have bow'd to Phœbus, and, of old,
Our blushing orchards and our fields of gold,
If ancient lore be true, have heap'd his shrine,
Brought by the sisters of the Druid line.

(The hoary Druid, in harmonious praise,
Hymn'd the bless'd gods, and sung heroic days.)
Hence round the festal altar, hand in hand,
The Grecian maids, on Delos' flowery strand,
To Loxo, Upis the prophetic fair,
And Hecuërgé with the golden hair,
Whose painted breasts their British birth betray,
Swell the glad chorus and exalt the lay.

C. S.

Verse 208.—Earth first and conscious Juno gave the sign :

This consummation of the unhappy queen's love is related in the finest spirit of poetry. The nuptial goddess, Juno, presides over the scene: earth and air give ominous presage of the fatal consequences: the hymeneal torches are supplied by lightning; and the nuptial song is formed by sounds of ghostly lamentation, and the howlings of the Oreades or mountain nymphs. The peculiar modesty of the passage has frequently been made the subject of praise.

Verse 219.—Fame, the most fleet of mischief's progenies :

This personification of Fame has often been censured as extended to too great a length; and, perhaps, though in the original the description occupies only fifteen verses, we might wish

that it had been somewhat shorter. But the part assigned to the monster is important; and the poetry, in which she is represented, is so admirable, that he must be an unrelenting critic indeed who, as he reads, can consent to blot out a line of it.

The hint of the phantom, and nothing more, was suggested to Virgil by the Eris of Homer. Fame had been previously deified by the Grecians, and there was an altar, as we find from Pausanias, consecrated to her at Athens.

Ver. 322.— Bound from the land which gave his mother birth,

He steers his wing between the skies and earth.

In the common editions of the *Aeneis* there are three verses in this place which I have only hinted in my translation, and which are regarded as spurious by Heyne.

*Hand aliter terras inter cælumque volabat ;
Litus arenosum Libyæ ventosque secabat,
Materno veniens ab avo Cylenia proles.*

On the inutility of these lines, the offensive rhyme with which two of them conclude, and the objections to which they are altogether exposed, it may be unnecessary to remark. By a most happy substitution of *legebatur* for *secabat*, Bentley did much for their improvement: but I concur with Heyne in thinking that it would be best to expunge them. I will transcribe Trapp's note on this passage, as there is something in it which is rather whimsical. “ *Volabat* and *secabat* in the original (v. 256, 257.) make a scurvy rhyme, which I wish had been altered; as well as two or three more in the *Aeneis*. And here I cannot but take notice, that, in all this translation, I never met with above half a dozen accidental rhymes to disturb me, which to me is an argument against that way of writing; since those jinglings do not naturally fall in, but must be hunted after!!” Poor rhyme is here very scurvily treated by the honest professor; and the argument, which is brought against its use, may fairly be urged in the case of him who employs it; but I am at a loss to conjecture how it can be applied to him who only reads it. As

justly might it be said that the possessor of a golden goblet could not be sensible of any value in his property, because much labor had been expended in obtaining, separating, and refining the ore; and much art in subsequently fashioning the metal into the splendid vessel out of which he was quaffing Champagne or Tokay. I wish, indeed, that I could contradict the worthy critic's assertion, that "rhyme does not naturally fall in, but must be hunted after!" I will confess that what, happily, so seldom disturbed Dr. Trapp in his translation, (which, according to his own statement, occupied him during a large portion of his life,) the troublesome and importunate intrusion I mean of rhyme, has never once been among the number of my complaints.

Verse 385.—The fierce triennial inroad of the god;

The tumultuous festival of Bacchus was celebrated in every third year; and Cithaeron, the mountain near to which stood Thebes, was the earliest and the principal scene of these frantic and licentious rites.

*Ver. 425.—Thus she: by Jove constrain'd, his eyes he held
Unmoved, and his love-faltering heart com-
pell'd:*

The conduct of *Aeneas* on this trying occasion, and his reply to this pathetic address of the much injured queen, discover, as must be confessed, too much hardness and insensibility to be quite forgiven, though he acts under the command of Jupiter. He assents with too little apparent reluctance to the mandate of the Olympian king; and we should have liked him more if his piety in this instance had been less. There is also in his speech, and especially at the close of it, a peculiar harshness, to which it is not easy for us to be reconciled. The task of Virgil, however, on this occasion was singularly difficult; and if he has not altogether succeeded in the attempt to make his hero at once amiable and obedient to the gods, his failure may reasonably be pardoned. Jupiter, as Dryden rather humorously remarks, must bear the blame of it: but Venus and Juno, who

first led the lady and the knight into the scrape, must come in for their share of the fault. There is, after all, a certain hardness in the manner of Æneas which cannot be entirely excused, and for which the Poet may be regarded as accountable. Intent upon the main object of his poem, and resolved, in this part of it, to excite our passions to their most intense degree, he was careless of these minuter delicacies; and was not perhaps desirous of softening down any of the roughnesses of effect.

Ver. 443.—But, from his Lycian and Grynean shrine, &c.

At Patara, in Lycia, and at Grynium, in the adjacent region of Æolis in Asia Minor, were oracles of Apollo, of very old and extensive repute; and hence the epithets in this passage of Lycian and Grynean. Neither of these oracles had immediately been consulted by Æneas: but they were the most celebrated of that god, who had directed the course of the Trojans to Italy; and they are here named as the best known, and of the highest dignity. The authority was the same from whatever oracle of the same god the advice or the injunction proceeded.

*Ver. 570.—This is my last request; and thou attend
My latest wish, and be to death my friend.*

This is a difficult passage in the original; and the common reading, *Quam mihi cum dederit, cumulatum morte remittam*, which is adopted by Ruæus, and followed by Dryden, Trapp, Pitt, and the whole host, as I believe, of translators, gives a meaning to which I cannot in any way reconcile myself: for surely, when Dido was solicitous by her fond message to delay at least the departure of her lover, it was a strange argument to induce his assent, to say that, after all, she would send him away loaded with her death. I have followed, therefore, the reading received on the best authority by Heyne, of *Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulatam morte remittam*, and thus addressed it, as an assurance of her sister's perpetual gratitude, to Anna. Which favor, when you shall have granted it to me, I will discharge with heaped measure when I die. Whether *morte* may not be rather harshly put for *usque ad mortem*, or *in morte*, I am not

quite certain, and will not pretend to decide: but of the meaning of the Poet I feel quite confident. .

*Ver. 594.—Now all subdued and by her fates appall'd,
Anxious, on death unhappy Dido call'd.*

Every reader of taste must be powerfully affected by the solemn melancholy, or rather the sublime horror which is thrown over the whole passage, from v. 450 to v. 473 in the original. The portents, the dreadful omen, the ghostly voice in the temple, the predictions of ancient prophets, the disturbed and miserable dreams of the devoted queen, are as nobly imagined as they are energetically expressed. The comparison of this victim of love, in the state to which she was reduced by such a fearful combination of circumstances, to Pentheus and Orestes as they were represented on the theatre in the paroxysm of their distraction, is certainly very fine. I cannot approve of the proposed substitution of *fatis* for *scenis* in v. 471, as in my opinion it would weaken the idea, and not correspond with the intention of the Poet; whose object was to impress us with the most forcible image of the queen's distraction, not by comparing it with the real madness of Pentheus and Orestes, but with the phrensy of these unhappy men as it was heightened and made more terrible by the genius of the dramatist. From the

*Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Visa viri*

of Virgil, Pope is supposed to have derived the thought which he has so admirably expressed in these lines of his Eloisa:

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls;
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
“Come! Sister, come!” it said, or seem'd to say,
“Thy place is here; sad Sister! come away!

* * * * *

I come! I come! &c.

But Pope in this instance seems to have borrowed immediately, not from Virgil but, from Virgil's imitator, Ovid; by whom the terrific grandeur of his original is lowered and flattened by expansion. The lines in question are in the epistle from Dido to Æneas.

*Hinc ego me sensi noto quater ore citari :
Ipse sono tenui dixit, Elissa ! veni !
Nulla mora est ; venio ! venio tibi debita conjux !
Sum tamen admissi tarda pudore mei.*

Another couplet in this epistle has suggested some of the fondnesses of the impassioned Eloisa.

*Si pudet uxor, non nupta sed hospita dicar.
Dum tua sit Dido, quidlibet esse feret.*

From another part of this exquisite effusion of Virgil's poetry,

..... *semperque relinqu*
Sola sibi : semper longam ineonitata videtur
Ire viam et Tyrios deserta querere terra.

Pope seems to have derived the idea, where Eloisa thus speaks of her melancholy dream :

Alas ! no more :—methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe:
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps ;
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.

*Ver. 692.—And then, to give the maddening power to move,
Robs the foal's forehead of its mother's love.*

The classic writers mention two species of hippocunes, both of which were regarded as powerful ingredients in philtres and poisonous potions. One of these was a tongue-like excrescence, sometimes seen on the forehead of a new-born foal, which, according to a popular notion (not yet extinct) the mare immediately seizes and eats ; or, if prevented in her design, refuses to

suckle her offspring. Hence, in this passage (the effect, in the poetic dialect, being substituted for the cause) it is called the *mother's love*. The other hippomanes was a fluid distilling from mares under a strong impulse of the procreative instinct: and of this Virgil speaks as of the true hippomanes.

*Hinc demum hippomanes, vero quod nomine dicunt
Pastores, lendum distillat ab inguine virus :
Hippomanes, quod saepe malæ legere novercæ ;
Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba.*

GEO. III. 280.

This species of the hippomanes is also noticed by Tibullus: (I. ii. c. 4.)

*Et quod, ubi indomitæ gregibus Venus afflat amores,
Hippomanes cupidæ stillat ab inguine equæ.*

That extraordinary man, Bayle, has published a dissertation (a learned one of course) on the subject of the hippomanes; and they, who are desirous, on such a topic, of information blended with entertainment, may find it in his work; which is attached to all the later editions of his wonderful dictionary.

Verse 704.—'Twas night; &c.

This description of a still night, and of the repose of nature contrasted with the sleepless and tumultuous agonies of the death-devoted queen, has been very generally admired; and the reader need not be informed that it is closely copied from a very fine passage in the Argonautics of Apollonius. The passage in question, with a translation of it by my friend, Mr. Wrangham, shall be transcribed.

Νῦξ μὲν ἔπειτ’ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ὄγεν κνέφας· οἱ δὲ ἐν πόντῳ
Ναῦται εἰς Ἐλίκην τε καὶ ἀσέρας Ὄριωνος
Ἐδρακον ἐκ νηῶν ὑπνοτὸ δὲ καὶ τις ὁδίτης
Ἡδη καὶ πυλαωρὸς ἐέλθετο· καὶ τινα παιῶν
Μητέρα τεθνεώτων ἀδειὸν περὶ κῶμος ἐκάλυπτεν.
Οὐδὲ κυνῶν ὑλαχὴ ἔτ’ ἀνὰ πηλὸν, καὶ θρόος ἦν

Ἡχήες· σιγὴ δὲ μελαινομένη ἔχει ὥρφυην.
Αλλὰ μάλ’ & Μίδεσαν ἐπὶ γλυκερὸς λάβει ὕπνος.

ARGON. iii. 743.

Now night o'er all her sable covering spread;
And from the deck his glance the seaman sped
Where wheels the Bear, or bright Orion glows:
The traveller now and watchman wooed repose.
E'en, where her clay-cold babes the mother wept,
O'er her dimm'd eyes the heavy slumber crept.
'Twas silence all: no tread of echoing feet,
Or barking dog disturb'd the midnight street.
But no sweet slumber seal'd Medea's eyes, &c.

If Virgil imitated in this instance, it must be confessed that he has greatly improved. His choice of images is more curiously select and better arranged than that of the Greek poet. I feel that, in the latter, the circumstance of the wretched mother falling asleep over her dead children, is rather too strong an exaggeration; and that, after this most forcible illustration of the power of sleep, it is an anticlimax to mention the silence of the dogs in the street, and the vague circumstance of there being no murmur of sounds, & θρόος ἦε Ἡχῆες. The remaining part, however, of this last verse is most beautiful: *σιγὴ δὲ μελαινομένη ἔχει ὥρφυην*.—“Silence occupied the black darkness.”

Trapp, in his note on this passage, has cited a very beautiful description of night from Lee's Theodosius. As it must please my readers, I will also transcribe it. Of the celebrated lines on the same subject in the Indian Emperor, by Dryden, my opinion is not much more favorable than that which is here given of them by the Oxford professor. They are in the worst style of their great author. But now Lee is to be exhibited. . .

‘Tis night, dead night, and weary Nature lies
So fast, as if she never were to rise.
No breath of wind now whispers through the trees:
No noise at land, nor murmur in the seas.
Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon:
Nor wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,

Nor bay the ghosts; which glide with horror by
To view the caverns where their bodies lie.
The ravens perch, and no presages give;
Nor to the windows of the dying cleave.
The owls forget to scream: no midnight sound
Calls drowsy echo from the hollow ground.

Ver. 869.—She drew—ah! not for this sad purpose given,
The Dardan sword: &c.

Many of the commentators suppose that this sword had been given by Dido to her lover, and by him left behind in his chamber, among the *thalamo refixa*, in the hurry of his departure. This opinion is espoused by Trapp, who assigns more than one reason why it could not be the gift of Aeneas. But all that can be urged, in the support of this strange notion, must be futile in opposition to the direct and obvious meaning of the words of Virgil. The sword in question was a *Dardan* sword, which had been solicited as a gift, not for the dreadful purpose of shedding the blood of the enamoured queen;—*Ensem DARDANIUM, non hos quæsitus munus in unius.* Not to observe that a *Dardan* sword was unlikely to be in the possession of Dido previously to the arrival of her Dardan guest, by whom could this weapon be solicited as a gift? If by Aeneas, the accompanying reflexion is something very like nonsense—for it could not possibly be imagined, that a sword, begged as a present by Aeneas, could any how be intended to become the instrument in Dido's hand of her own death. In the epistle, which I have already cited, Ovid speaks of this sword as a gift from the lover; (*Scribinus et gremio Troicus ensis adest, and subsequently, Præbuit Aeneas et causum mortis et ENSEM*) a gift which had been requested, no doubt, by the queen as a memorial of her hero's valor, and was perhaps the very sword with which he had so nobly, though ineffectually, contended against Fate and the gods for the rescue of his native city. That this present is not previously noticed by the Poet is a circumstance which has not the weight of a feather in the scale: for is it to be imagined that all, which passed in the fond intercourse of the lovers during the four or

five months of their being together, was intended to be related; or could indeed be detailed in the small compass of two or three hundred verses, destined also to much more important purposes? That the weapon, with which the queen slew herself, was given to her by her false lover, adds considerably to the pathos of the incident.

*Verse 943.—Proserpina had yet not shorn her head
Of the due lock, and doom'd her to the dead.*

I find this lock of devotement, as it may be called, no where mentioned by the classic poets, except in those lines of the Alcestis, in which Thanatus, (or Death) talks of approaching Alcestis, whom he was about to carry off as his victim, and cutting the lock which would be consecrated by his sword. Alces. 75. From Euripides, therefore, it is possible, as Macrobius asserts, that Virgil might have borrowed the hint of his fiction in the present instance: but it bears an obvious allusion to the sacrificial rite of culling the frontal hairs of the victim, and of throwing them into the sacred fire as a consecration or devotement of the beast to Jupiter Stygius or Pluto. The circumstance is most happily applied and ornamented by Virgil.

BOOK V.

AFTER the distress and stormy passion of the preceding book, that, which now opens, presents us with tranquil description and refreshes us with the cheerful spectacle of heroic games. These, indeed, nearly at their conclusion, are interrupted by an incident of an alarming nature. But the mischief is repaired: a scene of much beauty and repose succeeds; and we are gratified by seeing the hero landed, after all his toils, upon that coast which had so long fled before his pursuit; and brought within sight, as it were, of the place of his ultimate destination. The games are generally drawn after those in the twenty-third book of the *Ilias*: but they are varied by the hand of a master, and discover nothing of the tame servility of a copy. As a chariot race was ill adapted to the circumstances of the Trojans, crowded into small vessels in their passage over remote seas, and consequently not well supplied with chariots and with horses, (though of the latter, indeed, they were possessed) a galley race is substituted for the impracticable game, and we are, as I think, benefited by the substitution. In the galley race there is much novelty, various incident, and excitement of interest. The defeat of the boastful challenger, in the fight of the cestus, gratifies our wish of seeing insolence chastised: the prodigy which distinguishes the flight of the arrow of Acestes, is new and surprising; and the mock warfare of the equestrian boys (*the Lusus Trojae*) which is altogether the production of Virgil, is in a high degree entertaining. But though the games constitute the principal subject of this book, they do not occupy more than two thirds of it; and its remaining portion is appropriated to matter of a very different and a very important nature. The sacrifice at the tomb of Anchises; the burning of the Trojan ships; the apparition of Anchises to his son; the conference of Venus and Neptune; the exulting career of the god of the trident over the tranquillized waves, and the safe passage, under his protection, of Æneas to Cumæ, are circum-

stances of much interest and beauty. But, after all, I will confess that this book of the *Aeneis* is not one of my prime favorites. Its immediate situation, between the fourth and the sixth, is perhaps injurious to its effect. When the mind has been agitated with the pathetic, or elevated by the sublime, it will not be fully satisfied with any thing which leaves it in repose, and unremoved from its own natural level.

Ver. 51.—He, by his mother, was of Dardan blood;
The damsel teeming by Crimisus' flood:

Of the parentage of Acetes the fables of Greece do not altogether agree in their account. But he is mostly represented as the offspring of a noble Trojan lady, who, with her two sisters, having been delivered by Laomedon to some Sicilian pirates, was conveyed to Sicily, where she became pregnant by the river-god, Crimisus. The name of this river, as it may be cursorily remarked, is in many editions of Virgil erroneously written Crinisus; for in the Greek it is Κρίμισος; or Κρίμιστος. In the wild rhapsody of Lycophron, the god on this occasion is said to have changed himself into a dog, and the name of the girl's father to have been Phoenodamas, with whom the king was offended in consequence of his having contributed to the exposure of Hesione, the king's daughter, to the sea-monster. (v. Lycoph. Alex. l. 951.) These river-gods were amorous and prolific; and more than one of the Homeric heroes claimed them for their fathers. In much later times, the superstition, which at once gave belief to these intercourses, and suggested the means of their becoming prolific, was not wholly eradicated from the popular mind. The custom of maidens, previously to their marriage, bathing and offering their virginity to the god of the river, continued, as we know, to the most enlightened period of Greece: and Aeschines, in one of his letters, relates the circumstance of a young Athenian, named Cimon, who was his companion, having personated the god, Seamanter; and under this semblance having violated the beautiful Callirrhoë as she was making the accustomed offer to the sacred river. The story, which, as I believe, has been frequently cited, is to be found in the tenth letter of the Ath-

nian orator. In his time, at least, there were no doubts, as we may observe, respecting the existence or the course of the Scamander, which then remained invested with old and traditionary sanctity, derived, as there can be little question, from the times of “sacred Troy.” Whether the hot and the cold spring, to determine the site of this song-renowned city, were then discoverable, is more than I can decide: but I feel assured that Æschines could have ascertained the precise geography of the Troad, and have removed at once all those difficulties which have puzzled and baffled the researches of our modern travellers. Alexander would not have offered sacrifice at the tomb of Achilles on the shores of the Hellespont, if that hero had been the creature of fiction, or had fallen, according to Jacob Bryant’s most fanciful notion, upon the plains of Egypt. By an indulgence of the habit of scepticism, men may bring themselves to doubt of the existence of every thing, which is not obvious to their eyes or cannot be grasped with their hands. Though Homericallly sceptical, however, Jacob Bryant was a most firm believer, as is universally known, in all the truths of our holy religion. They, indeed, rest upon evidence which it is impossible for any learned and unprejudiced inquirer to reject. I am aware that doubts hang over the authenticity of these epistles of Æschines; and I am not prepared or disposed to defend it. But if they are forgeries, they are forgeries of an old date, and the circumstance of their being ancient (for nine of them were acknowledged and praised by Photius) will be sufficient for the greater part of my purpose in their adduction.

Ver. 115.—He ceased; when from the mound a serpent glides,

That on seven radiant volumes proudly rides:

This description of the serpent, that issued from the tomb of Anchises, is very fine and poetic: but it must be allowed to be greatly inferior to that of the serpent in the ninth book of the Paradise Lost. There indeed it was requisite for the poet to exert his powers of description, and to bring to our eyes with as much ornament as he could, that creature by whose imme-

diate agency the great catastrophe of the poem was effected, the disobedience of man and his expulsion from paradise.

..... and toward Eve
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground as since, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
 Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
 And lovely: &c.

P. L. ix. 495, &c.

*Ver. 277.—As the fleet dove, who, in the mossy breast
 Of a coved rock, broods fondling o'er her
 nest, &c.*

This is a most apt and striking similitude; and the first agitation of the galley, from the increased exertions of the rowers, with her subsequent smooth progress through the open sea, could not have been more happily illustrated. This simile also is unborrowed; and it is expressed in diction which is highly ornamented and picturesque. *Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas,* is a line of uncommon felicity, the full beauty of which cannot be transferred to our language. I have done what I could to do it justice: but, ah! *non lingua valet.*

*Ver. 352.—..... As doom'd to feel,
 On the mid road surprised, the crushing
 wheel; &c.*

The hint of this description of a wounded serpent seems to be taken from Lucretius: [iii. 657.] but it is finely improved, and enriched with new circumstances. As a simile it is perfectly original, and most strikingly illustrative of its subject.

Verse 534.—Dreadful in fight your brother Eryx stood.

Eryx was the son of Venus by Butes, and consequently was the maternal brother of Æneas. He was killed by Hercules in a combat with the cestus. His father was not the Butes who was vanquished by Dares at the tomb of Hector, but a more ancient Butes, the son of Amycus; who, when his father was slain by Pollux, fled to Sicily, and there enjoyed the embraces of the Goddess of love. Bodily prowess, with a fondness for the cestus, descended from father to son in this Bebrycian family, to whom their favorite pastime proved peculiarly fatal, for three of them, as it seems, perished by it. What would have been said and thought by our tender-hearted magistrates, who oppose so strenuously the rough sport of boxing with the naked fist, that consequence and encouragement of the manly spirit of the English, if they had witnessed the combat of the cestus, (a glove loaded with iron and lead) which was admitted by the Greeks as one of the games in their sacred celebrations at Olympia, at Delphi, at the Isthmus and at Nemea? and yet the Greeks were far from being a ferocious or cruel people. They abhorred and turned with disgust from the sanguinary exhibitions of the Roman amphitheatre; to some of which, perhaps, our savage amusements of cock-fighting, and bull-baiting, and bullock-hunting bear too near a resemblance. For bullock-hunting a *worthy* magistrate, as it appears from evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons, has been heard to profess his particular predilection,

*Verse 701.—On bitted steeds the boys, in just array,
Advance, &c.*

This mock-engagement of the noble youths, formed into martial squadrons, was in great request, under the name of *Ludus* or *Lusus Trojæ*, with the warlike Romans. By Augustus it was frequently exhibited; till it was discontinued in consequence of the complaint of Asinius Pollio, whose grandson Æsernius had

the misfortune to break his leg while he was acting his part in it. This we learn from Suetonius, v. Augus. 43.

*Ver. 837.—Till o'er the lofty banks and painted prows,
With torrent waves, the power of Vulcan
flows.*

This event, of the Trojan fleet set on fire by the Trojan women, is related by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, b. i. 5. How finely the disastrous circumstance has been heightened and ornamented by the Poet must be obvious to every reader of sagacity and taste. Two goddesses are introduced as the excitors of the crime; and the king of the gods himself as the agent, who over-ruled the progress of its pernicious consequences.

*Verse 1021.—Then, as he dared to check Pelides' course,
With gods unequal, and unequal force, &c.*

So little was Virgil aware that his hero could be exposed to the imputation of deficient valor, and so little was he desirous of investing his Æneas with any sort of super-human prowess, that in this passage, and in one in the preceding book, he has exhibited him as twice vanquished by the heroes of Greece. But the poet was sensible that his hero, as represented by Homer, was sufficiently great to be adequate to the station assigned to him in the *Æneis*. In the first conflict with Diomedes, Æneas was vanquished, not by the superior prowess but, by the good fortune of the adversary; for he is disabled by the blow of an enormous stone; and, as soon as his wound is healed, he is immediately seen in his place amid the foremost heroes of Troy. In his subsequent encounter with Achilles, he is confessedly inferior to his antagonist: but that antagonist was a most extraordinary man πάντων ἐπιτεγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν, and it was not more derogatory from the heroism of Æneas to be inferior in bodily strength to Achilles, than it was degrading to Achilles that even his prowess was not equal to that of Hercules. That Æneas confronted this terrible chief, when he burst in all his

rage upon the Trojans, was surely a sufficient evidence of the rank which he possessed as a hero in the age of heroes.

Verse 1035.—High o'er their tossing heads the monarch stands; &c.

This description of the prond career of Neptune over the sea, admirably fine as it is, must be acknowledged to be inferior to that in the thirteenth book of the Ilias. The picce, indeed, in Virgil is charged with more figures than in Homer; and the train of the god is more numerous, various, and grand: the whales and the sea-monsters attend as his homagers; the Tritons and the Nereids encircle him as the ornaments of his state and the immortal subjects of his sovereignty; while the whole expanse of heaven glows with sunshine over his head. But these added circumstances, which are perfectly in harmony with the plan of Virgil, would have been at variance with that of Homer: for by the former, the god is represented in the quiet exercise of his dominion, when all the pomp of his placid royalty would naturally be displayed: but by the latter, he is exhibited as enraged, and as rushing, in solitary power, to contend against the Trojans and Jupiter. Under such circumstances to inumber him with the attendance of his vassal gods and goddesses would have been grossly injudicious; and if the aspect of the heavens had been noticed, it must have been described as scowling and black. But the lines of the Greek poet are imimitably beautiful; and the whole passage, of which it constitutes the concluding part, is of unrivalled sublimity; superior, as I think, to any thing even in the wonderful Ilias. The wide vision of the god from the summit of Samothrace; the trembling of the forests and the mountain beneath his feet, as he rushes in fury from his high station; the four strides which bring him to his golden palace in the depths of the sea at *Aegae*; the brazen-footed and golden-manned horses which he harnesses to his golden chariot, imperishable alike with the steeds; and lastly his passage over the dividing billows, as it is described in the following verses, form in their combination such a grand picture as is not probably to be equalled in all the productions of poetry.

Βῆ δὲ ἐλάσσην ἵππον κύματα· ἄταλλες δὲ κόπτεις ὑπὸ αὐτῶν
Πάσοδεν ἔχει κευθυντήν, οὐδὲ πηγοίστεν ἀνακταί·
Γηδοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα διέσατο· τοῖς δὲ ἐπέτοιτο
‘Ρίμφα μάλ’, οὐδὲ ὑπένεργε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων.

v. 27.

His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep:
The enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in awkward measures play,
The sea, subsiding, spreads a level plain;
Exults and owns the monarch of the main:
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

POPE.

Fond as I generally am of Pope, I cannot say much in praise of the translation which I have cited; for, in truth, it is altogether an indifferent composition, diffuse, and faithless as well to the thoughts as to the character of his original. But that Dryden has treated Virgil still more scrupulously, will, perhaps, be apparent from the following quotation of his version.

His *funny* team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws;
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides:
Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
And the smooth ocean rolls *her* silent tides.
The tempests fly before their father's face:
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monster whales before their master play;
And choirs of Tritons crowd the watery way.
The marshal'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left the gods his better side
Inclose; and on the left the Nymphs and Nereids ride.

Ver. 1065.—To thee he comes: to thee upon his wings
A dire repose, O Palinurus! brings.

In this narration of the death of Palinurus we may observe how the poet can elevate and ornament any subject. Exhausted

by watching, the Trojan pilot is overcome with sleep, and falls from the steerage into the sea. This is the simple fact, and thus it would be told in prose. But when this accident is made the subject of the poet, the death in question is foretold and claimed, as an atonement for the whole Trojan host, by one god; and is accomplished by the immediate agency of another. At the predestined time, Sleep descends silently from the stars, assumes the form of one of the pilot's friends, and endeavours to persuade him to resign for awhile the government of the ship, and to refresh himself with repose. When his arguments, to seduce the faithful pilot from his duty, proved ineffectual, the fraudulent god strikes the temples of his victim with a branch dipped in Styx and Lethe, and, having thus at last subdued him, falls on him and plunges him, with the still grasped rudder, into the waves. I cannot see what there is in this account to justify Spence, when he asserts that it "is in the strong oriental taste," and charges it as inconsistent with the account of his own death given by Palinurus in the subsequent book. He had fallen into the sea, without any consciousness of the divine agency by which he had been overcome, and, buoyed by the rudder, he had floated to the coast of Italy, where he was murdered by the barbarous natives. Surely then with perfect consistency might he tell *Aeneas* that no god had been the cause of his death, and that Phoebus had not predicted falsely respecting his arrival in Italy. Dead slumber had instantly followed the effusion of the Lethean dews; the god, Sleep, had not killed him: and he had reached Italy. Spence was an elegant, though not a profound scholar: but the intimacy of Pope raised him into too much consequence; and his celebrity made him too self confident and presuming as a critic. Very few of his critical observations have I found to be just, or to be worthy of much attention. Many men, beside Tom Warton, have been spoiled by too much accidental and disproportional celebrity. Designed to be laborers, they are indeed to become architects, and thus to lose reputation as the combiners of materials, when they might have preserved regard as the diggers and the hewers. Thank Heaven, I am not likely to be hurt in this way; or to be corrupted with inordinate praise! With respect to the political object of the *Aeneis*, Spence herded in opinion with the crowd of his

times; but his name can give no additional strength to the party which he espoused. The death of Palinurus, as it may be observed, was an event which demanded the attention of the poet, and asked for his adorning hand. The pilot of Æneas was a character of dignity; and his death happens at the important crisis when the hero was within sight of Italy and just about to attain the object of his long pursuit.

*Ver. 1099.—. and, seising her command,
Through the dark ocean steers with dauntless
hand :*

In this place there is a difficulty, which, as far as I can recollect, has not been noticed by any of the commentators. The *gubernaculum*, or steerage of the ship, had fallen, with Palinurus, into the sea. By what means, then, could her course, immediately on the discovery of the accident, be governed by Æneas? *ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis.* This surely is an oversight of the poet's, which betrays the want of his final revision. In the separation of this book from the next, Tucca and Varius, to whom the management is generally ascribed, appear to have acted injudiciously: for, *sic fatur lacrimans*, is parted too violently from the lamenting reflexion of Æneas; and *Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris*, seems to be the just conclusion of the book, when the fleet has finished its voyage from Sicily, and is now, at length, safe in the port of Cumæ.

BOOK VI.
—

By the unanimous suffrage of the critics, this book has been placed in the same superior class of merit with the second and the fourth, as shining, where all shine, with a lustre of distinguishing brilliancy. Its peculiar character is sublimity; and in no part of the *Aeneis* is the inventive faculty of the poet more illustriously displayed. It was, as there is good authority to assert, one of the three books of the unfinished poem which were submitted to Augustus, in consequence of his pressing importunities: and, independently of its higher claims in the right of genius, it appears to be that portion of the poem, which has obtained the most polish from the hand of its great author. Throughout its whole extent, as it may be remarked, we find only one hemistich, and that only, where it may be regarded as most happily placed, in the oracular response of the raging prophetess. The attempt of Warburton to prove that by the descent of *Aeneas* to the shades was intended his initiation into the mysteries; and that all the leading circumstances of this adventure are nothing more than figurative disclosures of the secret rites practised at Eleusis, is too generally known to require me to dilate on it. The mind of Warburton, naturally comprehensive and sagacious, was richly stored with erudition: but it was too bold and enterprising to be correct in its aims or secure of its objects. Panting after distinction, and never satisfied to walk in the same track with his fellow mortals, he is perpetually deviating; and his deviations are generally from the region of truth, which was too little for his ambition, into the brambles and quagmires of paradox. In his dissertation, on this book of the *Aeneis*, he has discovered much ingenuity, and, with the assistance (as it must be confessed) of Meursius, a wide compass of learning. But with all his powers and his acquisitions, he has not succeeded even so far as to give speciousness to the produce of his exertions. To follow him through the long labyrinth of his sophistry would be an unne-

cessary labor, and would lead me also far beyond those limits within which I am confined. I will, however, give one instance of the mode in which he conducts his argument; that, *ex pede Herculem*, from this foot of the colossal phantom the reader may form a judgment of the whole shadowy frame. His first process throughout this whole argument (if argument it may be called) is to advance a bold and unauthorized assertion; the next is to deduce from this unsupported affirmation, as from a mathematical axiom, such consequences as may be adapted to his purpose. In this way he asserts, as a self-evident proposition, that all the descents of living heroes into Hades, the region of the dead, which are recorded by the poets, were actual initiations; and that Orpheus, Hercules, Theseus, and, by consequence, Æneas were all of them initiated; though the third of these chiefs, having obtained the initiation by violence, was condemned for his crime to eternal punishment. He then asserts that these heroes were initiated because they were legislators, to which character the holy ceremony of initiation was regarded as essentially requisite; and, for the proof of that which he thus affirms, he produces as incontestible authority, this line of Virgil, which speaks of Orpheus as having descended into the infernal regions,

Threiciâ fretus citharâ, fidibusque canoris—

“the harp,” as the bishop says, “being the known symbol of his laws, by which he humanized a rude and barbarous people!!!” When we read therefore that the Thracian bard descended into the realms of night, with his lyre in his hand, for the purpose of recovering his wife by the power of his melodies on the Stygian monarch, we are to understand only that he was one of the initiated, and a legislator! How the learned prelate would dispose of Eurydice, who constitutes a chief part of the story, is beyond my ability to conjecture. But if this fantastic hypothesis had been ever so speciously defended, still would it be overthrown by three very sturdy facts. The mysteries were not instituted in Greece till a period considerably subsequent to the days of Orpheus, Hercules, and Theseus: Virgil never visited Greece till a short time before his death, and consequently when he wrote the sixth book of his epic, could not

have been initiated; and, lastly, on the supposition of his having been anteriorly initiated, he could not have disclosed the secrets of the Eleusinian fane without becoming infamous, and exposing himself to the effects of a civil excommunication. But I have expended too much time in tilting with this most vague and shadowy of shadows. On some of the more remarkable passages in this noble book I may possibly offer a few occasional observations as we proceed.

Verse 8.—Soine scour the woods for game.

..... *Pars densa ferarum
Tecta rapit silvas :*

If I could for a moment persuade myself that the meaning, assigned to this passage by Ruæus and some of the other commentators, was the meaning intended by Virgil, I would not hesitate to say that never did a little thought strut with such inflation and under such a disproportioned point of expression. *Pars colligit ligna,* (part gather sticks,) says Ruæus, and how well this interpretation will sound in English may be found in Dryden's translation, in which it is adopted, and where it is assisted by some adventitious circumstances.

*Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed :
Or search for hollow trees and fell the woods.*

I conceive that there can be no doubt that the sense of the passage is that which I have given to it. They rapidly traverse the forests, the thick coverts of wild animals, for the purpose of procuring game.

*Ver. 205.—To all that breathe are barr'd the realms below,
Unless they first shall pluck the golden bough;*

This circumstance of the golden bough has been made the subject of much learned and curious disquisition; and it is seized with eagerness by Warburton for the support of his idle hypothesis. But, though perhaps it is the best adapted to his purpose of any circumstance in this book, he can make very little if any thing of it: for it was a myrtle crown which was worn by the initiated in the temple of the Eleusinian Ceres; and though this *might* be interwoven with gold, and *might* occasionally be

carried in the hand (neither of which asserted facts are proved by the learned prelate) its resemblance, after all, to the golden bough consecrated to Proserpine, cannot easily be discovered. This golden bough, indeed, seems to be altogether a fiction of Virgil's, the first hint of which was probably suggested to him by the golden rod of Mercury, with which he conducted the souls of the slain suitors to the realms of the dead, in the last book of the *Odyssey*.

.....^ε*χε* δε ράθδον μελα χερσίν
Καλην, χευστίν, &c.

The golden reflection of the bough through the other branches seems to be taken from a beautiful passage in Apollonius, where the fleece is represented as throwing a flamy splendor over the countenance of Jason.

" Καὶ οἱ ἐπὶ ξυνθῆσι παράστι γόδε μελάπω
Μαρμαρυγὴ ληνέων Φλούρι ἔκελον Τζεν ἔρευνης.

Agy. IV. 172.

Ver. 309.—Heap'd incense and the flesh of victims burn;
And feeding oil, &c.

Turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres olivo.

My learned friend, Mr. E. H. Barker, has favored me with some remarks, together with extracts from various commentators, on the precise meaning of the word *dapes*, in this passage, whether it be used here to signify the aliment of the fire, connected as it is with the *fuso olivo*, the oil: or whether it be the flesh of the victims (the *cæna feralis* mentioned by Apuleius) which was thrown, upon these occasions, on the funeral pile. Mr. Barker decides in favor of the latter opinion; and I conceive that no doubt can rest upon the subject. In the same paper, transmitted to me by my learned friend, is an extract from Fr. Liebgott Becher; in which this worthy critic expresses himself as much offended and even sickened (*NAUSEAMque creavit*, are Becher's words) by Virgil's application of the epithet, *ingens*, within the compass of a few lines, to Æneas and to Cerberus. I can only say that the sensibility of these German critics is greater than mine, and their stomachs more apt to be turned. I can discover no reason why *ingens*, in its direct

reference to bodily bulk, may not, with equal propriety, be given to the hero and the dog; and, as to its recurring twice in the space of five lines, I must remark, that the practice of Virgil, in this respect, was not so fastidiously nice as that of some of our modern poets; for many iterations of words, of as much importance as *ingens*, may be found with as little separation in his most polished pages. To me, as I will confess, this is neither nauseating nor offensive: it seems, on the contrary, to be less laborious and affected than a studied and minute attention to dissimilarity.

Verse 589.—Phædra and Procris, &c.

It seems strange in this passage, that the good and the bad should be indiscriminately blended together; and that the blameless Cœnus, the virtuous Procris, and the exemplary Lao-damia should be associated with the perfidious Eriphyle, the incestuous Phædra, and the monstrous Pasiphaë. But here they are only in an intermediate state; and the ancients always discover a peculiar tenderness for all crimes, which proceed from the indulgence of the amorous passion, however inordinate and irregular. But Eriphyle, whose motive to guilt was avarice or a passion for ornament, cannot maintain any claim to her station in this party. Love, honest or dishonest, beauteous or deformed, had nothing to do with her case.

*Ver. 640.—But they, whom lately Agamemnon led,
Beheld his blazing arms with wonted dread.*

This circumstance, of the shades of the Grecian chiefs being alarmed at the appearance of Aeneas, is entirely of Virgil's invention, and must be allowed to be finely conceived.

*Ver. 732.—Hence groans are heard, and torture's horrid strains;
The steel whip's clangor, and the clash of chains.*

This idea is terrific, and original with our Poet. It has suggested the hint of a noble passage in the *Paradise Lost*:

..... Fast we found, fast shut
 The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong :
 But long ere our approaching, heard within
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song :
 Torment and loud lament and furious rage."

viii. 240.

*Ver. 756.—Then, back upon their thundering hinges roll'd,
 Those portals of the fiends at length unfold.*

I feel confident that this is spoken by the Sibyl in continuation of her narrative; and not, (as is supposed by Servius, Ruæus, and many other learned men,) told by the Poet himself as an actual opening of the gates at the time of her addressing Æneas. When a full confession of his guilt has been extorted from the criminal by the scourges of the Furies, then, at length, the dreadful gates of Tartarus are opened for his reception :

*Tum demum horrisono stridentes cardine sacræ
 Panduntur portæ.*

When the full process of conviction has been accomplished (and not before) *Tum demum*, then, at last, the execution takes place, and the wretch is consigned to final punishment. This is all in the natural course of the narrative; and that it is the continued narration of the Sibyl is confirmed by what immediately follows:

..... *Cernis, custodia qualis
 VESTIBULO sedeat? facies qua limina servet?*

The Sibyl points the attention of the chief to the guard *without* the gate, and then proceeds to tell him of the more terrible monsters which are *within*:

*Quinquaginta atris iumanis hiatibus hydra
 Sævior intus habet sedem.*

Ruæus is followed by Pitt. Lauderdale and Dryden express themselves in this instance so vaguely that I cannot determine which side of the question they espouse; and Trapp and Heyne are with me.

Ver. 782.—There also Tityos, earth's vast son, I found, &c.

I will transcribe the Tityos of Homer, that the reader may compare him with the tortured giant of Virgil:

• •

Καὶ Τίτυον εἶδον, γαῖης ἐρικυλέος νιὸν,
 Κείμενον ἐν δαπέδῳ· ὁ δ' ἐπ' ἔννέα κεῖτο πέλεθεα.
 Γῦπε δέ μιν ἔκάλερθε παρημένω ἡπαρ ἔκειδον
 Δέρτρον ἕπω δύνοντες· ὁ δ' ὃκ ἀπαλύνετο χερσί.
 Λητῷ γὰρ ἥλκητε, Διὸς χυδρήν παράκοιτιν,
 Πυθώδ' ἐρχομένην, διὰ καλλιχόες Πανοπῆος·

λ. 576.

There Tityos, large and long, in fetters bound,
 O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground.
 Two rav'nous vultures, furious for their food,
 Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood:
 Incessant gore the liver in his breast;
 The immortal liver grows, and gives the immortal feast.
 For as, o'er Panope's enamell'd plain,
 Latona journey'd to the Pythian fane,
 With haughty love the audacious monster strove
 To force the goddess, and to rival Jove.

POPE.—*Odys. xi. 709.*

Surely, on comparing the two descriptions, it must be admitted, by the most zealous idolater of Homer, that the Greek poet is in this instance excelled by the Roman:

..... *fecundaque pænis*
Viscera, rimaturque epulis, habitatque sub alto
Pectore; nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis,

are expressions of unrivalled energy and beauty. The single Virgilian vulture seems to be more formidable than the two of Homer. In some of the preceding and in the twenty-seven succeeding lines Virgil is also unquestionably superior to his Grecian master. By the way I may remark, that the description of Tantalus, in this part of the *Odyssey*, beautiful as it is, is suspected as an interpolation.

Verse 981.—And few we are who gain these blissful seats, &c.

..... *exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus :
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exenit labem, &c.*

This passage, which, as it is now pointed, clearly implies either a continuation of the penal purgation or a renewal of it in Elysium (represented by Virgil as the mansion of perfect bliss) has puzzled all the commentators, without the exception even of the sagacious Heyne. Heyne indeed is for cutting the knot which he cannot untie; and would reject these verses, without the authority of a single MS. because he cannot explain them in consistency with the avowed design of Virgil. *Ut nunc versus secundum excipiunt, aut nova in Elysio fit, aut inchoata ante animarum purgatio in Elysio absolvitur : quod omnino novum est et insolens.* And then he proceeds to give his reasons for their expunction. The explanation of them by Ruæus, which depends upon an unauthorized meaning which he assigns to *donec*, cannot be admitted. Trapp proposes a different placing of the verses in question, and would read the passage thus:

*Infectum cluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni ;
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exenit labem, purumque reliquit
Ætherium sensum atque auræ simplicis ignem.
Quisque suos patimur Manes : exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus.*

This disposition of the passage would give good sense, though not, as I conceive, the precise sense intended by Virgil: but unfortunately it is not supported by any MS. authority; and, without this, we have no right to alter for our own purposes, be these purposes ever so justifiable. But to me there appears to be no difficulty in the passage, nor any occasion to change it in any way. I would point it thus:

*Quisque suos patimur Manes : exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium ; et pauci læta arva tenemus
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, &c.*

and I would translate it according to its obvious meaning, viz.—
The Manes of us all undergo expiatory infliction. We are then sent into spacious Elysium; and few of us attain to these blissful fields till a long period, the circuit of time being completed, has effaced the concreted stain. In other words, few are allowed to enjoy Elysium till they have undergone a *long* period of purgation; but some, among whom (as it would appear from the short interval between his death, and this interview with his son) was Anchises himself, are admitted to the blessed state after a *short* term of purifying punishment. No stop, or at most a comma, must be interposed after *tenemus*, and the emphatic words of the sentence are *pauci* and *longa*. Some were detained in this preparatory state a longer and some a shorter time: but the multitude continued in it for a long period. The hero's father was in purgatory with the rest: but he was soon dismissed into Elysium. If I have been tedious in my explanation of this passage, I trust that, in consequence of its importance, the reader will pardon me.

*Verse 984.—And left, in all its native radiance bright,
The etherial sense of elemental light.*

..... *purumque reliquit
Etherium sensum atque auræ simplicis ignem.*

Nothing can more forcibly demonstrate the incompatibility of the pure abstractions of philosophy with those palpable substances, which are properly the subjects of poetry, than the discordancy of this passage with all that immediately follows it, and occupies the remaining portion of the book. According to the sublime doctrine of Plato, we are here told that the Manes, on their release from those terrestrial bodies in which they had been incarcerated, are exercised and refined by a long process of purgation till they are reduced to the simplicity of that fine, etherial, elemental flame, that *auræ simplicis ignis* (a something approx-

imating as nearly to spirit as is conceivable by the human mind) which constitutes the essence of the soul. This is all purely philosophical and truly noble: but this is all too subtle and impalpable for the purposes of poetry; and, in the subsequent review of the chiefs of Alba and of Rome, we find these almost spiritual beings, these purified and naked souls, represented as human bodies, with human passion and action, nay, marked with the progressive effects of animal maturity and decay. One of these chiefs leans upon a spear; another holds an axe; some are distinguishable by their youth and vigor; one is known by his hoary beard, and one arrests the attention of the hero by the gloom which overcasts his countenance; whilst the old kings of Troy are amidst their planted spears, their empty chariots, and their unharnessed steeds. This sensible representation of its objects was inevitable to poetry; and Virgil himself could not at once be the philosopher and the poet. On the present occasion, he must have been the last: but whether prudence and consistency ought not to have dissuaded him from attempting to be the first, is a question on which I am rather puzzled to decide. The Elysium, in short, of Virgil is altogether material, while the doctrine, on which he builds it, is something very nearly spiritual. I am not aware that this inconsistency has been noticed by any of the commentators. In the Life of Milton I have remarked on the ill success of a somewhat similar ambition in our own mighty poet. He wished to make his superhuman agents spirits; and he could not represent them otherwise in action than as material beings.

•
Verse 1192.—Two are the gates of Sleep:

The idea of these gates of Sleep is derived from the nineteenth book of the *Odyssey*; where they are mentioned in the reply of Ulysses to Penelope, when she had related her dream to him. But the use which Virgil has made of the fiction must be regarded as unfortunate; for it has exposed him to the imputation of a meaning, which, of all others, he would have been, as I am satisfied, the most solicitous to avoid. This dismission of Æneas and the Sibyl through the ivory gate, assigned for the transit of (*falsa insomnia*, not false or lying, as we may cursorily remark,

but insubstantial dreams) dreams, regarded as mere non-entities, has generally been considered, from the times of Ausonius and Servius to the present, as designed to inform us that all which had previously been said, respecting the descent of *Aeneas* and the mansions of the dead, was nothing but fiction, the creation of saucy, illusive and unreal as a dream. For this conduct in the Poet the learned have accounted in different ways; and some, with the most plausibility, have ascribed it to the tenets of that sect of philosophy, the Epicurean, to which, for what good reasons I know not, he is supposed to have been attached. But, if such was in truth the intention of Virgil, nothing can be conceived at once more idle and more injudicious. To acquaint us that the descent of *Aeneas* to Hades was a fiction, was surely very unnecessary; and for the poet to provide in this way against our possible credulity, and thus with one dash of his pen to undo what he had been endeavouring through the course of a long book, with the noblest efforts of his poetry, to accomplish, was an act, I will not say of erroneous judgment but, of frantic suicide, the suggestion of desperate insanity. Most fully am I persuaded that such could never have been Virgil's design; and that if the effect of the lines in question had once occurred to his suspicion, he would have altered the passage, and have discovered, whatever exertion the discovery might have cost him, some other mode of extricating his hero from the shades. The simple fact I believe, with Heyne, to be, that, at a loss how to reconduct *Aeneas* and the Sibyl to this breathing world, the Poet recollected the Homeric gates of Sleep, as a fiction suited to his purpose; and, not aware of the consequence, too easily assented to its adoption. Having once made this incautious decision, he could not do otherwise than he has done. Through the gate of horn, real apparitions, or disembodied entities, alone could pass. This therefore was barred against *Aeneas* and his companion, who were still in their mortal vestures. Only the gate of ivory then remained open for their egress; and this, as it may be observed, was in fact unoccupied; for it was appropriated to things (or rather nothings) unendowed with real existence.

To make this ivory gate subservient to his favorite purpose, Warburton, who saw the absurdity of the design commonly attributed to the Poet in his adoption of this fiction, discovers in

it the private mark to ascertain that the descent of Æneas signified his initiation into the mysteries, and affirms, that it could be no other than that sumptuous door of the temple through which the initiated came out when the celebration was over!! But this is all, like the far greater part of the learned prelate's dissertation, nothing more than gratuitous assertion. That there was a gate, through which the initiated left the temple, is most certain, for we are assured that they did not pass their subsequent lives in the same; but whether this gate was the same by which they entered, or whether or not it was particularly *sumptuous*, we have no means of ascertaining. We might ask, also, whether sumptuous and ivory are necessarily the same.

Some apology perhaps may be thought requisite for a word which I have used in my translation of this passage, the word, I mean, "eburnean," which the reader may be apt to suspect as a coin from my own mint. Such, as I will confess, I considered it to be, when, wanting a word of that size to supply my rhythm, and conceiving also that the English language required such a word for the adjective of ivory, I first ventured to employ it. But, looking subsequently into the dictionary of old Bailey, Φιλολόγος, I discovered that the word had already been adopted by our language; and, contrary to what happens in the case of most other criminals, that my thought had been guilty, but that my deed was innocent.

END OF VOL. I.

THE
ÆNEIS OF VIRGIL.

Second Edition.

THE
ÆNEIS OF VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED BY
CHARLES SYMMONS, D. D.
OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD

Velle videtur, et in mediis conatibus agri
Succidimus non lingua vate r

VOL. II.

CHISWICK :
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE,
FOR N. HAILES, PICCADILLY,
BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND
R. HUNTER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, LONDON.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK VI.

VOL. II.

Argument.

From Caieta, the nurse of Æneas, who dies and is buried in this place, the promontory and the port of Caieta, adjoining to Campania and Latium, derive their name. Sailing from this harbour, and passing the island of Circe, Æneas reaches the mouth of the Tiber; and, landing, discovers, by the completion of a prophecy, that he has at length attained the country promised to him by the Fates. The state of Latium at that period is briefly described. Æneas fortifies his camp on the coast; and sends ambassadors to Latinus, the aged sovereign of Laurentum, to solicit peace and a settlement for the Trojans. In obedience to the commands of the gods, communicated to him by prodigies and oracles, Latinus accedes to all the requisitions of the Trojan chieftain, and offers to him in marriage Lavinia, his only daughter, and the heiress of the Latian throne. At this juncture, to disturb the league and disappoint the alliance, Juno solicits the assistance of Alecto. By the agency of this Fury, Amata, the mother, and Turnus, (prince of the Rutuli,) the lover of Lavinia, are excited to oppose the will of the Latian monarch; and the peasantry of Latium, roused to fury by the death of a tame stag unwarily killed by Ascanius as he was hunting, are induced to make an attack upon the Trojans. In opposition to the resistance of Latinus, war is declared by the people and Turnus; and the temple of Janus is opened by Juno. The Latian forces are collected; and with a catalogue of these and their allies the action of this busy book is concluded.

THE



ÆNEIS.

BOOK VII.

Thou too, whose fostering cares Æneas own'd,
Caieta ! hast by death our shores renown'd :
And, where thy relics sleep, immortal Fame
Stands on the ground, and hallows with thy name
In great Hesperia : and in this rejoice ;
If the cold urn be touch'd with glory's voice.

When, each sepulchral rite devoutly paid,
The pale dear ashes in the tomb were laid ;
The pious chief, as tranquil seas prevail,
Releasing from the port, spreads every sail. 10
Through the still night propitious breezes play ;
And the soft moon supplies her guiding ray.
From wave to wave the trembling splendors glance ;
And strew the main with spangles as they dance.

Now, gently borne upon the wafting tides, 15
Close by Circæan shores the navy glides;
Where the rich daughter of the Sun resides:
Chants to her echoing groves, by man untrod,
The lays harmonious of her parent god;
Or in her palace plies the nightly loom; 20
While cedar lights breathe odors through the room.
Hence, startling night, resounds along the main
The roar of lions struggling with their chain.
Hoarse groans are heard, and howlings of lament,
That boars, and bears, and wolves in anguish vent: 25
Forms which, by spells from man to brute compell'd,
The cruel goddess in her fetters held.
To shun such monstrous fate, nor touch the port,
Haply too near the fair magician's court,
Neptune attends to Troy; and breathes the gales 30
That speed her vessels with distended sails:
Bear their swift flight beyond the foamy shore;
And safely to the unbroken seas restore.

Now blush'd the waves as, rosy on her road,
Aurora in her golden chariot glow'd: 35
When fell the winds, and, every breeze asleep,
The smooth oar struggles with the glassy deep.
And now Æneas sces a spreading wood,
Where, arch'd with foliage, Tiber whirls his flood:
And, rich with spoils from lands his waters lave, 40
Pours into ocean's breast his yellow wave.

Around, above, the natives of his plains,
Birds of rare plumage warble dulcet strains ;
And, as the laurel shades reflect their notes,
Sweetly through air the liquid rapture floats. 45
Here with delight Æneas steers to land ;
And in the shaded stream his vessels stand.

Now, Erato ! attend : and as the lay
Would Latium's ancient state and chiefs display,
When first Troy's alien navies sought her coast ; 50
And whence the flame that kindled either host ;
Goddess ! instruct the bard ! of wars he sings ;
Of fields, ensanguined by conflicting kings :
Of great Etruria roused to martial rage ;
And all Hesperia rushing to engage. 55
A scene more grand unfolds upon my sight :
A mightier labor and a loftier flight.

The sceptre, now in age, Latinus sway'd ;
And his mild rule the peace-lull'd realm obey'd.
He, as attested by tradition's tongue, 60
From Faunus and the nymph Marica sprung :
Faunus from Picus ; and his blood from thine,
Great Saturn ! author of the race divine.
Without male progeny to heir his state,
(His sons were snatch'd, in dawning life, by Fate,) 65
The Latian monarch saw beside his throne
One daughter, guardian of his house, alone.

She now with love, in prime of nuptial years,
 Was sought by Latium's and Ausonia's peers.
 But Turnus wooed with livelier passion warm; 70
 Of regal lineage and illustrious form.
 To join him to her blood, and crown his love,
 With anxious zeal the royal consort strove:
 But all the portents of the gods denied;
 And still withheld the terror-guarded bride. 75

Deep in the palace, o'er its centre spread,
 An ancient laurel rear'd its hallow'd head:
 For years frequented by the people's vows;
 Religion hovering o'er the reverend boughs.
 This, when he raised his walls, Latinus found, 80
 (So fame reports) possessor of the ground:
 And, giving it to Phœbus' holy claim,
 Hail'd his new city by Laurentum's name.
 Now, (wondrous to relate!) a host of bees,
 Borne with loud murmurs on the liquid breeze, 85
 Besieged the plant; and from a leafy arm,
 Knit limb with limb, depuded in a swarm.
 At once a sage exclaim'd, “From distant lands
 A foreign lord shall come, and foreign bands:
 From the same quarter seek the same domain; 90
 And in our citadel presiding reign.”
 Beside, as on the altar, by her sire,
 The royal virgin kindled holy fire,

Dreadful ! the flame sprang fiercely on the fair ;
Play'd through the rich redundancy of her hair ; 95
And round her crown, emblazed with jewels, shone,
Irradiate there with glory all its own.
Then, having wrapp'd her in its yellow arms,
Spread through the dome the god of fire's alarms.
This too is witness'd with religious awe ; 100
And hence the seers portentous omen draw.
The fair, they say, renown'd by Fate and Fame,
Shall shine, but kindle war's devouring flame.

Struck with these prodigies, the troubled king
Seeks the dark woods that shade Albunea's spring : 105
There to consult his sire's prophetic shrine ;
And learn from Faunus what the gods design :
Where, deep in silvan night, the sacred stream
Still murmuring flows, and breathes mephitic steam.
Hither, in doubt, from all the Hesperian lands 110
The nations throng to know the god's commands.
Here, when the priest, with holy offerings fraught,
The Powers propitiated has duly sought ;
And, stretch'd on fleeces of new-slaughter'd sheep,
In the dumb night he lies entranced in sleep ; 115
Strange phantoms, fluttering o'er his head, appear :
Unutterable voices meet his ear ;
And, all their wonders to his vision given,
He blends at once with Acheron and Heaven.

Here now the monarch-sire, oppress'd with cares, 120
 For counsel to the Powers divine, repairs.
 A fleecy hecatomb first offer'd dies :
 Then on the reeking hides reclined he lies :
 When straight a voice re-echoes through the grove :
 “ Plight not thy daughter to a Latian love. 125
 My offspring thou ! to what I speak give heed !
 Let not the expected nuptial rites proceed.
 A foreign son-in-law, with foreign powers,
 Comes to exalt to heaven his fame with ours :
 From whom, with us, shall spring a race, whose sway 130
 Shall rule whate'er the sun's broad eyes survey :
 Shall bend earth's globe beneath its great controll,
 From east to west, from Atlas to the pole.”

What thus his parent-god in night reveal'd ;
 Latinus kept not in his breast conceal'd : 135
 But gave to Fame ; who through the Ausonian states
 Blazon'd abroad the counsel of the Fates ;
 Even at the moment when the Trojan band
 Bound their tired vessels to the grassy strand.

Here, shaded by a tree from scorching day, 140
 Aeneas with his son and chieftains lay :
 And o'er the turf, beneath their banquet, spread
 (So ruling Jove suggested) cakes of bread.
 On these, their boards by Ceres' boon prepared,
 They heap'd their rustic fruits, and gladly shared. 145

When all were now consumed, not yet content,
With eager hands their wheaten plates they rent;
And durst invade, as hunger had not ceased,
The fateful bread which held their scanty feast:
Whilst young Iulus, pleased with the conceit, 150
Cried, “ Lo ! our very tables now we eat ! ”
Nor added more: nor was there more required:
His words flash'd omen of their toils expired;
And, wondering at mysterious Heaven, with joy
The father caught them from the sportive boy, 155
And said; “ Hail, land ; by Fate's decree my due !
And ye, my household Gods ! to Troy still true ;
This is your country: here your house of rest :
For thus my sire the secret fates express'd:
“ When, on an unknown land, by hunger's power 160
Goaded, my Son ! your tables ye devour,
Then hope repose ; and on that destined ground
Raise your first walls, and with a trench surround.”
This is that hunger, Friends ! and here remains
Our place of rest, and here shall end our pains. 165
Let us then, soon as morn restores the day,
O'er all the region speed inquiry's way ;
And with glad search, to distance from the shore,
The land, the cities, and the men explore.
This hour indulge in joy, and spill the wine 170
To Jove ; and hail Anchises' shade divine.”

He said; and, shading with a wreath his face,
 Lowly besought the Genius of the place :
 Old Earth, the Nymphis, the Rivers yet unknown ;
 And Night, with all the stars that gem her zone. 175
 Then he invoked great Jove, the Idæan lord ;
 And Plurygia's mother, Cybele, adored :
 And, lastly, to his parents paid the vow ;
 The queen above, and demi-god below.
 And now, thrice pealing from his heaven, aloud 180
 Thunder'd the almighty Sire, and shook a cloud ;
 Whose skirting fleeces, by his hand unroll'd,
 Beam'd with the lustre of celestial gold.
 Hence through the Trojan hosts the rumor flies,
 That here at length their fated walls should rise. 185
 With the glad omen cheer'd, they straight prepare
 The genial board, and spread their festal fare :
 Grateful and jocund, crown the brimming bowls :
 And Bacchus laughs and revels in their souls.
 When the next morning with her earliest light 190
 Waked earth, reposing in the embrace of night ;
 By divers tracks they pierce the land, and trace
 The bounds and cities of the stranger race.
 This was great 'Tiber : hence Numicus flow'd :
 Of martial Latius this the famed abode. 195
 A hundred then, the prime of all his bands,
 With olive crown'd, and presents in their hands,

The prince commission'd to the regal seat;
To plead the cause of Troy, and peace entreat.
With zeal the chosen delegates obey; 200
And press with instant speed their destined way.

The chief, meanwhile, his purposed wall designs:
Sinks a deep fosse to guard the mural lines;
And, like a camp, with bastions and with mounds
His first arm'd station on the coast surrounds. 205

And now, the road o'ercome, the Trojau train
Behold the Latin towers surmount the plain.
Before the gates, the warlike youth their horse
Curb on the green, or guide the chariot's course:
Bend the tough bow, or launch the weighty spear: 210
With hands contend, or urge the foot's career.
A horseman now informs the regal sire,
That men of lofty height, in strange attire,
Were come: he straight commands them to his sight;
And mounts his throne in ancient grandeur bright. 215

High in the city, 'midst a holy wood,
Laurentian Picus' stately palace stood.
Around the sumptuous pile, in pomp sublime,
Its strength and grace, a hundred columns climb.
Palace at once and fair, from race to race, 220
Religious awe encircled all the place.
Here first the kings assumed their royal state:
Here, sceptred, first upon the throne they sate:

Here held their sacred feasts; and here, at boards
Stretch'd through the dome, their senate's hoary lords 225
Shared the slain ram: around, their fathers stand
On the carved cedar, a majestic band.

'There Italus was seen: and, there, the hook,
That pruned his viny fields, Sabinus shook.

Here ancient Saturn smiles in peaceful state; 230
And double-fronted Janus guards the gate:
And all their kings, who for their country fought,
Seem here inform'd, by sculpture's power, with thought.

Here too, thick clustering on the columnus, glow
Arms proudly wiested from the vanquish'd foe: 235
Axes, and pluny helms, and glittering cars;
Javelins, and shields, and cities' massy bars;
And beaks of ships. High o'er them Picus stands
(The sacred staff and buckler in his hands)

In his short robe succinet; once famed for force, 240
The mighty tamer of the warrior horse:

Whom Circe, mad with amorous despair,
Sent, stricken with her rod, to rove through air,
In a bird's form, the vagrant of the skies;
And fondly strew'd his wing with various dyes. 245

High on his throue, within this costly fane,
The Latian king received the Trojan train.
Then, as they stood before him, first address'd;
And mildly thus his peaceful heart express'd:

“ Say, ‘Trojans ! (for your state and race we know, 250
Nor unregarded through the seas ye plough :)
What seek ye ? speak your wants : what causes bore
Your ships through ocean to the Ausonian shore ?
By chance misled, or by the tempest’s force
(Such as full oft disturbs the seaman’s course) 255
Driven, have you anchor’d on our river’s coasts,
There to refresh awhile your wearied hosts ?
Fear not good Saturn’s hospitable kind ;
Who need not law’s rude fitters on the mind :
But, just by nature, of their own accord 260
Trace the soft footsteps of their ancient lord.
I now remember, too, what men of old
(Though time hangs darkling o’er its fame) have told :
That hence through Thracian Samos (now the place,
With name combined, is known as Samothrace) 265
Great Dardanus to Phrygia o’er the main
Pierced, and in Ida’s cities fix’d his reign :
That from our Tuscan Corythus he came,
Who now, exalted o’er the starry frame,
Lives in the golden palace of the skies ; 270
While flaming altars to his godhead rise.”

Thus he, and thus Ilioneus : “ O King !
Whose blood and state from sacred Faunus spring !
Not driven by storms, that ruffle ocean’s bed,
Or by the stars’ erroneous sight misled, 275

We seek your lands : but bither are we brought
By counsel's act and predetermined thought ;
Expell'd from realms, of late most proud in sway
Of all the sun's revolving beams survey.

From Jove our origin : our blood we trace 280
To Jove, great founder of the Dardan race.
To him related in more close degree,
Our king, Æneas, sends us now to thee.

How fierce a tempest, from Mycenæ hurl'd,
Burst on the Idaean fields and shook the world : 285
How gather'd Europe, rising in her force,
O'er deluged Asia pour'd her whelming course,
Even he hath heard, who lives by seas disjoin'd,
On the world's limit, far from human kind ;
And he who breathes, if man can there be found, 290
Where culminating suns roll fiercely round,
And part earth's climates with a central bound.

Wreck'd by that storm and toss'd on ocean's breast,
We for our Phrygian gods solicit rest :

Some spot untill'd, which we our own may call ; 295
And air and water, Nature's gifts to all.

Nor fear dishonor from our graunted claim :
More power will follow, and a growth of fame.
The gracious act will draw renown through time ;
And Troy will teach Ausonia's force to climb. 300

By our king's lofty fates, and arm of might;
His faith in peace, his prevalence in fight
I swear, that many a state, though suppliant now
(Contemn us not) before thy throne we bow,
Has wish'd, embodied with our powers, to blend ; 305
And felt by us its fortunes would ascend.
But Heaven's own voice, and Fate's controlling sway
To these far regions have compell'd our way.
Hence sprung, obeying Phœbus' high command,
Now Dardanus reclaims his native land ; 310
Fondly returns, a suppliant yet a king,
To 'Tuscan Tiber, and Numicus' spring.
Yet more, he gives thee of his former state
These relics, saved from Ilion's fiery fate :
Small, yet attesting that he once was great. 315
From this, Anchises, at the holy shrine,
Was wont to pour the consecrated wine.
In Priam's hand, this struck with sacred awe,
When the throned monarch gave the nations law.
These royal vestments, this tiara's pride 320
The toil and art of Phrygian dames supplied."

While thus the Trojan spake, in thought profound
The monarch's eyes were fasten'd on the ground :
Unmoved the embroider'd purple they behold ;
And Priam's sceptre, rich with gems and gold ; 325
Whilst on his daughter's nuptial dwells his mind ;
And all that Faunus from his shrine divined.

This was the foreign chief by Heaven foreshown;
 His destined son and partner on the throne:
 And hence, decreed by Fate, the illustrious birth; 330
 Whose vigorous virtue should prevail o'er earth.
 Joyous at length he said: “ Ye Gods! fulfil
 My purpose, and the signs that speak your will!
 Trojans! the boon you ask my word assures;
 Your gifts I slight not, and the land be yours! 335
 Prolific land beneath Latinus’ reign,
 To give you Phrygia’s opulence again.
 Let but Æneas, if his wish be great
 To gain our love and join him to our state,
 Hither repair, nor dread our friendly face: 340
 Our peace will ripen in your king’s embrace.
 Tell him still more, one daughter crown’d my bed;
 Whom to a prince of Latian birth to wed
 Our oracles forbid; and fearful sights,
 Of heavenly omen, check the nuptial rites. 345
 Hence ’tis predicted, that our realm demands
 A foreign son-in-law from distant lands:
 Whose blood, with ours commix’d, shall raise our name,
 In glory towering to the starry frame.
 Your king I deem this prince to Latium due: 350
 And, if the presage of my mind be true,
 Not only do I deem, but wish it too.”

He spoke: then choosing steeds from all his stud,
 (Three hundred in his stalls, of noble blood,

High pamper'd shone) to every Trojan guest 355

He gave a horse in purple trappings dress'd;

Whose necks depending links of gold infold;

And all their foamy mouths champ polish'd gold.

To Troy's great lord a car of brilliant frame

He sends, with coursers that respire in flame, 360

Sprung from celestial seed: whose heavenly kind

Dædalian Circe from her sire purloin'd.

(By stealth submitting to the immortal steed

A mortal mare, she stole the mingled breed.)

Thus graced, the Trojans from the Latian court 365

High on their steeds return, and granted peace report.

But now from Argos, through the liquid day,
Jove's cruel consort held sublime her way.

Hovering awhile above Pachynus' brows,

Through boundless air the ken of gods she throws: 370

And sees the Trojan king, his labors o'er,

With joy elate on Tiber's distant shore:

Sees his glad legions, rushing from the main,

Plan their new walls, and grasp their promised reign.

Pierced with sharp grief, in sullen thought she lower'd; 375

Then shook her head, and thus her passion pour'd:

“ Ah, hateful offspring of an odious line!

Ah, fates of Phrygia still opposed to mine!

Idly their blood has drench'd Sigeüm's plain:

Free are the captives: Troy has flamed in vain: 380

Through swords, through fires, they force their conquering
 Then has my weary godhead lost its sway ? [way.
 Yes ! thus it is—or, with infliction tired,
 Haply my just resentments have expired !
 These wretched exiles, o'er the billows thrown, 385
 My rage has follow'd from their burning town.
 I, wielding heaven and ocean to destroy,
 Have wasted all my powers of storm on Troy.
 What have the Syrtes ? Scylla what avail'd ?
 My hope e'en dire Charybdis' self has fail'd. 390
 Safe from the seas on Tiber's breast they lie ;
 And mock the feeble empress of the sky.
 The god of battles, in his fierce array,
 Could sweep the cruel Lapithæ from day :
 And ancient Calydon to Dian's ire 395
 Was freely granted by the almighty Sire.
 And was the Lapithæ's offense so great ?
 So much did Calydon deserve her fate ?
 But I, Jove's awful queen, with each resource
 Exhausted now of counsel and of force, 400
 Am baffled by Æneas ! If too weak
 My own great powers, for others let me seek :
 And, if the gods above their aid deny,
 Be mine the assistance of the nether sky.
 'Tis fix'd that Troy her Latian realm assume : 405
 The Fates Lavinia to the Trojan doom.

Well! let it be :—but to delay the deed ;
To make the people for their monarchs bleed ;
To steep in gore the league 'tween sire and son—
Is yet allow'd ; and this shall yet be done. 410
Virgin ! be Troy's and Latium's blood thy dower !
Bellona, dress'd in all her pomp of power,
Shall wait, as bride-nymph, on thy nuptial hour.
If Hecuba conceived connubial flame,
Venus in this has rivall'd Priam's dame ; 415
And, a new Paris springing from her womb,
Has borne the torch that shall her Troy consume.”

So spake the goddess ; and with fierce descent
Shot down to earth, on vengeful thoughts intent.
Then, from the Furies' bed in Stygian night, 420
She calls Alecto to profane the light ;
That monster in whose bosom's darker hell
Discord and war and wily mischiefs dwell.
Into such dire deformities she breaks ;
So black her vast fertility of snakes ; 425
Her eye so cruel, that their kindred pest
Even Pluto and her sister-fiends detest.
Her with new fury Juno thus inspires :
“ Grant me the boon my injured state requires,
O night-born Maid ! indulgent to my claim, 430
Guard my high honors, and assert my fame.

Let not the Trojan gain, pretending Fate,
 The Latian nuptials, and the Latian state.
 Thou 'gainst the brother canst the brother arm;
 Change love to hate, and quiet to alarm. 435

Thou canst whole houses with thy wrath o'ertur'd,
 As sounds thy scourge, and as thy torches burn.
 A thousand wiles, a thousand powers of ill
 Writhe in thy grasp, and wait upon thy will.
 Now stir thy fertile breast! the league confound! 440

Sow springing discord on the fatal ground!
 Let the roused youth, inflamed with martial rage,
 Demand the field, and kindle to engage."

Alecto straight, with Gorgon poisons fraught,
 The lofty palace of Laurentum sought; 445

And there the threshold of Amata press'd:
 Who, with the woman heaving in her breast,
 Felt fear and rage, lest alien Troy prevail;
 And the hoped nuptials of her Turnus fail.
 At her a snake the Stygian goddess threw, 450

Torn from the hissing forehead where it grew;
 And deeply plunged it in her panting heart:
 That thus, inflicted with the envenom'd smart,
 The furious queen might all her powers awake;
 Perplex the palace, and the monarch shake. 455

Through her unruffled vest the monster glides:
 O'er her unconscious bosom smoothly slides:

Eludes the touch ; but, breathing subtle air,
Blends with the soul, and genders serpents there.
Now round her neck, as wreathing gold, it shines : 460
Now, as a band, her floating locks entwines :
Now, seising all the person, o'er her limbs
In undulating volumes softly swims.
Ere yet, with growing force, the fiery pest
Burn'd in her bones, and flamed through all her breast ;
With tears, a mother's tears, she thus deplored 466
Her child's affiance to the Phrygian lord :
“ And must Lavinia then, O Sire ! be led,
A victim to yon exiled Trojan's bed ?
Canst thou, unmoved, thy suffering daughter see : 470
Untouch'd by pity or for her or me ?
For me ? who soon my ravish'd child shall wail,
When the first wind invites the pirate's sail.
Was it not thus the Phrygian shepherd bore
Ledæan Helen to the Trojan shore ? 475
Where is thy sacred faith ? thy wonted mind,
In sweet regard to Nature's claims inclined ?
Ah ! where thy hand that, owning kindred right,
So oft to Turnus gave a father's plight ?
If thou must seek a son from foreign lands, 480
Press'd by thy parent Faunus' high commands ;
All lands, that lie beyond thy realm's extent,
We deem as foreign, and the gods assent :

And, if our Turnus to his source we traçé,
Sprung from Acrisius foreign is his race."

485

When firm she found the king, though thus assail'd ;
And nought persuasion's milder arts avail'd :
The serpent-plague now master of her soul,
The unhappy mother raged without controll.
With dreadful phantoms scared she mocks disguise ; 490
And, raving, through the astonish'd city flies.
As when, on sport intent, the youthful throng
Urge the turn'd box, and ply the sounding thong.
O'er the void courts the little engine driven,
Still wheels in circles as the lash is given. 495
The whirling cone the beardless troop admire ;
And wonder at the life their strokes inspire.
Not with more sleepy course, the infuriate dame
Through the mid city waked the crowd to flame.
Yet more : her mind on loftier mischief broods : 500
As Bacchus' votary, flying to the woods,
To check, or to defraud Troy's nuptial rites,
She hides her daughter on the shaggy heights :
There, "Evoë ! Bacchus !" shouts, "for only thou
Art worthy, Bacchus ! of the virgin's vow. 505
Knit in thy dance, thy thrysus she shall bear ;
And nurse for thee alone her sacred hair."

Fame blazed the deed, and its contagion spread :
At once their homes the Latian matrons fled ;

And for new dwellings to the hills repair'd; 510
Their wild locks floating, and their shoulders bared.
Girt with rude hides, they shake the viny spear;
And lawless howlings madden on the ear.
High mid the frantic rout the furious queen,
With sanguine eye-balls and convulsive mien, 515
Erects a flaming pine, and mid the throng
Chants Turnus' and Lavinia's nuptial song:
Then cries, "Be mine, ye Latian dames! your rage,
If lost Amata can your care engage:
If for a mother's trampled rights ye feel," 520
Join in these orgies with my righteous zeal."

Thus mid the woods, and beasts' uncouth abodes,
Alecto drives the queen with Bacchanalian goads.

When here she saw the kindled rage abound,
Strong the king's house and counsels to confound; 525
Straight on her dusky plumes, through darken'd skies,
The goddess to the bold Rutulian flies.

His city's founders, as we learn from Fame,
Driven by the furious south from Argos came;
And call'd their rising walls by Ardea's name. 530
Her fortunes past, the illustrious name alone
Now lives the witness of her old renown.
Here, in his stately palace, Turnus lay
In sleep's soft folds, forgetful of the day.
Alecto now disarms her Stygian form 535
Of its black terrors, and its face of storm.

Tottering beneath the weight of years she bows :
 Her forehead with dishonest wrinkles ploughs :
 With snow-white wreaths her locks of snow confines ;
 And round her head the sacred olive twines. 540

Like ancient Calybe in face and mien,
 Who kept the fane of heaven's imperial queen,
 Now sudden on the slumbering youth she broke ;
 And, full within his vision, thus bespoke :

“ Turnus ! shall all thy glorious toils be vain ? 545
 Transferr'd thy sceptre to Troy's abject train ?
 Thy plighted fortune, and thy blood-earn'd fair
 The king denies thee for a foreign heir.
 Go ! now court danger in the bleeding fray !
 Go ! and confound the Etrurians' thick array ! 550

And, when by thee his realms in peace shall rest,
 Prove at the last the ungrateful monarch's jest !
 By Juno sent, the great Saturnian power,
 I thus address thee in thy slumbering hour.
 But rouse ! arm all thy youth ! thy gates expand, 555
 To pour the battle and assert the land !
 Consume the invaders of our beauteous shore !
 Let their ships sink in flames, their chiefs in gore !
 So speak the gods : and if the king withhold
 Thy promised fair, nor be by faith controll'd, 560
 Let e'en Latinus by experience know
 How dread in arms is Turnus as a foe.”

To the hoar priestess then, with youthful pride,
The haughty prince disdainfully replied :

“ The tidings of the fleet in Tiber’s stream , 565
Have not escaped me, as thy fancies dream.
Think not to shake me with such airy frights :
Juno herself is guardian of my rights.
But thou, good Mother ! in the rust of years,
Impair’d by time, and paralyzed with fears, 570
With kings and wars dost idly plague thy thought ;
A doting priestess from her temple brought
Go to thy statues, and thy holy fires !
The care of them thy tending hand requires.
To man, thy sovereign, peace and war resign : ~ 575
His be to judge and fight—to pray be thine !”

As thus he spoke, Alecto’s fury rose :
At once his joints all shook, his life-blood froze :
His eyes grew stone : so dire the form expands ;
So curl’d with snakes the Stygian horror stands. 580
With a fierce glance, that shot a withering flame,
She hurl’d him back, and, as he strove to frame
Faltering excuses, rear’d her scourge of blood,
(While upright on her head her serpents stood,)
And thunder’d mid the sounding strokes, “ Lo ! here, 586
Whom time impairs with paralyzing fear !
With kings and wars who idly plagues her thought ;
A doting priestess from her temple brought !

See! from the direful sisters' caves below
I come! my hand bears conflict, death, and woe!" 590

She spoke, and at the youth a firebrand cast
Black with hell-flames, which through his vitals pass'd.
Shock'd sleep straight fled his couch, and terror's dews,
Chill from each pore, his trembling limbs suffuse.

Frantic he raves for arms, and, unrepress'd, 595
The sword's dire passion revels in his breast.

As when the flames, with crackling wood supplied,
Fiercely embrace the boiling caldron's side ;
The watery power, exulting from the fire,
Foams o'er its bounds ; and dusky fumes aspire. 600

First, of his youthful peers the prime he sends,
To say, the peace with false Laurentum ends :
Then rouses into arms his realm's array,
Latium to save, and chase the foe away.

Himself alone of ample power he boasts, 605
To crush Latinus and the Trojan hosts :
And, lastly, at their shrines, with offer'd vows,
He calls the gods his quarrel to espouse.

Through all the people spreads their leader's flame :
One his high race engages, one his fame : 610
This by his youth and graceful form is moved :
That by his arm, so oft in combat proved.

While Turnus thus his fierce Rutulians wrought ;
The Trojan camp the black-wing'd Fury sought ;

- And, on new wiles intent, explored the place 615
Where young Iülus urged the silvan chase.
There on the nostrils of his dogs she threw
The tainted gale, which well their instincts knew;
And, with their game, supplied the cause that fired
The peasant's soul, and first the war inspired. 520
- A stag of beauteous form and branchy head,
Young from its dam, the sons of Tyrrheus bred;
(Tyrrheus, whom, trusted to his guardian sway,
The royal pastures and their herds obey.)
This stag, accustom'd to her plausive hands, 625
Their sister, Silvia, dress'd with flowery bands:
Comb'd his soft bosom; and would fondly lave
Her glossy favorite in the limpid wave.
He, conscious of the hand that thus caress'd,
And at his master's board a wonted guest, 630
Would o'er his native forests freely roam;
And, though in dusky night, reseek his home:
Him, far excursive from his guardian's care,
Iülus' eager dogs now snuff'd in air;
And found, as haply in the crystal tides 635
He wanton'd, and allay'd his sultry sides.
Ascanius, with the love of praise elate,
Strain'd his curved bow, and sped the shaft of fate.
The officious Fury, present at the deed,
Gave the dart aim, and wing'd with deathful speed. 640

Singing it reach'd the mark, and, driven with force,
Through the deer's ribs and bowels held its course.
The wounded quadruped in anguish fled ;
And, groaning, shelter'd in his wonted shed :
'There bleeding lay ; and with complaining cries 645
Fill'd all the house, that murmur'd with his sighs.
Silvia first saw him, and, with wringing hands,
Call'd out the rustic tenants of the lands.
They (for the Fury, latent in the wood,
Kept her near station to incense their blood) 650
With instant phrensy gather from the fields :
All seize what arms suggesting passion yields ;
And one a knotted club, and one a firebrand wields.
Tyrrheus himself roused all the peopled plains,
The peasant-subjects of his wide domains ; 655
And, brandishing an axe with which he clove
A prostrate oak, to combat fiercely drove.
But now the Fury seised the pregnant ill,
That smiled, propitious to her cruel will.
On the high dome, her strong Tartarean breath 660
Inspired the rustic horn with blasts of death.
So loud the peal, that all the forests shake :
Pale Trivia hears it in her distant lake.
On the white Nar's sulphureous wave it rings :
Velinus feels it in his shivering springs : 665

While mothers mid their fond endearments start ;
And strain their infants closer to the heart.
As the dire signal stirs their savage minds,
From every quarter rush the weapon'd hinds :
And from her opening camp, for just defense, 670
Troy breaks in arms, and bands around her prince.
And now the plain no more a rustic fray
Displays, where clubs and brands dispute the day ;
But with the double-biting axe they wound :
War's iron harvest bristles on the ground : 675
Shields, helms, and lauces flash a brazen gleam ;
And hurl again to heaven the solar beam.
As, whitening first upon the ruffled seas,
The tempest grows and strengthens by degrees :
Till by its force the mighty billows rise ; 680
Leave ocean's depths, and rush upon the skies.
Now Tyrrheus' eldest hope, young Almon, fell,
As in the battle's van he fought too well.
In the mid throat, the feather'd shaft of death
Stopp'd life, and barr'd the dewy pass of breath. 685
Around him numbers bled : the combat's rage
Spared not the mild Galæsus' virtuous age :
Pierced, as between the hosts he fondly strove
To lead their angry passions back to love.
Most just, and wealthy of the Ausonian swains, 690
He furrow'd with a hundred shares the plains ;

And to their pens and stalls at evening led
Five flocks, five herds that on his pastures fed.

As thus in equal fight the foes contest;
The Stygian goddess, of her wish possess'd, 695
(Her faith absolved, since on the bloody ground
War's infant brows exulting Death had crown'd,)
Soars from Hesperia to the ethereal skies;
And there in triumph thus to Juno cries:
“Lo! to thy wish, my proud commission done, 700
The glorious wretchedness of war begun!
Now go! and make my work of discord cease!
Speak, if thou canst, the nations into peace!
Since Troy is redd'n'd with Ausonia's gore.
Declare thy purpose! shall I yet do more? 705
Say! shall I rouse the neighb'ring states to arms?
Soon shall they quicken with war's mad alarms:
In fierce assistance rush from every side,
As my breath kindles, and my hand shall guide.”

To her thus Juno: “Terror now and Fraud 710
Have done their parts, and Discord is abroad.
War in its cause is vigorous: hand to hand
They fight, and blood has stain'd the virgin land.
Such hymeneals wait Latinus' heir;
Venus' famed offspring and his plighted fair! 715
But thou retire! for heaven's almighty King
Will bear no more the license of thy wing.

Whate'er remains of fortune in the fray,
Myself will order and my godhead sway."

She spoke: her serpent-wings the Fury spread: 720
Shot from the light, and to Cocytus fled.
Deep in Italia, far by Faine renown'd,
Girt with stupendous precipices round,
Amsanctus' vale beneath a night of woods
Lies, and is shaken by its rushing floods: 725
Which, issuing from its centre, fiercely pour
O'er rocky fragments, and in tumult roar.
Here Pluto's cavern yawns in dread display;
Through which the panting god inhales the day:
And here, of Acheron, the stream of woe, 730
Bursts a large poisonous whirlpool from below.
Here now, the Fiend, by lust of darkness driven,
Plunged, and relieved at once both earth and heaven.

Nor less Saturnia with her regal hand
Confirms the war's wild seizure of the land. 735
Now to the city all the shepherd train
Press from the fatal conflict with their slain:
Bear Almon, and Galæsus stain'd with gore,
Adjure Latinus, and the gods implore.
Turnus is there, and, as their rage exclaims, 740
Heightens the dread of menaced blood and flames:
And cries, that Troy had banish'd him the realm,
Which Phrygia's bastard brood must soon o'erwhelm.

Now too (so great in name and power the queen)
 The sons of them, who, in the enthusiast scene, 745
 Struck and astonish'd by the frantic god,
 Raved mid the woods and shook the mystic rod,
 Collect and call for war : for war the crowd
 Shout, against Fate and Heaven perversely loud.
 With cries for blood they make the palace ring ; 750
 And press on every side the leaguer'd king.
 He, by the storm of tongues unmoved, remains
 Fix'd as a rock, that ocean's rage sustains :
 Rears its proud head amidst the howl of tides ;
 And throws the shiver'd sea-weed from its sides. 755
 But when too strong he found the torrent ill,
 Borne on its course by Juno's cruel will ;
 Much he adjures the gods, and, to the skies
 Lifting his feeble hands, in anguish cries :
 “ The storm o'ercomes me : adverse fates confound :
 But soon your triumph shall in blood be drown'd. 761
 Thou, Turnus ! thou shalt rue this guilty day ;
 And vainly to the gods with late devotion pray.
 On thee, on those unhappy men will fall.
 The righteous vengeance crime suspends o'er all. 765
 Safe in the port of age, my only doom
 Can be to lose the honors of a tomb.”

No more he said, but sorrowing broke away,
 And to the infuriate crowd resign'd the sway.

A custom through Hesperia's realms obtain'd ; 770
Which Alba held as holy when she reign'd :
Now Rome, whose hands the world's dominion wield,
Observes ere Mars conducts her to the field:
Whether her storm of war o'er Dacia lowers ;
Or threatens the Hyrcanian, or the Arabian powers ; 775
Or, seeking realms where first Aurora flames,
Her standards from the Parthian's grasp reclaims.
The fane of war, so call'd, two portals close,
O'er which the terrors of the god repose.
A hundred bolts of steel, and brazen bars 780
Secure the dreadful avenues of Mars ;
And, the fane's sleepless guardian, Janus waits,
True to the threshold of the eternal gates.
These, when the fathers of the state decide,
That the stern fortune of the field be tried, 785
The consul, in his pomp of office dress'd,
The Gabine cincture and Quirinal vest,
Himself unlocks, and bids the nation arm :
The youth collect and kindle at the alarm :
While brazen trumpets, through the afflicted air, 790
To realms aghast the trembling tidings bear.
These portals now, to speak the birth of war,
The people press'd their monarch to unbar.
He from the guilty touch abhorrent fled ;
And deep in darkness hid his anguish'd head. 795

But heaven's fierce Empress, bursting from the skies,
Herself achieves the fateful enterprise.

Each sullen bolt, beneath Saturnia's hand,
Recoils ; the hinges roar, and the dread folds expand.

Calm and unmoved before, Ausonia glows ; 800
And breaks in madness from her long repose.

To the new field her youth in fury speed ;
Part rush on foot, part spur the fiery steed.
All furbish their old arms with instant zeal :
Some on the stone new edge their axe's steel : 805

Their shields and spears, with oil's deterotive stream,
Some cleanse ; and teach them once again to gleam.

The glittering standards all delight to rear ;
And the fierce trumpet charms the general ear.

Five potent cities, as the rage provokes, 810
Ply their hot anvils with incessant strokes,
Forging new arms. Antemæ's towery state ;
Tibur the haughty, and Atina great :
Crustumieri and Ardea rouse their might ;
And toil, impatient for the coming fight. 815

Helinets some hollow : some strong osiers tame,
In twisted braids to form the buckler's frame.

Others to breast-plates and to cuishes beat
The brass, and then with silver studs complete.

The share and sickle now unhonor'd lie : 820
The forges nought but falchions can supply.



- The watch-word passes ; clarion signals sound :
War in procinct is every where around.
One from the beam, where long had been its rest,
Unhooks the casque, and shakes its mouldering crest :
Another yokes his coursers to the car ; 826
And glitters in the panoply of war.
The shield and cuirass blaze around their lord ;
And by his side depends the trusty* sword.
Now, Powers of Helicon ! unlock your spring : 830
Muses divine ! inspire me while I sing,
What princes roused to war, what hosts they led ;
How great c'en then the race Italia bred.
Inform me, Goddesses ! for, throned on high,
Ye throw through time the far-pervading eye. 835
Ye know, and ye can speak : we only hear
Fame's feeble voice, that falters on the ear.
First of the field, Mezentius arm'd his bands ;
A godless tyrant from the Etrurian lands.
Lausus, his son, came next : in form and face 840
Excell'd alone by Turnus' matchless grace :
Lausus, great master of the bounding steed ;
Whose shafts were wont to make the forests bleed.
He from Agylla to the martial plain
A thousand warriors led, but led in vain. 845
His virtues o'er his parentage aspire :
Bless'd, had he never call'd Mezentius sire !

Then Aventinus drove along the field
 His victor steeds, by laurell'd traces held.
 Sprung from the great Alcides' strong embrace, 850
 His stern proud beauty spoke his godlike race.
 On his broad shield his father's bearing flamed,
 A hundred snakes and hydra yet untamed.
 Him in dark Aventine's protective shade
 (The god commingling with the mortal maid) 855
 The priestess Rhea bore, when, Geryon slain,
 The mighty victor reach'd Laurentum's plain ;
 And Tiber bellow'd with the herds of Spain.
 With divers arms his troops to fight advance :
 Some wield the pile ; some shake the lighter lance ; 860
 And some, like Sabines arm'd, the field invade
 With the shaft tapering in the slender blade.
 He o'er his head and shoulders mantling threw
 A lion's spoils, whose yawning jaws to view
 Bared the white teeth, that in tremendous rows 865
 Menaced with hideous grin above his brows.
 The youth, thus shaggy in the Herculean guise,
 Enter'd, and struck the palace with surprise.
 Then from high Tibur's walls two brothers came,
 (A third gave Tibur its illustrious name) 870
 Coras and fierce Catillus : born afar,
 With Argive blood they rush amid the war :

Like two strong Centaurs, of the cloud-sprung race;

When they, as fury fires their kindling pace,

From Omole's or Othrys' snowy brow,

875

Burst in a tempest on the fields below.

The crashing forest, yielding to their force,

Shivers, and strews its branches in their course.

Nor did Præneste's founder then abstain

To mix in combat on the dusty plain,

880

Great Cæculus: as Vulean's son renown'd,

Since on the blazing hearth the babe was found.

Him follow'd to the war his rustic bands,

From high Præneste, and the Gabine lands

To Juno dear: and they whose labors till'd

885

Cold Aniene, and the watery field

By Hernic rocks: and they whose lighter pains

Reap'd the rich produce of Anagnia's plains:

And they to whom, with thy prolific flood,

Thou Amasenus! gavest their easy food.

890

Not arm'd entire the host: some seek the war

Without the buckler or the rattling car.

These sling the leaden ball of death through air;

And those two darts for closer combat bear.

To give the helm's protection to the head,

895

O'er their rough locks the wolf's brown shag they spread.

Their left foot meets in nakedness the sight;

Of untamed hide, a sandal guards the right.

But he, who vaunted Neptune for his sire,
Not doom'd to feel the stroke of steel or fire, 900
Messapus, mighty tamer of the horse,
In juster battle ranged his numerous force :
To novel war inflamed his people's heart ;
And shook once more his own puissant dart.
Fescennia's hosts beneath the chief's commands 905
March'd, in firm union with Faliscum's bands.
To fill his ranks, from high Soracte's towers,
And Ciminus descend their warlike powers.
Their hills and lakes, where late they wont to rove,
Flavinia's pastures and Capena's grove, 910
They leave, athirst for fame and fired with martial love.
Their order'd step attempering music sways ;
And, as they move, they chant their monarch's praise.
Like snowy swans, when they, through fields of air,
Back from their pasture to the floods repair : 915
Sweet strains flow trilling through their lengthen'd throats,
And pleased Cayster warbles with their notes.
So justly in their ranks the troops engage,
They seem not men that feel the battle's rage :
But birds resemble, when the plamy host 920
Steers in close phalanx to some distant coast.

See where, illustrious with the blood of kings,
His mighty forces Sabine Clausus brings !

- Himself an army ; who, in Rome's embrace,
Shall proudly spread the Claudian tribe and race. 925
- Him follows Amiturnum's numerous host :
The powers old Cures and Eretum boast :
They who frequent Mutusca's olive shades ;
And they who crop Velinus' Roscan glades :
Nomentum's citizens : the swains who plough 930
Rough Tetrica and high Severus' brow :
They who in rocky Foruli reside ;
Casperia hold, or drink ^{*}Himella's tide :
Or bathe in Fabaris or Tiber's flood :
Uortina's tribes, cold Nursia's warlike brood : 935
The Latins ; and who dwell where Allia flows ;
Allia, sad name, immortalized with woes.
Countless the troops, as are the Libyan waves ;
When fierce Orion in the tempest raves :
Or thick as ears of corn, when summer reigns 940
On Hermus' banks, or Lycia's golden plains.
Their struck shields echo, and the trembling ground
Beneath their footstep yields a hollow sound.
- Next Agamemnon's son, Halesus, yokes
His fiery coursers, and the war provokes. 945
- With native hate to Troy, in Turnus' cause,
A thousand warriors, fierce in arms, he draws :
Those who the fields of Massic Bacchus tend ;
And those who from the Auruncan hills descend :

- Those, too, who till the Sidicinian meads; 950
 And those whom warlike fame from Cales leads :
 And those who dwell, where, eddying o'er his shoals,
 Amid his viny banks Vulturnus rolls.
 Array'd with these the martial Oscans stand,
 And, rude Saticulus ! thy hardy band. 955
 With thongs adapted to recall the wound,
 Their short light darts the rushing foe confound.
 Their left arm guarded by a Libyan shield,
 Bent scimitars in closer fight they wield.
 Nor, as unworthy of the tuneful tongue, 960
 Shalt thou, O Æbalus ! be pass'd unsung :
 Whom, as 'tis said, upon her father's shore,
 To Telou's love the nymph Sebethis bore ;
 When he, of the Teleboan throne possess'd,
 In Capreae gave his warlike age to rest. 965
 But, not sufficed with his paternal sway,
 The ambitious son made other realms obey :
 Stretch'd his dominion o'er the peopled plain,
 Where roving Sarnus leads his liquid train :
 O'er Rufrae, Batulum, Celenna spread ; 970
 And where, with orchards crown'd, Abella lifts her head.
 In the fierce fight, his troops were wont to rear
 The ponderous death of the Teutonic spear.
 Of cork their helms, their shields in brazen pride
 Flash'd, and rich falchions glitter'd by their side. 975

And thee, for trophies won illustrious far,
Great Ufens! Nersæ sent to meet the war :
Nersæ rock-fenced ; whose sons, prepared for blood,
Even o'er the peaceful plough in armour stood.
In rapine and the chase they pass'd the day ; 980
And beast and man were made their equal prey.

There too, aspirant in the field of fame,
Umbro, obedient to his monarch, came.
Archippus' subject, and Marrubium's priest,
The sacred olive clasp'd the hero's crest. 985
His wiles could charm the snake's envenom'd breath :
Lull his fell rage, and rob his fang of death.
But vain against the Dardan's mortal steel
Were all his charms, and all his arts to heal.
To save him then his sleep-compellers fail'd ; 990
Nor, cull'd on Marsian hills, his herbs avail'd.
For thee, Angitia's grove ; for thee, the tide
Of glassy Fucinus with sorrow sigh'd :
For thee, the lakes, thy foot was wont to trace,
Felt the tear dimple on their limpid face. 995

And there Hippolytus' bright offspring shone,
Virbius, whose beauty made his lineage known :
Whom, where Egeria's dewy groves o'ershade
The placid altar of the huntress maid,
Aricia bore ; and, fondly nursing there, 1000
Now sent to battle her illustrious care.

For when Hippolytus, as Famine imparts,
 Fell the chaste victim of his stepdame's arts ;
 And, by his coursers dash'd upon the shore,
 Glutted his father's vengeance with his gore ; 1005
 By Pæon's herbs and Phœbe's love renew'd,
 Once more the ethereal light of heaven he view'd.
 Then the great Father, who indignant saw,
 In the raised dead, a breach of nature's law,
 Hurl'd with his lightning to the Stygian wave 1010
 Him, whose bold hand had thus unlock'd the grave.
 But the dear youth Diana's guardian love
 Hid with Egeria in her secret grove.
 There in the Hesperian shades, withdrawn from fame,
 Hippolytus, now lost in Virbius' name, 1015
 Inglorious and remote from dangerous praise,
 With love sequester'd pass'd his tranquil days.
 From Trivia's temple, hence, and sacred wood
 They chase with hostile hate the courser's brood :
 Since, scared by monsters issuing from the main, 1020
 With the crush'd car their master they had slain.
 Yet not the less intent on martial deeds,
 The son to battle rush'd with fiery steeds.
 In the war's front, to all the hosts he led
 In hero-grace superior by the head, 1025
 Great Turnus wields his arms : above his crest
 Chimæra pours her flame-engendering breast :

And, as the rage of conflict fiercer grows,
More fell she looks, and more inflamed she glows.
On his broad shield, in sculptured gold portray'd, 1030
Illustrious argument! sad Iō stray'd.
The nymph, now changed, a heifer's form belied;
And sleepless Argus watch'd her as she sigh'd:
While, finely wrought as fluent, round the gold
Her father, Inachus, his waters roll'd. 1035
Behind the hero, as he march'd, was seen
A storm of warriors, lowering o'er the green;
And helms that nod to helms, shields knit with shields,
Waved like a billowy ocean o'er the fields.
There throng'd the youth of Argos' ancient blood: 1040
The Auruncans there, and fierce Rutulians stood.
There the Sicanis, proud of former sway,
With the Sacranians, spread their wide array.
There march'd with painted shields Labicum's ranks;
And they who, Tiber! plough thy fertile banks: 1045
And they who roam where, deep in holy shades,
Numicus' waters murmur through the glades:
And they whose shares Rutulian summits climb;
And they who till Circæuin's brow sublime;
With those who dwell where rules Auxurian Jove: 1050
Where proud Feromia vaunts her blooming grove:
Where Satira her dusky lake expands;
And gelid Ufens, gleaming through the lands,

Steals on his winding way mid vales profound
To the blue main ; and in its depths is drown'd. 1055

To these Camilla brought her Volscian aid ;
Squadrons of horse in flam'ry brass array'd :
A martial virgin who, to battles train'd,
Minerva's distaff, for her lance, disdain'd.
In fight or chase accomplish'd to prevail, 1060
Her foot outstripp'd the pinions of the gale :
Light o'er the standing corn could urge its speed,
Nor in its flying passage bend the reed :
Could sweep the swelling bosom of the main,
Unlaved, and printless on the liquid plain. 1065
As, by the Graces deck'd, she pass'd along,
The fields and houses pour their mingled throng.
Matrons and boys with restless gaze admire
At once the warrior's and the queen's attire :
The royal purple floating o'er the fair ; 1070
The clasping gold, that holds her copious hair ;
The Lycian quiver o'er her shoulder thrown ;
And the swain's myrtle-staff that, steel'd for combat, shone.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK VIII.

Argument.

ALARMED by the preparations of the Latins and uncertain what measures to pursue, Æneas is comforted in a vision by the river-god, Tiber; who directs him to solicit the assistance of Evander, an Arcadian prince now established with a colony on the future site of Rome. To this prince, therefore, Æneas repairs; and experiences from him the most amicable reception. Evander, as he is offering sacrifices to Hercules, relates the death of the robber Cacus, effected by that hero's might; and explains the antiquities of a district, which in after ages was to be renowned by the power and magnificence of the capital of the world. Forming an alliance with his Trojan guest, Evander sends his son, Pallas, with a body of Arcadian horse to attend his new ally to the war; and dismisses him to the camp of the Etrurians, who were waiting for a foreign general to lead them against Turnus, the protector of their exiled oppressor, Mezentius. In the meantime, Venus obtains for her son celestial armour from Vulcan. These arms, and the shield, on which is sculptured the principal events of the Roman history, supply the subject of much fine and interesting description, which extends to the termination of this episodical but most beautiful book.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK VIII.

As, by the daring hand of Turnus raised,
The combat's signal on Laurentum blazed ;
As the fierce trumpets pour'd their thrilling war ;
As clang'd the chieftain's arms, and rush'd his car ;
At once the soul of Latium felt the alarm, 5
And all her furious youth conspiring arm.
Messapus, Usens, and, the gods' proud foe,
Mezentius, with the zeal of leaders glow :
Press all the region for auxiliar force ;
And pining Ceres from her swain divorce. 10
Then Venulus to Arpi's court they send,
To make the mighty Diomede their friend :
To say that Troy had grasp'd Ausonia's coast ;
That, with his vanquish'd gods and vagrant host,
Æneas had arrived ; and proudly spread, 15
That Fate had crown'd him as Italia's head :

To add, that Latium felt his potent name ;
 And numerous nations had avouch'd his claim :
 That, should success exalt the aspiring man,
 To whom might stretch his conquest's growing plan 20
 Was better to the Ætolian monarch known,
 Than to the kings that fill'd the Latian throne.

The Dardan chief, while thus his foes array'd,
 With troubled thoughts the unfolding storm survey'd.
 Restless and toss'd on care's tumultuous tide, 25
 His mind, quick glancing, shot from side to side.
 As when, in polish'd brass, the trembling stream
 Reflects the radiant moon, or solar beam ;
 The sportive ray plays fitfully around :
 Now strikes the roof, now flutters on the ground. 30

'Twas night ; and, by the toils of day oppress'd,
 All breathing nature sought repairing rest :
 When tardy slumber seal'd the hero's eyes ;
 As, rack'd with cares, on 'Tiber's bank he lies ;
 The turf his pillow, canopy the skies. 35

Then from the poplars, that his waves o'er shade,
 The river's god his reverend form display'd.
 His limbs an azure mantle loosely dress'd ;
 And his green locks a crown of reeds compress'd.
 Then with assuasive voice, approaching near, 40
 He thus breathed comfort on the chieftain's ear :

“ O Progeny of gods! who, snatch’d from fate,
Bring’st back our Troy, and Ilion’s deathless state :
O long expected by our Latian land !
This is thy home, and here thy throne shall stand. 45
Fear not the threats of war ! the storm that raged,
Of heavenly vengeance, is at length assuaged.
And now, behold ! lest haply thou may’st deem
What thus thou hear’st the illusion of a dream,
Unclosing with the dawn, thine eyes shall find 50
A milk-white swine beneath my shades reclined,
With thirty young, all white, that press the teat :
There is thy labor’s goal, thy city’s seat .
And issuing thence, when thrice ten years roll round,
Ascanius shall his fair-famed Alba found 55
Believe me ! sure is my prophetic speech.—
Now mark ! and how to conquest thou may’st reach
In brief I will unfold. Alcadian bands,
Evander’s comrades, hold the neighb’ring lands.
From Pallas sprung, the high-descended race 60
Exchanged their country for this chosen place .
Here mid the hills their infant city wall’d ;
And Pallanteum from their Pallas call’d.
But here in vain they seek their wish’d repose ;
Press’d and endanger’d by their Latian foes. 65
With them ally, and swell with them thy force.
Myself will waft, and guide thee with my course :

Will smooth my wave, and check its downward sway,
That so thine oar may overcome the way.

Rise, Goddess-born! and, when the stars shall fade, 70
To Juno let thy suppliant vows be paid :
Subdue her threats and vengeful soul with prayer ;
And, when in victory expires thy care,
To me absolve the grateful honors due ;
Me, whose proud flood now rolls beneath thy view, 75
Tiber, heaven-loved ! whose crown, in times to come,
Shall be the world's great city, glorious Rome."

He spoke ; and in the torrent plunged his head.
Slumber and night at once Æneas fled.
Rising, he gazed at day's ascending beam : 80
Then with his pious hands he scoop'd the stream ;
And raising them to heaven with fervor said ;

" Ye Nymphs ! whose urns supply the river's bed :
Laurentian Nymphs ! and thou, O Tiber ! hear !
Whose sacred current to the gods is dear : 85
Receive Æneas as your own, and spread
Your guardian influence o'er his menaced head.
O ! through whatever lands thy waters roam ;
Whatever fount thou makest thy crystal home,
Where pity touch'd thee for my anguish'd state ; 90
King of Hesperia's floods ! august and great !
Still shalt thou flow my ever honor'd theme ;
Still shall my offerings float upon thy stream.

But ah! be present in this needful hour ;
And aid me now with thy peculiar power."

95

He said; and chose two vessels from his fleet,
With oars equipp'd, with troops and arms complete.
But now a sudden portent struck his sight;
Behold at once with wonder and delight.
Lo ! on the shaded bank reposed a sow, 100
With her large brood, all white as spotless snow.
Her with her young, to thee a holy due,
Great Queen of heaven ! the pious chieftain slew.

Through all night's dusky length the obedient flood,
Held by its god, in mute stagnation stood : 105
Forgetful of the sea, restrain'd its pace ;
And a still lake expanded on its face.
The unlaboring oars the liquid plain divide :
The sailors shout, and proudly o'er the tide
The stunted pines in easy triumph ride. 110
At the new sight of ships and martial brass,
The waves and forests wonder as they pass.
One night, one day, they ply the assiduous oar ;
Winding along the mazes of the shore :
And, as they press the placid river's bed, 115
See groves of various leaf o'erarch the head.
Now flamed the sun from his meridian height :
When distant walls rose gleaming on the sight ;

And low-roof'd houses, tenants of the ground
Which Roman might has now to heaven renown'd ; 120
Then the rude seat of poor Evander's reign ;
A cottage-city, scattering o'er the plain.
The Trojan pilot sees and turns the helm,
To seek the palace of the Arcadian realm.

It chanced that on that day, within a grove 125
Before the city, to the son of Jove
Alcides, and the gods, the sovereign paid
Religious honors in the fuming shade.
His little senate by the kingly sire,
And his son, Pallas, fcd the sacred fire ; 130
And all the youthful nobles bathed the shrine,
With liquid incense and the blood of kine.
Soon as they saw, beneath the darksome wood,
The tall ships gliding o'er the silent flood ;
Scared by the unwonted sight, they rose in fear ; 135
And left the tables with the unfinish'd cheer.
But dauntless Pallas calm'd the affrighted board ;
And order to the holy rites restored :
Then scised his lance, and, rushing to explore,
Call'd from a mound which overlook'd the shore : 140
“ Speak, Strangers ! whence, and who ? and wherefore float
Your alien galleys on our tide remote ?
Your race, your country tell ! your purpose here !
Come ye as friends ? or lift the hostile spear ?

To him Æneas, from the lofty prow, 145
Stretch'd in his hand the peaceful olive's bough,
And said ; " 'Tis Troy, you see, by Latian foes
Now chased : our arms the Latian pride oppose.
We seek Evander : for his aid, report,
Troy sends her suppliant leaders to his court." 150

Struck with the mighty name, " Whoe'er thou art,"
Pallas replied, " be welcome to my heart !
Before my sire be all thy wish express'd :
Land ! and be honor'd as our favor'd guest !"

He spoke, and mingled in the chief's embrace : 155
Then, through the grove they sought the banquet's place.
There first the Dardan loid the silence broke ; .
And thus assuasive to the monarch spoke :

" Best of the Grecian race ! to whom I plead
My suppliant cause as Fortune has decreed ! 160
Arcadian though thou art, and born my foe ;
Though in thy veins the blood of Atreus flow ;
Yet have I shun'd thee not : my conscious worth ;
Thy virtues blazon'd by loud Fame o'er earth ;
Our kindred sires, the Fates, and Heaven's commands, 165
All led me here, and all unite our hands.

Troy's founder, Dardanus, our far-famed head,
Sprung, Jove's great increase, from Electra's bed ;
So Grecian records vouch : and all proclaim
Atlas her sire, who props the starry frame. 170

Your father, Hermes, was produced to light
 By beauteous Maia on Cyllene's height :
 And Maia's sire, if aught be true we hear,
 Was the same Atlas who supports the sphere.

So from a common sire our races run ; 175

Distinct their currents, but their fountain one.

Embolden'd thus, I scorn'd the vulgar arts,
 Which monarchs use to fathom monarchs' hearts :
 No legates sent, with subtle trains to wind
 Around thy purpose, and explore thy mind. 180

Myself I come to make my wishes known ;
 A suppliant here, surrender'd at thy throne.

Thy Damiian foe, if victor of our force,
 May through Hesperia hold uncheck'd his course :
 From shore to shore extend his haughty reign ; 185
 Lord of the northern and the southern main.

One therefore in our cause, O ! take and give
 A prince's faith ; and one in glory live !

Bold are our youth, accustom'd to the field ;
 Train'd by experience and by labor steel'd.” 190

While thus Aeneas spoke, o'er all the man
 The monarch's gaze with wondering pleasure ran ;
 And briefly thus he said ; “ With honest joy,
 My arms embrace thee, greatest son of Troy !
 How, as thy voice I hear, thy features see, 195
 I own Anchises living still in thee !

For, when Troy's monarch, young and high in fame,
To see Hesione, his sister, came;
From Salamis the princely train pursued
Their devious course, and cold Arcadia view'd. 200
I well remember, then a beardless boy,
How much I wonder'd at the lords of Troy.
All struck my gaze, and Priam I admired:
But high o'er all Anchises' form aspired.
My youthful mind was straight on fire to gain 205
The hero's friendship, and his hand to strain.
With reverence I approach'd, with foudness press'd;
And led him to my city as my guest.
There, a bright quiver, stored with Lycian darts;
A cloak gold-wrought, the work of Phrygian arts; 210
And, with their bits of gold, two sumptuous reins
(Gifts which my Pallas still with pride retains)
The hero gave me: then thy wish receive!
My hand of amity to Troy I give:
And, soon as early moru unfolds the lands, 215
Hence' shalt thou march with our auxiliar bands.
But in these rites now share; and, as a friend,
Well pleased, even now begin with us to blend;
Feast at one board, and at one altar bend."

He ceased; and then commanded to replace 220
The sacred banquet and the wine-crown'd vase.
On the soft fragrant soil's enamell'd breast
He ranged in order each inferior guest:

But on a maple couch, and near his side,
Placed great Æneas on a lion's hide.

225

Then chosen youths, assisted by the priests,
Supplied the roasted entrails of the beasts;
And baskets by indulgent Ceres crown'd:
While Bacchus, foaming o'er the bowl, flow'd round.
On victim entrails and the massy chine,
Æneas and his youthful warriors dine.

230

When satiate hunger fled the genial board;
Evander thus address'd the Dardan lord:

“ As to so great a god our victims bleed,
Not blind religion prompts the holy deed; 235
Religion that to Powers, she knows not, bows:
From conscious hearts our just devotion flows.
Saved from dire ill, we bid our altars blaze;
And gratitude inspires our annual praise.
See first! where yonder rock with nodding brow, 240
On rocks suspended, threats the vale below:
Where massy piles of stone, surmounting stone,
Look like gigantic ruin's craggy throne:
There misshaped Cacus dwelt in depths profound;
There dived his cave in Stygian darkness drown'd. 245
Drench'd with incessant slaughter reek'd the floor;
And the gate stream'd, from human heads, with gore.
Vast was the monster: Vulcan was his sire;
And his black jaws emitted dusky fire.

But time at length the needful succour brought; 250
And gave us in a god the power we sought.
For here, exulting with the wealth of Spain,
Where threefold Geryon by his arm lay slain,
Glorious with trophies, and forerun by Fame,
The avenging victor, great Alcides came: 255
Here drove his herds; and, pausing from his toils,
Fill'd all the valleys with his bellowing spoils.
But furious Cacus, with a robber's pride,
That nought of daring guilt might pass untried,
From the great victor's stalls by stealth purloin'd 260
Four bulls, four heifers of excelling kind:
And, lest their footsteps might his den betray,
Back by their tails he dragg'd his struggling prey.
The hero sought his beasts, but sought in vain;
His search eluded by the backward train. 265
But when, at length preparing to remove,
From their wide pastures all his herds he drove,
The region round complaining bellowings fill:
The forest rings, and vale replies to hill.
The peals of roaring pierce the robber's den; 270
And thence one beast was heard to roar again.
The thief thus told, at once Alcides fired;
Black rage and vengeance all his soul inspired.
His arms he scised, and grasp'd his knotted oak;
And, like a whirlwind, on the mountain broke. 275

Then first the monster own'd superior might :
Our eyes first saw him then aghast with fright.
By terror wing'd, more swift than winds he fled ;
Sought his dark den, and there immersed his head.
Scarce had he burst the massy chains, and flung 280
On the cave's mouth the rock, that o'er it hung,
Poised by his father's art ; and firmly barr'd,
With ribs of steel within, the stony guard ;
When fierce Tirynthius, with his soul on flame,
Rush'd to the gate and strove to force its frame : 285
In vain : Vulcanian power his power defied.
His teeth he gnash'd, and here and there he tried :
'Trice raged round Aventinus' shaggy brow,
Exploring access to his monstrous foe :
'Trice idly struggled at the rocky gate : 290
'Trice in the valley, spent with labor, sate.
Close at the cavern's back, in spiry height
Sprung a sharp cliff, and tower'd upon the sight :
Within whose craggy surface birds of prey,
And direful omen, shunn'd the glare of day. 295
This from its roots, as toward the left it bent,
With struggles from the right the hero rent :
'Then, with a sudden impulse overthrown,
The crashing ruin bursts and rushes down.
Loud thunders air : the vale results below ; 300
And Tiber's trembling waters backward flow.

Now the dark depths of Cacus, yawning wide,
Bared all his palace in its gloomy pride :
As to the centre if some power should lay
Earth's deep dominions open to the day : 305
Disclose the infernal seats, Death's pale abodes,
The world of horror hateful to the gods ;
And with a hideous gulf astound the sight :
While the ghosts tremble at invasive light.
Him now, by day's unwelcome lustre shock'd, 310
Uttering strange yells, and in his cavern lock'd,
Alcides from above with battle plies ;
With shiver'd trees, and rocks of mighty size.
But he, since flight was here to hope denied,
Pour'd (wondrous !) from his jaws a fiery tide : 315
Roll'd through the den a storm of billowy smoke ;
And his own night with steamy flashes broke.
Alcides bore it not ; but, where the cave
Heaved with the tumult of the blackest wave,
Sprung with a dreadful bound ; and, griping fast 320
The wretch, whose fires were impotent to blast,
Intwined him round ; and forced with knots of death
His starting eyeballs, and his strangled breath.
Then burst the gates ; and, from his den of night,
The beasts, with oaths denied, are led to light. 325
On his fell carcass, dragg'd upon the plain,
Our gaze insatiate feeds and feeds again :

His form, his bulk, his bestial shag admires ;
 His ghastly eyes, and jaws' extinguish'd fires.
 Hence to the god we vow'd this day of praise; 330
 And the glad son his father's worship pays.
 Potitius first and the Pinarian race,
 The appointed guardians of the hallow'd place,
 This altar built, which we and all our state
 Surname, and which shall ever be THE GREAT. 335
 Then to such high desert with grateful souls,
 Youths ! bind your locks, and lift the sacred bowls !
 Invoke our common god ! and let the wine
 Flow in libation to the Power divine!"

He spake ; and straight the Herculean poplar's bough
 Crown'd his own head, and circled every brow. 341
 Then, as he grasp'd the goblet, all adore
 'The mighty god, and glad libations pour.

Now evening o'er the skies soft twilight shed :
 When all the priests, Potitius at their head, 345
 Advance with torches, and, as use enjoins,
 With shaggy skins, for cinctures, round their loins.
 The banquet they renew ; and, as before,
 The festal board is heap'd with plenteous store :
 While from full chargers, of capacious frame, 350
 They feed with copious gifts the holy flame.
 The Salii, then, around their altars' fire
 Dance, crown'd with poplar, to the varied lyre.

The young and ancient, with responding lays,
In double chorus chant Alcides' praise: 355
How the two snakes that on his cradle rush'd,
(Juno's first ministers of wrath) he crush'd :
How mighty cities next his war o'erthrew,
Troy and Æchalia : how his labors grew ;
By stern Eurystheus and the Queen of heaven 360
Still plunged in toils, and still on dangers driven.
“ Thy hand, unconquer'd Hero ! also slew
Hylæus, Pholus, and the cloud-born crew.
The Cretan monster fell beneath thy shock ;
And the vast lion in his Nemean rock. 365
At thee Styx trembled to its utmost shore :
To thee, hell's guard, now terrible no more,
Crouch'd o'er his ravin in his den of gore.
No forms could daunt thee : not the wondrous size
Of arm'd Typhœus, rushing on the skies. 370
Thee unalarm'd the snake of Lerna found,
Though all his host of heads were hissing round.
Hail, genuine Son of Jove ! who, throned in heaven,
Shinest, a new glory to the immortals given.
Hear ! and be present at thy votaries' prayer ! 375
And them, and these thy rites, benignly make thy care !”

Thus they their holy harmonies prolong :
The hero-god the subject of their song :
And chiefly do they dwell on Cacus' death :
His cave of slaughter, and his fiery breath. 380

Charm'd was still Evening's ear ; and, as they sung,
The woods and hills with tuneful accents rung.

Accomplish'd now the rites of praise and prayer,
Back to the city all the crowd repair.

The hoary king, with cumbrous years oppress'd, 385

Walks slowly with his son and princely guest ;

And, as their minds upon his converse pore,

Beguiles their progress with instructive lore.

Though its great fates sleep viewless on the ground,

Æneas throws his curious glance around : 390

Explores each place ; and, as he pleased surveys,

Questions and hears of works of ancient days.

Then thus Evander, sire of embryon Rome :

" These woods, of Fauns and Nymphs the native home,

Once shelter'd a barbarian race of men ; 395

Who, springing from rocks, were tenants of the den.

Lawless and fierce, in life's first arts unskill'd,

The bull they yoked not, or the furrows till'd.

Strangers to thrift, now gorged and starving now,

They prey'd upon the chase, or pluck'd the meagre bough.

Till, flying from his son's superior might, 401

An exile from his native realms of light,

Saturn descended here : he first subdued,

Drawn from their shaggy haunts, the indocile brood :

With laws constructed social order's plan ; 405

And rear'd the biped savage into man.

Latium he call'd the realm, since latent here
He lived, and reign'd beyond the victor's fear.
Sweet Peace sat smiling by the monarch's throne :
And then the far-famed age of gold was known ; 410
Till envious time the social lustre stain'd ;
And rage of war, and lust of rapine reign'd.
Ausonians then, and then Sicilians came ;
And oft the land of Saturn changed her name.
Then various kings the shifting rule possess'd ; 415
And savage Thybris tower'd above the rest :
Thybris, from whom our flood its name derives ;
Whilst ancient Albulæ no more survives.
Me, doom'd the extended ocean's range to prove,
As exiled from my country's arms I rove, 420
Almighty Fortune and resistless Fate
Compell'd to settle in this distant state :
And here Carmentis and the Delphic god,
From both their shrines, command my fix'd abode."

Proceeding as he spoke, the shrine he shows, 425
And gate, which Rome as her Carmental knows.
In honor of his mother-nymph they stood,
Carmentis ; who, in her diviner mood,
Had sung of Troy advancing to be great ;
And future Pallanteum's glorious state. 430
Thence to the grove they came, whose ample shade
Fierce Romulus the famed Asylum made.

Then the king points to where the mountain's brow
 Hangs o'er Lupercal in the vale below ; · · · ·
 So by the Arcadians from Lycaeus named, 435
 Pan's sacred city, where his altars flamed.
 Then Argiletus' wood he shows with pain ;
 And tells how Argos, his sad guest, was slain.
 Thence to the Capitol their progress led ;
 Where the Tarpeian lifts his regal head. 440
 Horrent with bristly copse, the summit rose,
 Which now, array'd in golden splendor, glows.
 Even then 'the dread religion of the place
 With holy horror struck the peasant race :
 Even then, the guarded mountain as they saw, 445
 Their panting bosoms thrill'd with secret awe.
 “ Those shades, that rock some god—(what god, un-
 Evander cried, “ has made his dreadful throne. [known”]
 The Arcadians think that Jove himself is there ;
 Superbly seen amid the storm of air : 450
 As bickering flames his brandish'd ægis throws ;
 And pours deep night with tempest round his brows.
 Yon rui'd heaps, that strew the hill and plain,
 Were once two towns, whose wrecks alone remain.
 This Janus built, and that Heaven's exiled son : 455
 One call'd Janiculum, Saturnia one.”

. As thus with converse they deceived the road,
 They came to poor Evander's low abode ;

And saw herds graze where now, in high command,
Rome's forum and the rich Carinæ stand. 460

There at his seat, "My Guest!" the monarch said,
"This threshold once Alcides deign'd to tread:
This, as his palace, held his victor state.
Dare to spurn wealth, and like the god be great!
Ah! kindly take the welcome of the poor." 465

He spoke; and leading through his humble door
The great Æneas, placed him on a bed,
Stuff'd with soft leaves, and with a bear-skin spread.

Night, swiftly borne upon her sable plume,
Now rush'd, and earth reposed beneath her gloom. 470
But Venus, not with causeless fears alarm'd,
Saw fierce Laurentum menacing and arui'd;
And in her golden chamber, breathing love,
Her tongue's sweet accents thus her Vulcan move:

"While Grecia's chiefs made wretched Iliou bleed, 475
And wrapp'd her towers in flames, as Fate decreed;
My voice, O dearest Consort! then forbore
To task thy power, and fruitless aid implore.
Then I besought thee not for arus divine:
Though much I owed to Priam's hapless line; 480
And oft have wept the toils my son sustain'd.
Latium at length his weary foot has gain'd,
By Jove's command: and now my love implores
Thy potent godhead, which my heart adores.

For arms I sue, a mother for a son ; 485
 As Thetis once, and once Aurora won.
 See how the nations league ! what hosts combine
 To storm his walls, and ruin me in mine !”

The goddess spoke ; and, waking all her charms,
 Threw round the pausing god her snowy arms, 490
 And held him in soft folds : aroused desire
 Shot instant through his nerves in wonted fire :
 Quick as, when bursts a cloud by thunder’s might,
 The blazing outbreak streaks the dark with light.
 She felt her power, in conscious beauty strong ; 495
 While thus immortal love inform’d his tongue :

“ Why seek for distant reasons to persuade ? *
 And wherefore, Goddess ! thus distrust my aid ?
 Hadst thou, when Troy was fighting on the field,
 Besought me thus to forge the spear and shield, 500
 No power had stay’d my hand ; and Jove and Fate
 Not yet had levell’d her majestic state :
 Unshaken still her bulwarks had remain’d ;
 And Priam for another ten years reign’d.
 And now, if war alarm thee with its storm, 505
 Whate’er my force or science can perform,
 Whate’er my hands for war’s effect can frame
 From metals, conquer’d by excited flame,
 Be certain shall be thine ; nor thus with prayer
 Suspect thy power, and doubt if thou art fair.” 510

He said ; and sank entranced upon her breast ;
And sleep there wrapp'd him in delicious rest.
Then, when the night had finish'd half her course,
And sleep resign'd his first restoring force :
What time the matron, who her life sustains 515
By the loon's art, and hard Minerva's pains,
Awakes her drowsy hearth, robs night for toil,
And tasks her maidens by the flaming oil ;
That thus her blooming infants may be fed,
And kept misullied her connubial bed ; 520
The god of fire from pleasing slumber breaks ;
And, rushing to the forge, his couch forsakes.
Near Lipare, and by Sicania's side,
With smoking rocks an isle high-brows the tide.
Cyclopean fires exhaust the ground beneath ; 525
And Etna's caverns there in thunder breathe.
Hence may be heard struck anvils' shrilling tones ;
The panting furnace, and the fire that groans :
The tumult of the boiling metal's wave ;
And all the various din that shakes the cave. 530
The dome of Vulcan this, that bears his name :
And hither from the skies he shot like flame.
In the huge vault, their toils, in naked pride,
Pyracmon Steropes and Brontes plied,
The master Cyclops of the forging bands. 535
The thunder now was swelling in their hands :

Jove's dreadful weapon, when incensed he throws
 The fiery vengeance on his guilty foes.

Finish'd in part, in part as yet unframed,
 The bolt with only half its terrors flamed.

540

Then for the growing weapon points they form,
 Three of condensed, and three of liquid storm :
 Three of fierce wind, and three of ruddy fire :

And add, to make the missile death entire,
 Terror, blaze, sound, and flamy-pinion'd ire.

545

Another laboring band prepared the car,
 And the fleet wheels that whirl the god of war ;
 As, shaking cities in his fierce career,
 He kindles fury, and he scatters fear.

Some the dread ægis forged, that shields the breast
 Of wrathful Pallas, when for vengeance dress'd.

Raised into serpent scales, they fret the gold ;
 Then writhing serpents for the braces mould ;
 And, for the boss, the direful Gorgon cast ;
 Slain, yet with living eyes that roll and blast.

555

“Leave all your works unfinish'd as they are,”
 The master cried, “and turn to other care,
 Ætnean Cyclops ! from your plastic hands
 Immortal arms a hero now demands.

Your force exert : exhaust your artist skill ;
 And haste your master's purpose to fulfil.”

560

No more was needful : all, with instant mind,
 Bend to the toil, and share the task assign'd.

Brass runs in floods ; gold's radiant fusion glows ;
And deathful steel within the furnace flows. 565

With folds on folds they form the mighty shield,
Singly to stand the tempest of the field.
Some teach the inflated bellows to inspire
The blast, then pour it on the madden'd fire.
Some with tenacious prongs the masses take ; 570
And plunge them hissing in the quenching lake :
Or turn them flaming ; and with hammers beat
The metal, docile from subduing heat.

With wondrous force, alternate and in time,
They raise their arms, and make their anvils chime. 575
Loud Echo wakes, as the din provokes ;
And the huge cavern groans beneath their strokes.

While thus the Æolian forges are bestirr'd ;
The morn's white ray, and song of earliest bird
Awake Evander in his lowly shed ; 580
And the hoar monarch rises from his bed.
Thrown o'er his limbs the manthug fleeces meet ;
And Tuscan sandals clasp around his feet.
A sword, Arcadia's work, adorns his side ;
And o'er it waves a panther's spotted hide. 585
Accoutred thus he passes through the gate ;
Two guardian dogs attendant on his state ;
And, with his promise treasured in his breast,
Hastes to the chamber of his Dardan guest.

Not less alert or scorful of repose, 590
 Æneas with the blushing morn arose,
 And met the king : their interview to share,
 On one Achates waits ; on one, his heir.
 Their hands they mingle ; and within, apart
 From every meaner ear, disclose the heart : 595
 And first Evander ; “ Mighty Chief ! with whom
 Living and vigorous, still his Troy must bloom !
 Small is our power to aid ; inferior far
 To Fame’s report, and to so great a war.
 Here, straitening us, the Tuscan river flows : 600
 There press upon our walls Rutulian foes.
 But by my care shall wealthy realms be thine ;
 And mighty nations stretch thy battle’s line :
 An aid which chance supplies beyond our thought ;
 And here thy presence by the Fates is sought. 605
 Hence not remote, the work of ancient hands,
 Agylla’s city towers above the lands.
 There in old times, a race, for arms renown’d,
 From Lydia came, and reign’d on Tuscan ground.
 This realm, for years by smiling Fortune bless’d, 610
 Mezentius’ cruel sovereignty oppress’d.
 Why should I speak the horror of his deeds ?
 The pains that groan ? the guiltless life that bleeds ?
 On his dire head, ye Gods ! his acts return !
 And through his tainted house let vengeance burn ! 615

Even living bodies to the dead he tied ;
Hands ranged with hands, and mouth to mouth applied .
Infliction strange ! and in the embrace of woe,
Mid reeking death and foul corruption's flow,
Kept the sad victim, till, with suffering tired, 620
Life slowly in contagion's arms expired.

At length, while thus the tyrant's fury glows,
The wearied citizens in vengeance rose :
Slew his associates ; and with fire and sword
Assail'd the palace of their hated lord. 625

He throughg the flames and slaughter safely fled ;
And shelter'd in the Daunian court his head.
Protected there by Turnus' friendly hand,
He mock'd the justice of his injured land.

But, greatly moved, Etruria, like a flood, 630
Rose all, to claim with arms her tyrant's blood :
And to her myriads, thus for war combined,
Their leader, thou, Æneas ! shalt be join'd.
Already on the coast her numerous fleet,
With ensigns waving for departure, 'meet. 635

But an old augur, versed in fateful lore,
Suspends their sails that swell to quit the shore.

“ Ye Youths !” he cries, “ Mæonia's chosen host !
Who, sprung from heroes, hero-virtue boast !
To whom Mezentius gives a righteous cause ; 640
And just revenge for wrongs to combat draws !

By no Italian must your hosts be led :
So Heaven ordains : then seek a foreign head."

Thus over-awed, and hinder'd in their course,
On yonder plains have camp'd the Tuscan force : 645
And Tarchon's legates, with their proffer'd throne,
To me have brought the sceptre as my own :
And to the Etrurian camp I should repair,
Received and welcomed as a monarch there,
But slow, cold age, that martial force denies, 650
With envy robs me of the imperial prize.
My son should seize it, but his birth restrains ;
His Sabine mother circling in his veins.
Thou, then, to whom the power and right are given
By age and race, required by Fate and Heaven, 655
Rise ! and thy glorious destinies enjoy !
Great chief at once of Italy and Troy !
With thee, the hope and solace of my age,
Pallas shall march, and by thy side engage :
Tutor'd by thee in arms, thy deeds admire ; 660
And catch, in youth, from thee a hero's fire.
My aid I give, two hundred chosen horse ;
And Pallas, as his own, shall lead an equal force.

He spoke ; and, musing on the toils of Fate,
Æneas and Achates pensive sate : 665
Till Cytherea, from heaven's cloudless height,
Gave a glad omen in a burst of light,

With thundering clashes : all the scene around
Shakes ; and in air the Tuscan trumpets sound.
Upward they gaze : again loud clangors crash 670
From arms, that mid the skies are seen to flash.
While shrink his friends aghast, the hero knew
His mother's signal, to her promise true ;
And said ; “ My Host ! let no vain fears alarm ;
Nor deem the portent boding future harm. 675
Heaven calls me hence : for, if the war should swell,
My goddess-mother promised thus to tell ;
And bring me, all the shock of foes to stand,
Celestial arms from Vulcan's forging hand.
Ah ! what black fate o'erhangs Laurentum's wall ! 680
What dire revenges shall on Turnus fall !
Tiber ! I see thy stream suffused with blood ;
And helms and shields and heroes choak thy flood.
‘Tis well ! from plighted peace they now may start ;
And court destruction with a perjured heart.” 685

He ceased, and rose : then waking on the shrine
The Herculean fires, renew the rites divine :
Repairs well-pleased to where, in humble state,
The household gods his adoration wait :
There joyfully his sacred homage pays ; 690
And sheep, selected for the victims, slays.
At once, Evander and the youth of Troy
Blend in the rites, and catch his holy joy.

Then, measuring back his steps, he seeks the strand ;
Regains the ships, and joins his patriot band. 695

Of these, the prime he chooses for his train,
To meet the Tuscans on the tented plain.

The rest upon the downward stream he sends
To bear Ascanius tidings of his friends.

The band, that to the Tuscan camp proceeds, 700
Are mounted by the king on martial steeds :
And one, of the Parrhasian stalls the pride,
O'er whom, with paws of gold, a lion's hide
Mantled, and richly all his form o'erspread,
Is, in distinction, for Aeneas led. 705

Fame flies before them, with her loud report
That thus for war they seek the Etrurian court.

The little city pants with strong alarm :
Around the shrines the suppliant matrons swarm.
Danger, more nearly seen, awakes affright ; 710
And Mars in terror grows upon the sight.

Dissolved in tears the reverend monarch stands ;
And, speaking, strains the parting hero's hands :

“ O ! that propitious Jove would now renew
That youthful vigor which in arms I knew ! 715
Such as I was when, in Praeneste's fields,
I crush'd the ranks, and burnt a pile of shields ;
And Herilus, their king, a wondrous foe,
Sent to associate with the shades below :

- A chief, Feronia's son, to whom she gave 720
Three lives, to rise thrice victor of the grave.
But thrice he fell beneath my conquering force ;
And thrice the spoils I ravish'd from his corse.
Such were I now, with nerves for glory's race,
No power should tear me from my son's embrace : 725
Nor had Mezentius then with murders spread
My neighbour realms ; and scorn'd my hoary head.
But, O ye Gods ! and thou, whom gods obey,
Great Jove ! with pity listen as I pray !
Respect the monarch's and the father's prayer ! 730
If Pallas' safety be your heavenly care ;
If to infold him in these arms again
I live, for life I sue with all its pain.
But if some dreadful fortune be design'd,
Now, now, while hope still soothes my cheated mind ; 735
Ere yet the future shall its fates unfold ;
While thus my son, my last, sole joy, I hold ;
O ! break life's chain at once, and let me go,
By darkness shrouded, from the death of woe !"
- Thus spoke the parting sire, and overcome 740
His menials bore him fainting to his home.
- Now through the gates the horse-array proceeds ;
And great Æneas, with Achates, leads.
Next march the Trojan chiefs ; and Pallas then,
In pictured arms conspicuous, heads his men : 745

Bright as the star of morn, to Venus dear
 Beyond all stars, that gem the ethereal sphere :
 When, keen from ocean's wave, his sacred light
 Flames in the front of heaven, and chases night.
 The trembling matrons to the ramparts throng ; 750
 And trace the warriors as they flash along.
 They o'er the shaggy heath, in close array,
 Straight to the embattled scene pursue their way.
 The shouts of war arise: the trembling ground,
 Beat by the numerous hoof, returns a hollow sound. 755

Near Cære's gelid stream a grove aspires,
 Hallow'd from ancient time by Latium's sires.
 The groye on every side high hills confine ;
 And black above it nod their brows of pine.
 When hither first, so speaks the voice of Fame, 760
 To Latium's bounds the bold Pelasgians came ;
 They to Silvanus gave the votive shade ;
 And here the shepherd's god their annual rites survey'd.
 Not distant far the Tuscan legions lay,
 Seen from the neighb'ring heights in wide display ; 765
 And here Æneas and his warrior-train
 Rest, and refresh'd their horses on the plain.

But, with her present fraught, the Queen of love
 Now shot from air, and lighten'd through the grove :
 Then on her son apart in lustre broke, 770
 As by the stream he sat, and thus bespoke :

“Lo! all my promise answering to thy heart,
The bright production of my consort’s art!
Now hear Laurentum’s threats without alarm;
And brave the force of Turnus’ vaunted arm.”

775

She said; and, fondly seeking his embrace,
Ranged by an oak her gift, that fired the place.
Thus bless’d and honor’d, with insatiate gaze
The heavenly arms, transported, he surveys:
Admires, and poises in his hands the frame
Of the high-crested helm, that vomits flame;
The deathful falchion; and the brazen coat,
O’er whose broad surface sanguine splendors float:
Illustrions as a cloud, that, richly bright,
Glows with the sun, and melts in liquid light.

785

The spear and cuishes then his mind absorb;
But most the shield’s unutterable orb.

For there the god of fire, whose vision, sent
Through the deep future, saw the unborn event,
Had wrought Italia’s deeds in days to come;
And the long triumphs of eternal Rome:
Ascanius, living through his glorious line;
And all the battles of his race divine.

790

There, in the cave of Mars the wolf was laid;
And round her teats the two bold infants play’d.
She o’er her human charge, caressing, hung
With neck reclined, and form’d them with her tongue.

795

Rome next was shown ; and, mid her sacred games,
Her lawless soldiers seise the Sabine dames.
Hence sudden war ensues ; and, stung with rage, 800
Old Tatius' hosts with Romulus engage.
Then at Jove's altar arm'd each monarch stands :
And o'er the bristly victim join their hands ;
And hold the ruddy goblet. Next were seen
The severing ears, and Metus stretch'd between. 805
The faithless man resentful Tullus tore
Through the thick copse, whose brambles dropp'd with gore.
Porsena there, in banish'd Tarquin's cause,
His legions round the straiten'd city draws :
While, strong in virtue and for freedom warm, 810
The Æneians brave the monarch's hostile storm.
Him might you see, distinguish'd from the rest,
With rage and menace in his mien express'd,
As Cocles singly durst the bridge maintain ;
And Cloelia swam the flood, disdainful of his chain. 815
There, for the sake of Capitolian Jove,
On the Tarpeian summit Manlius strove :
And by his side, with recent thatch o'erlaid,
The low Romulian palace was portray'd.
With silver pinions on the golden wall 820
Flutter'd the bird, that spoke the advancing Gaul.
Through the rough copse, by night's protecting power,
The Gauls were present, and possess'd the tower.

- Gold was their length of hair, and richly glow'd
The embroider'd cloaks that o'er their shoulders flow'd.
Their snowy necks with chains of gold are bound : 826
Each with two Alpine javelins aims the wound ;
And their long shields the rushing foe confound.
Next rose, upon the historic buckler's face,
The Salian chorus and Lupercan race : 830
The fleecy crowns ; and, by the Immortals given,
The shields of destiny, that fell from heaven ;
And there the matrons, guiltless of a stain,
Borne on soft litters, led the holy train.
At distance thence, the sculptor-god display'd 835
The realms of Dis ; the world of Stygian shade,
Where guilt is doom'd to woe ; and thou wert seen,
Fell Catiline ! with horror-writhing mien ;
As, strain'd upon a rock, thou shrunk'st in dread
From fire-eyed Furies hovering round thy head : 840
And, far apart, in bright Elysium's breast,
Cato appear'd, presiding o'er the bless'd.
O'er the broad shield, amid these sculptures, roll'd,
With hoary-headed waves, a sea of gold :
Where silver dolphins seem to cut the brine ; 845
Or, gamboling, above its surface shine.
There, rushing on the sight, with brazen prows
Embattled ships in Actium's conflict rose :
And Mars, convulsing high Leucate's brow ;
And pouring tumult on the deeps below. 850

Here Cæsar, leading great Italia's bands,
(Rome's state and gods confided to his hands,) 855
Shines on the deck, while, streaming from his head,
Auspicious flames effusive glories shed ;
And o'er his beaming front, illustrious far,
Expands the radiance of the Julian star.
High on another prow Agrippa towers ;
And guides, with favoring winds and gods, his powers :
Waves the proud ensign of command, and shows
The naval crown, that glitters on his brows. 860
From the mom's regions and the red-sea coasts,
There in barbaric pride, his various hosts
Antonius leads ; and to the conflict brings
The furthest east, and Bactra's subject kings.
Him Egypt follows, and (O blushing shame !) 865
His alien consort, Egypt's royal dame.
At once the navies shock, and beaks and oars
Dash the white waves, and roll them on the shores.
You might the uprooted Cyclades have thought
Were floating, or that mountains mountains fought ; 870
In such proud state the towery structures ride :
Driven with such ponderous force they clash amid the tide.
A storm of steel and fire the foemen pour :
And ocean blushes with unwonted gore.
The queen amid the press of warriors stands ; 875
And with her tinkling sistrum calls her bands .

Nor yet (ah! blind to Destiny's decrees)
The deathful serpents close behind her sees.
Gods of all monstrous forms, in fight array'd
'Gainst Neptune, Venus, and the martial maid, 880
Rage with the dog Anubis at their head :
Round iron Mars the sanguine horrors spread.
The hovering Diræ rain Tartarean fire :
Exulting Discord raves in rent attire ;
And fierce Bellona, where the Furies urge, 885
Drives her red steeds, and lifts her gory scourge.
From Actium's heights surveying all below,
Apollo bent at once his dreadful bow.
Scared at the sound, that clangs along the sky,
The Ægyptians, Indians, and Sabæans fly. 890
Before her hosts in ready flight was seen,
Invoking all the winds, the trembling queen.
Her mid the carnage, with death's omen pale,
As o'er the waves Japyx swells her sail,
The god had sculptured ; and, in bold relief, 895
Opposed great Nilus in majestic grief ;
As his wide arms, unfolding all his vest,
Invite the conquer'd to his sheltering breast.
But Cæsar, with his glories wafted home,
His threefold triumph leads through gazing Rome ; 900
And to the gods that rule her destinies,
True to his vows, bids countless temples rise.

- Joy laughs along the streets, with chaplets crown'd ;
 Games glitter on the sight, and shouts resound.
 In chorus round the shrines the matrons lead ; 905
 And grateful hecatombs, for victims, bleed.
 On the white threshold of Apollo's gate,
 The mighty victor sits in laurell'd state :
 Respects the people's offerings, and arrays
 The trophied columns in the golden blaze. 910
 In long procession pass the captive throng ;
 Nations in habit various as in tongue.
 For Vulcan's art had there distinctly shown
 Afric's dark tribes, impatient of the zone :
 The Lelegæ, and Carians' martial rows : 915
 The wild Geloni with their dreaded bows :
 The Dahæ, who at length their conqueror found ;
 And the fierce Morini from earth's last bound.
 There great Euphrates' humbled waters gleam :
 And the horn'd Rhenus shows his double stream : 920
 And there, prone rushing from his steepy ridge,
 Pours fierce Araxes, and despairs the bridge.
 These sights the chief on the Vulcanian shield,
 With wondering, though unconscious eyes, beheld ;
 And, fitting to his arm the gift divine,
 Bears the proud fates and glories of his line. 926

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK IX.

Argument.

DURING the absence of Æneas, Turnus is excited by Iris, under the commands of Juno, to attack the camp of the Trojans. Unable to storm their lines, he attempts to set fire to their ships; which are preserved and changed into sea-nymphs by Cybele, with whose sacred trees they had been built. Struck with the prodigy, and influenced by the approach of night, he suspends the assault, and prepares for its renewal on the following morning. During the night, Nisus and Euryalus undertake to penetrate through the careless enemy, and to bring tidings to their absent monarch of the distressed state of his forces. Their enterprise, which at first promises success, terminates in the death of both the young heroes. In the subsequent conflict, Turnus discovers wonderful prowess; and, being inclosed within the Trojan entrenchments, makes a great slaughter of his enemies. Over-powered at last by numbers and compelled to retreat, he leaps with all his arms into the Tiber, and returns in safety to his friends.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK IX.

WHILE thus, at distance, moved the eventful scene ;
Iris descends from heaven's Saturnian Queen,
To daring Turnus. Where the sacred wood
Of old Pilumnus in a valley stood,
The chief then haply linger'd : on his sight 5
There broke the goddess in a stream of light ;
And thus address'd him, while her lips disclose
The blush at once and fragrance of the rose :
“ Turnus ! beyond the reach of heavenly thought,
The wish'd occasion lo ! by time is brought. 10
Abandoning his city, friends, and fleet,
Æneas seeks Evander's distant seat :
Nay more, to Corythus' remoter plains
Pierces, and arms for battle Lydia's swains.
Why pause ? this moment claims the steed, the car : 15
Haste ! seize the astonish'd camp, andwhelm with war.”

She said, and heaven-ward sprang ; and, as she flies,
 Throws a broad arch of glory o'er the skies.
 The conscious youth uplifts the hands of prayer ;
 And thus pursues her glowing wing through air : 20

“ Iris, the charm of heaven ! what gracious Power
 Has sent thee hither in this smiling hour ?
 Whence is the sudden radiance I survey,
 Thus proudly bright above the noontide day ?
 I see the blaze of heaven’s unfolding breast ; 25
 And the pole sparkling in its starry vest.
 Whoe’er thou art that call’st me to the foe !
 I hail thy omen, and with transport go.”

He spoke ; and, passing to the river’s side,
 Scoop’d in his hollow palms the lucid tide : 30
 Then, raising them to heaven, devoutly bows ;
 And importunes the gods with vows on vows.

. Now issues on the field his whole array ;
 Potent in horse, in painted armour gay.
 Messapus glitters at the legions’ head : 35
 The rear is by the sons of ‘Tyrpheus led :
 Whilst in the central battle Turnus stands,
 Towering in arms ; and high o’erlooks the bands.
 As mighty Ganges, when his sevenfold tide
 Swells o’er the realms in calm, majestic pride : 40
 Or Nilus, when his voice from Ægypt’s plain
 Calls his rich waters to their bed again ;

So spread the gathering hosts : when Troy beheld
A dusty tempest darkening all the field ;
And first Caïcus from the walls exclaims : 45
“ What cloud, my Friends ! rolls hither, shooting flames ?
The foe, the foe draws near ! be instant all !
Haste ! ply your weapons and ascend the wall !”

Straight with loud clamor all the Trojans ran,
To close the portals and the ramparts man : 50
For at his parting such their chief’s command,
To shun the unequal conflict hand to hand,
Nor tempt the dubious fortune of the plain ;
But on their guarded walls the foe sustain.
Then, though their spirits boil, and shame and rage 55
Prompt their bold hearts to issue and engage,
Observant of their lord, the gates they bar ;
And, arin’d, upon their towers expect the war.

Before his hosts, disdainful of delay ;
Turnus, with twenty horsemen, breaks away ; 60
And rushes to the walls with furious speed :
Beneath him foams a spotted Thracian steed ;
And, high above his golden helm, in air
His dancing plumage sheds a sanguine glare.

“ Warriors ! who dares with me ? who first will throw 65
War’s missile ruin on yon hated foe ?
Behold ! ” he cries aloud, and hurls his lance :
And challenges the field with bold advance.

With shouts his troops avow the war begun ;
 And deathful clamors through the legions run. 70
 Much they admire the Trojans' firm repose ;
 And eye reproachfully their cautious foes :
 Who shun the encounter, equal shield to shield ;
 And, cherishing their camp, refuse the field.
 Now here, now there, the stormy hero flies ; 75
 And all accesses to the rampart tries.
 As when a wolf around the sheepfold prowls ;
 And in black midnight at the barrier howls,
 Beat by the wind and rain : the unconscious lambs,
 Removed from danger, bleat beneath their dams. 80
 Savage and wild, the excluded murderer raves :
 His rage in vain the expected ravin craves :
 His hollow sides collected famine draws ;
 And hot thirst parches his unbloody jaws.
 As round the guarded camp the Daunian wheels, 85
 So burns his fury, such the pains he feels.
 All means to draw the Trojans to the plain,
 Or force their lines, his mind explores in vain.
 At length their vessels by the rampart's side,
 With mounds protected and the encircling tide, 90
 He marks ; and, pointing to his shouting bands,
 Seizes a flaming pine, and calls for brands.
 Instant all run ; and, as their chief inspires,
 Despoil the hearths, and hurl the smoky fires,



Thick pitchy flames on every side arise ; 95
And Vulcan mounts on ashy clouds the skies.

What god, O Muses ! in that trembling hour,
Saved Troy's doom'd navy from the fiery power ?
Say ! for the fact, believed by ancient days,
Immortal Fame through every age conveys. 100

What time Aeneas, from the Idaean woods,
Prepared his fleet to traverse distant floods ;
The Mother of the gods to heaven's high Lord
Bow'd, suppliant at his throne, and thus implored :
“ My Son, who owest Olympus to my care ! 105
Grant thy loved mother what she craves with prayer.
On Ida's loftiest summit spreads a grove,
For ages hallow'd by my rites and love :
Where, deep embower'd in oak and dusky pine,
My votaries went to offer at my shrine. 110
This to the Dardan youth well pleased I gave,
When, asking ships, he sought to cross the wave.
With soud solicitude now heaves my breast :
Ah ! let my prayers prevail to gain it rest.
O ! grant this favor to my sacred trees, 115
Not to be torn by storms, or whelm'd in seas.
Safe let them ride in my protection still ;
The sanction'd offspring of my holy hill.”

To her, the Sire who wields the ethereal state :
“ Why, Mother ! seek to change the laws of Fate ? 120

*

Can ships, constructed by a mortal hand,
 Imperishable destinies command ?
 Or can Æneas, privileged by Jove,
 Uncertain perils, free from peril, prove ?
 This to indulge exceeds the power of Heaven : 125
 But at thy suit shall all I can be given.
 Whatever ships, survivors of the main,
 Shall bear Æneas to Laurentum's reign ;
 Them to immortals will my hand transform ;
 Powers of the sea, superior to the storm. 130

Then, like Nereian Doto, shall they glide
 Through ocean's depths, and reign amid the tide."

He spoke ; and by his Stygian brother's waves,
 (The flood that, wrapp'd in pitchy darkness, raves,)
 Swore, and inclined his head : the attesting god 135
 Olympus felt, and trembled at the nod.

Now then, the period of the Fates entire,
 Was come the day thus promised by the Sire :
 When Turnus' insult warn'd the heavenly dame
 To snatch her sacred vessels from the flame. 140
 Straight a new splendor from Aurora's bed
 Rose on the skies, and wide in glory spread.
 Amid the illumined clouds, re-echoing round,
 Strains of Idaean minstrelsy resound :
 And the scared Trojans and Rutulians hear 145
 An awful voice thus thundering on the ear :

“Desist, O Trojans! nor, with vain alarms,
To save my hallow'd ships exert your arms.
Despise yon boaster's threats: as soon the seas
Turnus shall burn, as my immortal trees.” 150
Go then, my pines! Heaven's parent bids you go:
And traverse, Goddesses! the deeps below.”

At once the galleys from their moorings drive;
Then, dolphin-like, beneath the billows dive
With plunging heads; and, springing thence to light, 155
Wondrous! in virgin forms surprise the sight.
Each brazen prow become a face divine,
They smile, and wanton in the curling brine.
Pale terror seizes the Rutulian bands:
With startled steeds, aghast Messapus stands; 160
And Tiber, pausing with religious fear,
Checks his hoarse waters in their prone career.
Turnus alone, with spirit yet entire,
Upbraids the hosts, and re-inflames their fire:

“This potent threats alone yon Trojan band; 165
Rest of all aid by Jove's own lifted hand.
Needless is here the hostile torch and dart:
For us, Heaven acts the sure destroyer's part.
To them one half of all the world is lost:
And, in such myriads swarms Italia's host, 170
That all the land, as ours, we justly boast.
Nor Heaven in oracles my mind o'erawes;
The vaunt of Phrygia to support her cause.

That Troy should reach Ausonia's golden shore,
The Fates and Venus claim, nor ask for more. 175
I too have Fates; and 'tis by them decreed,
The base purloiners of my bride shall bleed.
For not alone the house of Atreus knows
The shame and anguish of defrauded vows:
Nor to Mycenæ can alone belong, 180
To vindicate with arms a consort's wrong.
But Troy has perish'd once, let that suffice:—
Then should she not have thus offended twice;
But, hating woman, shunn'd the wrecking vice.
Let our awed foes, who in their walls confide, 185
(Those slight delays of Fate's advancing tide,)
Think how their Troy, though raised by Neptune's hand,
Sunk in a blazing ruin on the land.
But who with me, my chosen Friends! will rush
Foremost their trembling battlements to crush? 190
I ask not arms divine, or need employ
A thousand ships to raze this second Troy:
No! though Arcadia on her side engage;
And all Etruria in her battle rage.
Nor let them fear, in night's insidious gloom, 195
Their famed Palladium's and its guardians' doom:
We lurk not in the fraudful horse's womb.
Stolen victory we scorn: in day's broad light
We hurl our fires, and drive the storm of fight:

And such shall be our war, they soon shall know 200

Not Greece invades them, but a fiercer foe :

Greece, whose assault for ten long years was vain ;

Detain'd by Hector on the doubtful plain.

But now, since day is fading in the sky,

Hence ! and with food and rest the nerves supply ; 205

And, pleased with what is happily begun,

Expect the triumph of to-morrow's sun!"

Then, to observe the gates with nightly care,

He bids Messapus to the watch repair ;

And kindle fires around the leaguer'd town. 210

Twice seven Rutulian leaders of renown

Attend their chief : by each, a sumptuous band .

With purple plumes, a hundred warriors stand.

To change the guard they run from post to post :

Then on the turf recline the festive host ; 215

And ply the goblet : whilst encircling fires

Inflame the skies, and shoot in ruddy spires.

The watch, carousing through the night, they keep,

And quell with revelry the powers of sleep.

The Trojans from the wall discern the foe, 220

In shadowy terror, through the flames below.

All arm'd they man the ramparts, and connect

The towers with bridges, and each pass protect,

And store with weapons : while, with martial art

Arranging and enforcing every part, 225

Mnestheus and bold Serestus, (to whose hand,
Should war prevail, the labors of command
Their prince had given,) to each his share assign
Of trust and toil along the wakeful line.

230

As guardian of the gate young Nisus stands,
Of dauntless spirit and unconquer'd hands,
The son of Hyrtacus : whom, yet a boy,
His mother Ida, huntress-nymph of Troy,
Sent to attend Æneas on the field,
With hands that aim the shaft or javelin wield. 235

Near him Euryalus awaits, in face
And form the loveliest of the Trojan race :
O'er whose soft cheek the mantling down began
Just to show youth maturing into man.
With kindred hearts, by pure affection join'd, 240

One pulse they felt and sympathy of mind.
Together wont to trace the field of blood,
Together now upon the guard they stood :
When Nisus spoke : “ Euryalus, my friend !
Is it from Heaven our impulses descend ? 245

Or are our passions, with their strong controll,
The gods we feel in action on the soul ?
To combat, now, or dare some deed of fame
My spirit prompts me, and my mind is flame.
Seest thou how Fortune, with her witching smiles, 250

Our foes to haughty confidence beguiles ?

Their fires scarce gleam : in wine and slumber drown'd,
Supine they lie ; and silence lulls the ground.

Hear then the purpose of my thought's debate !

Our leader's absence shakes the general state : 255
And to recall him to the dubious fight,
By some of trust who can report aright,
Princes and people in one wish unite.

Now, would they grant what I for thee require,
(Since glory is alone my heart's desire,) 260
The path beneath yon mound I would essay ;
And wind to Pallanteum's walls my way."

Surprised, Euryalus at once express'd
The love of fame that kindled in his breast :
" From me, my Nisus ! would'st thou proudly run : 265
Nor hold our dangers, as our glory, one ?
Shall I commit thee singly to the foe ?
Not shield thy bosom, or partake the blow ?
Far other spirit from my sire I caught :
Not this the lesson which Opheltes taught ; 270
When, mid the shock of Greece and Troy in arms,
He train'd my infancy to war's alarms :
Nor such with thee has been my recreant state ;
Æneas' follower through the paths of Fate.
No ! in my bosom lives the scorn of breath ; 275
Which holds that fame is cheaply bought with death."

To him thus Nisus : " In my conscious breast
No thought injurious to thy worth can rest :

So may the gods regard me ! and high Jove
Restore me, proud in triumph, to thy love ! 280

But if, (thou know'st that perils strew the way,)
Chance or some god should snatch me from the day,
I wish more life for thee, whose opening bloom
Claims not to wither in an early tomb ;
That thy kind hand may sepulchre my corse, 285
Won from the foe by ransom, or by force :
Or, should by Fortune my remains be lost,
Please with a grateful cenotaph my ghost.
Thy mother's anguish too my heart would spare ;
Who feels for thee a more than mother's care : 290
Who, singly of our matrons, braved the seas
For thee, and scorn'd Acestes' proffer'd ease."

" In vain," the generous boy replied, " my friend
Seeks the firm purpose of my soul to bend.
Haste ! let us go !" He said, and instant speeds 295
To rouse the guard that to his post succeeds :
Then hurrying, with his Nisus for his guide,
Seeks the pavilion where the chiefs abide.

Now, o'er earth's surface each inferior race
Their toils and cares forgot in sleep's embrace. 300
But the great lords and noble youths of Troy
In anxious counsel all their minds employ :
How best they may the endanger'd state defend ;
And whom to seek their mighty leader send.

In the camp's central field the heroic band, 305

All arm'd and leaning on their javelins, stand :

When Nisus and his friend with earnest zeal

Press for admittance, plead the public weal,

And, whilst their audience claims the council's pause,

Assert that great and pressing is the cause. 310

Iulus first receives the panting pair ;

And asks of Nisus what their purpose there.

Then thus Hyntacides : “ Ye Trojan Peers !

Slight not our offer as beyond our years.

Stretch'd on the plain, o'erwhelm'd with sleep and wine,

Lie the Rutulians, silent and supine. 316

The two-fold road which near the gate divides,

Where the wave immens by our bulwark's sides,

Heedful we have observed : there, flame no more

The mddy piles, but sable columns soar. 320

Should you consent but grant us to pursue

What smiling Fortune offers to our view,

To Pallanteum will we force our way ;

And, red with slaughter and enrich'd with prey,

Soon shall your prince be here : the frequent chase 325

Has taught us all the windings of the place ;

And, tracing through the vale the devious tide,

Its course we know, and have the town descried.”

Hoary and sage Aletes heard with joy,

And fervent thus ; “ Ye guardian Gods of Troy ! 330

Still, still I see you hovering o'er our state,
 And willing it to know a longer date :
 Since to our youth such noble souls ye give ;
 Proud to live glorious, more than fond to live."

Then straining both the youths in his embrace, 335
 Whilst as he spoke tears trickled down his face,
 " Illustrious Spirits ! what rewards can mate
 Such noble daring, and deserts so great ?
 Your own rich conscience of the glorious deed,
 And the bless'd gods must give your brightest meed. 340
 The next to find will be our sovereign's care ;
 And the long bounty of his grateful heir.
 " Yes ?" cries Ascanius, " for my sire restored,
 By all the gods Assaracus adored ;
 By hoary Vesta's venerable shrine ; 345
 Whate'er of fortune or of hope be mine,
 Nisus ! I swear into thy lap to pour :
 Give me my father, and I ask no more.
 Bring him, my soul of safety, to my sight,
 With whom all fortunes please, all toils are light, 350
 And two large bowls, of sculptured silver wrought,
 By my great sire from sack'd Arisba brought ;
 Two tripods, and two talents of pure gold ;
 With a rich goblet, cast in days of old,
 (The gift of Dido,) shall the deed requite. 355
 But if, victorious in the coming fight,

My son shall haply grasp Hesperia's throne,
Divide the spoils, and feel the realm his own,—
Thou saw'st the steed that golden Turnus bore,
The helm, the shield, the corslet that he wore, 360
Then shall that steed, that shield, those arms divine,
Nisus ! exempted from the lot, be thine ;
With twice six dames, selected for their charms ;
And twice six captive youths with all their arms.
These shall my father's grateful hand bestow ; 365
With all the lands Latmus' oven plough.
Thee, hono'd Boy ! in manhood yet unblown,
Of years near mine, my love shall make its own.
Here I adopt thee, with my fate, to blend :
Grow with my fortunes, with my power ascend. 370
In war, in peace, attendant on my side,
Thy will shall govern, and thy counsel guide."

To him Emahis : "No time shall prove
My future deeds less worthy of thy love ;
However Fortune, that disposes all, 375
May crown me with success, or doom my fall.
But one great boon my earnest prayer would gain ;
One, without which all other boons were vain.
My mother lives, of Priam's royal blood,
Who, braving for my love the stormy flood, 380
Scorn'd her dear Phrygia and Acesta's town.
Her, with my dubious enterprise unknown,

I leave defrauded of a son's caress :
 For, ah ! be witness all, I here confess,
 My firmness cannot stand a mother's fond distress. 385
 O comfort her ! and, if to bleed my fate,
 Respect, and cheer her solitary state !
 Promise but this ! and let me seek the foe,
 Nerved by the assurance for the stronger blow."

With instant sympathy each bosom glow'd : 390
 From every eye the tear of nature flow'd.
 But young Iulus, touch'd beyond the rest,
 Felt all the pious son within his breast,
 And cried ; " All all to worth like thine I owe ;
 And all, conceded to thy heart, I vow. 395
 Thy mother shall be mine ; Creüsa's name
 Alone deficient to the perfect claim.
 Be with whate'er event thy daring crown'd,
 She who bore thee shall ever be renown'd.
 Yes ! by my own and by my father's head 400
 (That oath which binds us with religious dread)
 I swear, whate'er I promise should'st thou live,
 That to thy mother and thy race to give."

Weeping he spoke ; and, as his gift, unhung
 A gold-wrought sword, across his shoulder slung : 405
 Forged by Lycaon's art, the temper'd death
 Conceal'd its splendor in an ivory sheath.

To Nisus Mnestheus gave a lion's hide ;
And old Alctes, with a veteran's pride,
Changed helinets with the youth : then bright in arms 410
They issue to the field, and breathe alarms.
Them to the gate the chiefs in honor send ;
And young and old with fervent vows attend :
Whilst fair Iulus, provident and sage,
In the mind's manhood ripe beyond his age, 415
Trusts many a private mandate to their care :—
But all was lost, and made the sport of air.

Now o'er the trench the hostile camp they sought,
Conceal'd in night, and with destruction fraught.
By wine and sleep oppress'd, and scattering round 420
Diffusely on the plain, the foe they found.
The unguarded chariots stand upon the shore ;
Close by the reins and wheels the warriors snore :
And arms, with intermingled goblets, lie,
Spangling the grass, to court the spoiler's eye. 425
Hyrtacides remarks, and gives the word :
“ The time, Euryalus ! now claims the sword.
Occasion smiles. Lo ! here our path display'd,
Watch thou behind, lest any there invade ;
And throw thine eye around. Myself will lay 430
This track in blood, and open wide thy way.”

He spake, and dropp'd his voice : then instant drew
His ready sword and haughty Rhamnes slew :

Who, on rich carpets piled into a heap,
Pour'd from his heaving breast resounding sleep : 435
Rhamnes of double sway as prince and seer :
A royal augur held by Turnus dear.
But all his auguries were vain to show
Death now impending, or avert the blow.
Three servants next of Remus, as they lie 440
In careless ease mid scatter'd weapons, die.
Then too the chieftain's armour-bearer bleeds ;
And charioteer, surprised beneath his steeds.
Their pendent necks are sever'd by the sword ;
Which in an equal fate confounds their lord ; 445
Whose headless carcass palpitates in gore :
While crimson torrents dye the couch and shore.
Then Lamyrus and Lamus breathe their last ;
And young Sarranus, who in play had pass'd
Night's early hours ; but now in heavy rest 450
The ruddy god's supremacy confess'd :
Beauteous of form, and happy, had his play
Exhausted night and met the blush of day.
Thus the gaunt lion mid the crowded fold,
By famine madden'd, rages uncontroll'd ; 455
And, as in dumb affright beneath his paws
The prey lies panting, roars with gory jaws.
Nor less Euryalus for slaughter glows ;
And pours his rage on crowds of nameless foes.

Then Fadus and Herbesus yield their breath ; 460
And Rhœtus sinks, with Abaris, in death.

Those in unconscious sleep the sword despatch'd ;
But Rhœtus as with eyes aghast he watch'd ;
And trembling strove the fatal stroke to ward,
With a capacious flagon for his guard. 465

Him, as he rose, the steel, with force impress'd,
Received, and storm'd with copious death his breast.
Falling, his bosom pours life's purple flood ;
And issuing wine commingles with the blood.

Then the flush'd victor bends his silent course 470
To where encamp'd lay great Messapus' force :
Where the pale fires just gleam expiring rays ;
And, by the chariots tied, the coursers graze :
When Nisus (for the youth, inflamed with war,
He fear'd might haply be betray'd too far) 475
Thus briefly spoke : “ ‘Tis time we now forbear :
Vengeance has had her dues : the morn is near ;
And through the foe is made an ample road.”

Bright arms, and sculptured bowls, that round them glow'd,
Wrought of pure silver, and gay tapestry, 480
As slighted spoil, they pass unheeding by.
But Rhamnes' trappings pleased the heroic boy ;
And on the chieftain's belt he seised with joy.
That belt, which shone distinct with studs of gold,
Rich Cædicius to Remulus of old, 485

In sign of hospitable friendship gave,
 An offering from the wealthy to the brave.
 Then to his grandson Renuulus bequeathed
 The costly present, as his last he breathed :
 And, from its hapless heir in battle torn, 490
 On a Rutulian breast it next was worn.
 Euryalus now glories in the prize ;
 And, fondly fitting, o'er his shoulder ties.
 Next on his head Messapus' helmet gleams,
 And high in air the ruddy plumage streams. 495
 Then, all the dangers of the camp o'erpast,
 They reach the plain's security at last.
 Meanwhile, before the tardier legion, sent
 To Turnus with the Latian king's intent,
 Three hundred horsemen, all with brazen shields, 500
 By Volscens led, came pouring o'er the fields ;
 And now approach'd the camp : when, ah ! the friends
 (As to the left their stealthy progress bends)
 The helm of rash Euryalus betrays,
 Struck by the moon, and quicken'd with her rays. 505
 “ ‘Tis well discover'd : Ho !” fierce Volscens cries,—
 “ Stand there ! say wherefore thus in arms ? where lies
 Your purposed road ?” They answer by their flight :
 Speed to the neighb'ring wood, and trust to night.
 The rushing horse each well-known pass command ; 510
 And gird the forest with an iron band.

Through shaggy copse, by dusky oaks o'erspread,
The infrequent path, perplex'd with brambles, led.
Here the blind dangers of an unknown way,
Beneath the branches' double night, delay
Euryalus, incumber'd with his prey.

Nisus escapes: and now, with heedless haste,
Through the wide circle of the foes had pass'd;
And reach'd the lands, which since are known to fame
As Alban, from illustrious Alba's name; 520
But then were king Latimus' rich domain.
Here panning, for his friend he looks in vain.

“ Hapless Euryalus! ah! where alone
Have I thus left thee, lost in tracks unknown?
Where shall I find thee, as thy footsteps stray?” 525

He cries: then traces back the fraudful way;
And, as his recollective eyes explore,
Unthrids the tangled maze he trod before.
And now the sounding hoofs of steeds he hears;
And loud pursuit collects upon his ears. 530
A general shout then echoes through the trees;
And straight his lost Euryalus he sees:
Whom, by the road betray'd at once and night,
And vainly struggling in unequal fight,
The foe with sudden onset had oppress'd. 535

What now can Nisus? with what power contest
The rescue of his friend? or shall he fly
To slaughter mid a host, and nobly die?

Instant he lifts his lance, and, ere he throws,
To the high moon addresses thus his vows : 540

“ Latonia ! glory of the starry sphere !
Chaste guardian of the woods ! O deign to hear !
And, if my father, Hyrtacus, e'er strove
With offer'd gifts to gain for me thy love :
Or if, returning from my silvan toils, 545
I too have hung thy roof with shaggy spoils,
O ! aid my daring now, celestial fair !
To rout yon host, O ! guide my lance through air !”

He spoke ; and, with his might all summon'd, threw
The spear, which singing through the darkness flew ; 550
And, as averse ill-fated Sulmo stood,
Drove through his back, and deeply drank his blood.
The shivering wood snapp'd short : but, charged with death,
The blade held on, and pierced the lobes of breath.
Falling, his breast effused life's tepid tide ; 555
And, choak'd with gore, his lungs convulsive sigh'd.
All gaze around ; and, while aghast they stand,
Another javelin flies from Nisus' hand.
Tagus it meets ; and, severing the brain
Through either temple, lays him on the plain. 560
Infuriate Volscens throws his glance around,
Vainly, to find the hand that launch'd the wound :
Nor sees on whom to pour his boiling rage.

“ Thy blood at least my vengeance shall assuage ;

And one for both atone!" he fiercely cries ; 565
Unsheathes his sword, and at his captive flies.

Then Nisus, first alarm'd and wild with fright,
Unable to sustain the rending sight,
Bursts from his ambush, and exclaims aloud :

" Me! me, Rutuliaus! see me here avow'd ! 570
By all you conscious stars and Heaven I swear,
His hand and spirit were too young to dare.
The fraud was mine : on me your fury bend !
He only loved too much his hapless friend."

Frantic he spoke ; but, driven with force, the sword
Through the burst ribs the snowy bosom gored. 576
Fallen is Euryalus; and o'er his limbs
Death, mocking all their charms, in crimson swims.
His head collapsing sinks upon his breast :
Like some rich flower, in Nature's purple dress'd ; 580
That, sever'd by the cruel ploughshare, lies
In ruin'd loveliness, and fading dies :
Or a bright poppy, that, with vanquish'd power,
Feels its bell loaded by the rushing shower,
And droops with languid neck. But Nisus glows 585
With scorn of life, and springs amid the foes.
To Volscens only through the press he breaks :
Volscens alone his vengeful object makes.

The hosts throng round him with condensing force ;
And here and there the blows confound his course. 590

Still he bears on, and whirls his flaming sword :
 Till in the mouth of the Rutulian lord,
 Loud clamoring for aid, the steel he drives ;
 And, dying, his detested foe survives.
 Then on his breathless friend his limbs he throws, 595
 Mangled with wounds, and sinks in sweet repose.

Bless'd Pair ! if strains like mine such power can give,
 Still in the heart your memory shall live ;
 Whilst high the Tūlian capitol shall tower,
 Eternal as its rock, and Rome be throned in power. 600

The victors spoil the dead, and share the prey ;
 And slaughter'd Volscens to the camp convey.
 His fate they wail ; and, in the camp, their grief
 Flows in fresh tears for many a fallen chief.
 Rhamnes, Sarranus, Numa there they weep, 605
 Swept in one night to death's disastrous sleep.
 A mighty concourse, gathering round the slain,
 See the warm blood yet smoking on the plain,
 And eddying in the trench ; and, widely spread,
 Half-breathing bodies mingled with the dead. 610
 Messapus' helm they know amid the spoil ;
 And the rich belt, regain'd with gory toil.

From Tithon's golden bed now rising bright,
 Aurora strew'd the lands with pearly light :
 And now the sun's unfolding splendors blaze ; 615
 When Turnus, arm'd himself, in arms arrays

His marshall'd legions : every chieftain leads
His brazen host, and fires to warlike deeds.
Then, (sight of woe !) each hoisted on a spear,
The heads of the devoted friends they rear ; 620
And brandish in their front with horrid joy.
Undaunted on the left, the bands of Troy
(Their right was guarded by the river's course)
Their trenches and their lofty towers enforce :
A mournful train ! for ah ! too well they know 625
The ghastly heads, distilling gore below.

And now, Euryalus ! Faine's swift career
Brings thy sad story to thy mother's ear.
At once, chill horror shooting through her heart,
From her loose grasp the web and shuttle start. 630
Rending her snowy locks, with frantic cries,
To war's grim front amid the hosts she flies :
And, reckless there of dangers, darts and foes,
Makes heaven's high vault re-echo with her woes :

“ And is it thus, Euryalus ! I see 635
Thy face ? thus comest thou to unhappy me ?
Thou the sole joy my weary age has known !
And could'st thou, cruel ! leave me thus alone ?
Ah ! when thou went'st to tread the deathful road,
Was not my love one last farewell allow'd ? 640
Alas ! on foreign ground, exposed and bare,
Thou liest for Latian dogs and birds to tear.

Nor has thy mother's hand thy limbs composed ;
 Wash'd thy red wounds and rigid eyelids closed :
 Nor with the robe, which, toiling at the loom, 645
 My age, thus soothed, prepared to deck thy bloom,
 Wrapp'd thy pale corse and dress'd it for the tomb.
 Where shall I follow thee ? what alien shore
 Holds thy torn body and imbibes thy gore ?
 Is this the fond requital of my love ? 650
 Did I for this o'er lands and oceans rove ?
 Pierce me, Rutulians ! heap on me your darts !
 Me first ! if piety can touch your hearts.—
 Or, if my death the ruthless foe deny,
 Do thou, great Sire ! dread monarch of the sky ! 655
 Strike this white head, and with a speeding blow
 In mercy hurl me from this world of woe."

While thus she wails, her pains infect the rest;
 And sorrow's torpor numbs the warrior's breast ;
 Till sage Ilioneus, and Troy's great peers, 660
 With young Julus, all dissolved in tears,
 Bid Actor and Idaeus bear away
 The dame, and softly in her chamber lay.

But now the trumpet, clanging from afar,
 Thrills every soul, and heaven rebellows war. 665
 The Volscians with their shields the tortoise form ;
 Fill the broad trench, and at the ramparts storm.
 Some, striving for access, their ladders rear,
 Where thinner of defense the walls appear.

- Taught by a length of siege, the hosts of Troy 670
All weapons to repel the foe employ :
Wield iron-arm'd beams, and stony masses throw
To break the brazen roof that swells below.
Fenced with their firm-knit shields, the assailing train
Defy the combat, but defy in vain : 675
For, where more close they press, with thundering shock
The Trojans roll the ruin of a rock :
Which, loosening the compacted shields, bears death
In broad diffusion on the foes beneath.
Nor will the bold Rutulians longer dare 680
To urge this blind encounter of the war :
But fight aloof, and with an arrowy shower
O'erwhelm the Trojans, and the ramparts scour.
Fierce in another quarter of the fight,
Mezentius towers, and scatters pale affright ; 685
With fire his left-hand arm'd, with steel his right :
And great Messapus, tamer of the steed,
Proudly derived from Neptune's heavenly seed,
Breaks down the palisades, and loudly calls
For ladders to surmount the lofty walls. 690
Calliope, great sovereign of the lyre !
Come ! and now kindle me with all your fire !
Give me to sing who fell by Turnus' might ;
The victors and the vanquish'd in the fight .
And trace with me the ravage of the sword. 695
You well remember, and can well record.

A tower, high rising toward the starry vault
With stage on stage, stood obvious to assault.
This to o'erthrow the Italian hosts contend;
And this the Trojans with all arms defend: 700
Roll down huge stones; and through the loop-holes throw
Their missile deaths to check the rushing foe.
From Turnus' hand a fiery weapon came;
Which struck its side, and fasten'd there in flame.
By fostering winds the fierce combustion fed, 705
O'er the dry planks and propping rafters spread.
The guards within, all hope of flight denied,
 Crowd in pale terror to the unkindled side:
When, with a crash that makes the skies resound,
The ponderous fabric rushes to the ground. 710
The included host beneath the ruin lie;
And crush'd, or pierc'd by their own weapons, die.
Two only, Lycus and Helenor, live;
Whose fates the safety of a moment give.
Of these, Helenor, of Maeonian race, 715
Sprang from Lycymnia by the king's embrace:
. His vassal she; who sent by stealth her boy,
In arms forbidden, to the plains of Troy.
For flying war equipp'd, he took the field
With a light falchion, and unblazon'd shield. 720
When now he saw himself environ'd round,
The Latian hosts possessing all the ground;

Like some fierce beast who, in the hunter's ring,
Bounds on the assailants with a furious spring ;
Certain to fall, is prodigal of breath ; 725
And bites the javelin though the deed be death ;
Disdaining life, the youthful warrior glows ;
And rushes on his fate amid the thickest foes.

But Lycus, who in speed of foot excell'd,
His flying course betwixt the conflict held; 730
And, springing at the lofty wall, essay'd
To reach the hands that thence extended aid.
Him Turnus follows with his lifted spear;
And thus in insult thunders on his ear :

“ Fool! could'st thou hope to conquer with thy feet 735
My conquering arm, and be than death more fleet ?”

Then, with large ruin of the grappled mound,
The chieftain drags him struggling to the ground.
Thus the plumed bearer of the bolt of Jove,
Strong-pounced and fiery, darting from above, 740
Gripes the weak hare, or swan of snowy white :
Or thus the martial wolf, with grim delight,
Seises amid the fold a timorous lamb,
Claim'd with vain bleatings by the sorrowing dam.
The joyous field exulting clamor shakes ; 745
And through the lines a fiercer spirit wakes.
All rush, and some aloft their firebrands throw ;
And some with ardor fill the trench below.

As, arm'd with fire, Lucetius threats the gate,
 He falls beneath a rocky fraginent's weight, 750
 Hurl'd by Ilioneus. Emathion dies
 By Liger's hand ; and Corynæus lies
 Slain by Asylas : one with spear renown'd ;
 And expert one to wing the flying wound.
 Ortygius by the lance of Cœneus bleeds : 755
 The victor's death by 'Turnus' spear succeeds.
 Itys by him and Dioxippus fall :
 And Idas, fighting on the towery wall.
 Clonius and Promolus beneath his hand,
 With Sagaris, are stretch'd upon the strand. 760
 By Capys' shaft Privernus bites the ground :
 Who from Teinillas first had felt a wound ;
 And, rashly throwing down his shield, applied
 His hand instinctive to his anguish'd side ;
 When the wing'd arrow strikes the unguarded part, 765
 And pierces through the hand the panting heart.
 By his gay arms the son of Arcens known,
 In Spain's deep purple and embroidery shone ;
 Beauteous of face ; whom Arcens sent, to prove
 Stern warfare, from the nymph his mother's grove ; 770
 By her there nursed where bright Symæthus strays,
 And the rich altars of Palicus blaze.
 The spear resign'd, Mezentius round his head
 Thrice whirl'd the sling and aim'd the missile lead.

The bullet, kindling as through air it glides, 775
The temples of the gaudy youth divides ;
And prone upon the sands the weltring corse subsides.

Then first in war his shafts Iulus tried,
Before alone in silvan carnage dyed ;
(So Fame reports) and, levelling his bow, 780
Dismiss'd the death that laid Numans low ;
Who Remulus was call'd, and late had led
Turnus' young sister to the bridal bed.

He, striding to the front of all the hosts,
Vented with clamorous threats indecent boasts ; 785
And, by his royal nuptials blown with pride,
Stalk'd with inflated dignity, and cried :
“ Blush ye not, Phrygians ! captured twice ! to fly
The field of men, and in your bulwarks lie
To hide from death ? and is it thus, ye dare, 790
Dastards ! to hope our violated fair ?

What god, what phrensy to Italia bore
Your hosts, to perish on Italia's shore ?
Here are not Atreus' sons ; or, versed in art,
A false Ulysses with his guileful heart. 795

But here, from birth a bold and stubborn brood,
Our babes we harden in the wintry flood.
Our boys, for game, in forests pass the night :
The bow and bounding courser their delight.

Our youth, inured to bear and strung by toil, 800
 Now storm the city, and now turn the soil.
 From infant up to man in arms we thrive ;
 And with the spear reversed our oxen drive.
 Nor to the enfeebling hand of time we bow :
 In age our nerves are strong, our spirits glow ; 805
 And the helm presses on the head of snow :
 Accustom'd still by force to bear away
 The breathing spoils, and live upon the prey.
 The painted cloak and purple robe your joy ;
 The song and dance your slothful hours employ. 810
 Sleeved are your vests, and flutter on your skins ;
 And ribbands brace your mitres round your chins.
 Go ! Phrygian women ! less than Phrygian men !
 Hence to your flutes and Diudymus again !
 Go ! where, with cymbals and the pipe's weak strains, 815
 Your Berecynthia of your flight complains.
 Retire from arms, your nerves refuse to wield ;
 And leave to men the glories of the field !”

While thus he fiercely threats and loudly vaunts,
 Ascanius hears, and kindles at his taunts : 820
 Then bends his bow, and, as its horns draw near,
 His prayer addresses to Jove's present ear :

“ Almighty Jove ! succeed my bold design !
 And I will heap with copious gifts thy shrine.

A milk-white steer, who butting spurns the sands, 825

And equal with his dam in front expands,

Shall at thine altar bleed." The god, in air,

Gives the loud signal of accepted prayer;

And thunders on the left through cloudless skies.

With deathful aim the sounding arrow flies; 830

And furious, passing through Numanus' brain,

Lays the tongue-valiant chieftain on the plain.

"Go! now insult the brave! Rutulians! know,
This answer Troy, twice captured, sends her foe."

Nor more the victor spoke. With loud acclaim 835
The Trojans thunder; and, incensed by Fanie,
Their kindling spirits mount on wings of flame.

As Phœbus traversed then the fields of light,
And o'er Ausonia haply bent his flight,
He saw the deed; and, from a golden cloud, 840
Thus to the victor youth exclaim'd aloud:

"Proceed, great Boy! and thus to heaven aspire!
Offspring of gods! of gods the destined sire!
War as their vassal, in their chains controll'd,
The race of Dardanus shall ever hold: 845

Nor shall thy Troy contain thee." Then from high
He shot, quick glancing through the liquid sky,
And, standing by the youthful warrior's side,
Old Butes' form the radiant god belied:

(Butes, once proud Anchises' arms to bear ; 850
Now honor'd with his princely grandson's care.)
To him alike in arms, in face and mien,
With hoary head Apollo now was seen;
And, as the heroic boy he thus address'd,
The fire, that flamed to dangerous height, repress'd: 855
“ Let it suffice, Æneades! thy hand,
Unharm'd, has stretch'd Numans on the strand.
This, thy first glory, Phœbus' smiles allow;
The god unenvious of a rival bow.
But tempt the war no more!”—Apollo said, 860
And as he spoke from human vision fled,
Resolved in air. The Trojan leaders knew
His arms and quiver clanging as he flew.
Obedient therefore to the Power, they stay
The princely boy, yet panting for the fray. 865
Themselves with ardor to the fight succeed;
And mix in combat where the foremost bleed.
Their deathful bows they bend, and wield their spears:
Bestrown with weapons all the ground appears.
Helmet and shield re-echo with the blows; 870
And war in all its power of horror glows:
Fierce as the storm which, rushing from the west,
Smites earth, and tears with torrent rains her breast,
When rise the showery Kids: or thick as hail,
When Jove in darkness rides the southern gale: 875

Wields hoary winter ; and his icy stores
Moulds, and through severing clouds on ocean pours.

Bitias and Pandarus, whom Ida's grove
Gave to Alcanor from Iæra's love,
(His rustic bride) now, confident of might,

880

Like their own pines or hills in towering height,
Unfold the gate committed to their care ;

Invite the foe, and all the conflict dare.

Full arm'd within the brother champions stand :
High gleam their crests, and threat on either hand.

885

As, where his silver waters Padus leads,
Or Athesis with flowers arrays the meads,
Two oaks aloft their inshorn branches bear ;
And nod their summits in superior air.

Soon as they see the massy gate unbarr'd,
The fierce Rutulians rush to force the guard.

890

At once bold Quercens, Hæmon strong in fight,
Aquiculus, in sculptured armour bright,

And Tmarus, headlong in his rashness, fly
With all their troops, or on the threshold die.

895

And now the embolden'd Trojans throng to wage
A closer war, and in the field engage.

But to great Turnus, whose resistless sword
The battle in a distant quarter gored,
The tidings now are brought, that open lay

900

The daring gates, and fiercer grew the fray.

With soul on fire, he sprang from where he stood,
Bathing the ramparts with their guardians' blood ;
And to the gate, that thus his hosts defied,
Rush'd to confront the giant brothers' pride. 905

And first Antiphates, who foremost came,
(Sarpedon's offspring by a Theban dame)
His javelin slew : the Latian cornel flies,
And buried in the warrior's bosom lies.

The cells of life effuse a crimson flood ; 910
And the red weapon smokes with tepid blood.

Then Merops and Aphidinus feel his hand ;
And Erymantas strews the gory sand.

Next Bitias, as his eyes with fury blaze,
On earth with an enormous wound he lays. 915

No common spear had forced the giant's breast ;
He falls with a falaric lance oppress'd :
Which, with the power of lightning's flaming stroke,
Through all the fences of his corslet broke.

His massy limbs with thunder shake the ground ; 920
And, as he falls, his ponderous arms resound.

Thus in Euboic Baiae rushes down
The stony pile, o'er wondering ocean thrown :

When, as the ruin in the deep subsides,
Rise the black sands, and roar the mingling tides. 925

High Prochyta, upon her throne of rock,
Feels the dread crash, and trembles at the shock ;

And great Inarime, the flinty bed
Of vast Typhœus, shakes, and heaves the monster's head.
Then Mars, the Power of arms, new force imparts 930
To Latium's hosts, and goads their fiery hearts :
Hurls on their Trojan foes dismay and flight ;
And strings the sinews of his friends for fight.
Rejoicing in the granted field, and strong
With all the god, they crowd and pour along. 935

When Pandarus beheld his brother slain,
And treacherous fortune shifting on the plain ;
With his broad shoulders borne against the weight,
He turns upon the hinge the massy gate :
And, as it closes, many a friend he leaves 940
To bleed without, and many a foe receives.
Mad ! not to see, before he lock'd the bar,
The Daunian king included with the war ;
And bursting on the camp's interior hold,
Like a fell tiger on the prostrate fold. 945
Straight from the hero's eyes new splendors gleam ;
And sanguine terrors from his plumage stream.
Dire is his armour's clang ; and from his shield
Effusive lightning flashes o'er the field.
Full soon the Æneians know, with pale surprise, 950
His dreaded features and gigantic size ;
And fear-struck fly : but, roused by honor's call,
And eager to avenge his brother's fall,

The mighty Pandarus, with furious spring,
Asserts the combat, and insults the king : 955

“ ‘Tis not Amata’s chamber fondly spread
For love, or Ardea’s palace that you tread :
But a foe’s camp, whence hope of flight is vain.”

“ Begin !” replied the chief with calm disdain :
“ And if a soul inform that ample breast, 960
Bring hand to hand our prowess to the test !
And then shalt thou report to Priam’s ear,
Thou found’st a new Achilles warring here.”

He spoke ; and Pandarus with gather’d force
Sent his rude knotty javelin on its course. 965
The weapon, turn’d by Juno’s guardian care,
Err’d from its aim, and gave the wound to air ;
Then quiver’d in the gate. “ But thou shalt know
This hand,” cried Turnus, “ fails not in the blow :
Nor shalt thou ’scape !—more power than thine is found
To wield this weapon, and enforce the wound.” 971

Fiercely he said, and to the stroke uprose :
The falling falchion burst the warrior’s brows ;
Rent with a hideous wound his face in twain ;
And stretch’d his bulk upon the shaken plain. 975
There wrapp’d in death he lay : a gory tide,
With intermingled brains, his armour dyed ;
And his cleft head reclined on either side.

- The sons of Troy, astonish'd at the sight,
Before the victor trembling, turn to flight. 980
- Then to his comrades had he burst the gate,
That day had been the last of Trojan fate.
But with the rage of blood his spirits glow ;
And drive him frantic onward on the foe.
First Phaleris ; then Gyges strews the ground, 985
The sinews cut by which the knee was bound.
From these their spears the furious chieftain rends ;
And hurls again in slaughter on their friends :
For Juno swells his heart, and heavenly vigor lends.
Then Halys falls, and stretch'd in kindred death, 990
Pierced through the buckler, Phegeus yields his breath.
Next, while, unconscious of a foe so near,
They combat on the wall and scatter fear,
Alcander, Halius, Prytanis are slain ;
And great Noënon, valiant now in vain. 995
Lynceus, advancing and demanding aid,
Falls, intercepted by the weighty blade :
Which, brandish'd fiercely backward from the mound,
Lops his mail'd head, and rolls it on the ground.
Then Amycus, inured to bestial blood, 1000
The mighty victor of the howling wood,
(Skill'd to infect the shaft with poisonous art,
And wing with double destiny the dart,) .

The hero's fatal arm, with Clytius, proved ;
And Cretheus, whom his comrade Muses loved. 1005

The song, the lyre were still his soul's delight :
His themes, the steed the warrior and the fight.

At length to Mnestheus and Serestus known
The storm of slaughter raging in the town,
These leaders of the camp concur, and view 1010
The admitted hero, and their routed crew.

“ Where tends your flight ? what other walls remain ?
Or what beyond them hope you on the plain ? ”
Mnestheus exclaims, “ and shall a single arm,
Dastards ! thus shake a city with alarm ? 1015
One man, immured within our mounds, destroy,
Unpunish'd thus, the flower of bleeding Troy ?
O save your country, and respect her shame !
Assert your gods, and great Æneas' fame ! ”

Thus fired, they rally and condense in lines ; 1020
While Turnus slowly from the war declines,
And draws to where the river's ambient tide
Guards with its broad expanse the rampart's side.
With fiercer confidence the Trojans glow ;
And press with arms and shouts the shrinking foe. 1025
As when the crowd, with spears athirst for blood,
Assail the roaring monarch of the wood,
Alarm'd, yet grim, and glaring ruddy fires,
Scarce he gives back, and sullenly retires.

Valor and rage his flight alike restrain : 1030

Spears flame in front, and make his onset vain.

Thus, while his breast with boiling fury beats,

Turnus with proud and pausing foot retreats.

Yet twice he burst upon the foes' array ;

And twice along the walls he drove the scatter'd fray.

But from the tents auxiliar forces run ; 1036

And bend in multitudes their might on one.

Nor longer Juno durst his powers supply :

For Jove sent Iris from the ethereal sky,

To threat his sister-queen, if Turnus more 1040

Persist to float the 'Trojan camp in gore.

Then fails his shield the battle to withstand ; .

And death no longer rushes from his hand.

So thick the o'erwhelming shower of steel descends,

His ringing helmet on his temples bends. 1045

The stubborn brass gives way : his plumage stoops

Shorn from his head, and his faint buckler droops.

With mighty Mnestheus thundering in their van,

Fiercely the 'Trojans urge the wearied man.

Now all his body, black with dust and blood, 1050

Resolves, and gushes in a briny flood.

With lungs that gasp for air, he breathes oppress'd ;

And quick strong pantings shake his laboring chest.

At length, resulting with a haughty bound,

Down to the tide he plunges from the mound, 1055

In all his arms : rejoicing in its freight
The yellow river buoys his falling weight :
And softly wafts him, wash'd from slaughter's stain,
Safe and with glory to his friendly train. 1059

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.



BOOK X.

Argument.

JUPITER, having called a council of the gods, and vainly endeavoured to reconcile Juno and Venus, who plead for their respective parties, declares his impartiality and his determination to leave the event of the war altogether to the Fates. The assault of the Trojan camp is renewed, and the danger of the besieged becomes imminent. Æneas, in the meantime, having been received by Tarchon and the Etrurians as their general, advances with his new allies (of whose forces a catalogue is given) to the assistance of his troops. An obstinate engagement ensues, in which Pallas is slain by Turnus, and Lausus and Mezentius by Æneas. By the power and contrivance of Juno, Turnus is withdrawn from the battle; and Æneas remains master of the field.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK X.

Now, where his state the Lord of Nature holds,
The palace of Omnipotence unfolds ;
And the great Sovereign, from their heavenly bowers,
To council summons all the ethereal Powers,
High in his hall, above the starry spheres : 5
Whence in wide view the subject earth appears ;
And, full beneath the beamings of his eye,
The Dardan camp, and Latian armies lie.
The Immortals here, each radiant on his throne,
Sate, as their Lord thus made his purpose known : 10

“ Say, mighty Powers of heaven ! what cause inspires
Your breasts with change, and thus with discord fires ?
That Troy and Italy should blend in love,
I will’d : whence then this war opposed to Jove ?
Why should it burn ? What interest or alarm 15
Can stir the people, and persuade to arm ?

The time (nor need you urge its course) will come,
 When Carthage, bursting on the towers of Rome,
 Shall pour, and all the unfolding Alps descend
 In war, to make the eternal city bend.

20

Then, then with license, all ye Powers! engage:
 Drive as the Furies guide, and freely rage.
 Now bid, with me, the unhallow'd discord cease;
 And fold the nations in the embrace of peace."

'Thus spake the Sire majestically brief:
 But Venus answer'd with diffusive grief.
 "O Sire! the eternal might which all confess!
 Whose power alone can succour our distress!
 Seest thou how rage the foes? how Turnus' steed
 Insults the field, and how the vanquish'd bleed:

30

Even Troy's strong mounds avail not now to save:
 Her foaming trenches roll a crimson wave.

Even in her immost camp she feels the sword:
 And not a groan can reach her absent lord.

But hast thou will'd eternal siege her doom:
 With foes still hovering o'er her second bloom?

To lift her hapless head in vain she tries;
 New arms contend to crush her ere she rise:

And, see! from Arpi, roused by Latian hate,
 Again Tydides rushes on her state:

40

And I again may bleed, yet doom'd to feel,
 Though sprung from thee, a mortal's raging steel.

If not beneath thy peace, but braving thee,
My Trojans toil'd to Latium through the sea;
Let their unhallow'd deed thy vengeance prove: 45
I ask not favor for the foes of Jove.
But if, obedient to thy awful word,
By Heaven alike and by the Manes stirr'd,
Thither they steer'd, what power, controlling thine,
Can change thy law, and other fates assign? 50
Why should I name Sicilia's flaming scene;
And Iris, wing'd with whirlwinds by her queen?
Why speak the tempests warring on the main;
When their bribed king released them from the chain?
And now, since this alone remain'd untried, 55
She summons hell to combat on her side:
And dire Alecto, bursting on the light,
Raves, and through Latium scatters black affright.
The lofty hope of empire I resign; .
That cherish'd hope, while fortune yet was mine. 60
Let those, more loved by thee, prevail and reign!
But if for wretched Troy no land remain;
And so thy cruel consort shall dispose;
By Troy's pale ashes and her length of woes,
Sire! I implore thy pity, let me bear 65
Safe from the storm of war her blooming heir!
Ascanius yet be mine! The sport of seas
Still let Æneas rove, as chance decrees.

But let my love his guiltless offspring shield ;
 And draw my grandson from the deathful field. 70
 To me Cythera and Idalia bow : ~
 Paphos and Amathus my sway avow.
 There let him chase, in soft inglorious rest,
 Arms and renown for ever from his breast :
 And let fierce Carthage o'er Ausonia ride ; 75
 No city there to check the Tyrian pride.
 What boots it now that, dauntless and entire,
 My hosts have pierced the heart of Grecian fire ;
 And, seeking Latium to rebuild their state,
 Have borne and baffled all the storms of Fate ? 80
 Were it not better that, uncross'd the flood,
 They yet had till'd the fields where Ilion stood ?
 Give them, O Sire ! their Sinois again ;
 With all their labors on the Phrygian plain !
 For Troy's poor sons their Troy we now implore ; 85
 To fight and perish on their native shore.”

Then fired with rage imperial Juno rose :
 “ Why my deep wrongs thus force me to disclose ?
 To draw Latims to the hostile field,
 What god or man Aeneas' rage compell'd ? 90
 Say ! led by Fate he sought Hesperia's plains :
 (The Fate that madden'd in Cassandra's strains !)
 When he forsook his camp, and wildly gave
 His life confided to the uncertain wave :

The reins of war and government resign'd
To a boy's hand, did we impel his mind?
To court the Tuscan faith, or to invade
The sleep of nations, did our arts persuade?
What god deceived him? what divine controll
Forced error thus on his infatnate soul?
Where now was Juno? where her herald now,
The storm-wing'd goddess of the painted bow?
But 'tis unjust the Latians thus should press
The war-worn Trojans, and with siege distress.
Yes! 'tis unjust that Turnus yet should stand
On his own soil, and guard his father's land!
He, whose rich veins Pilumnus' blood supplies;—
Sprung from the bright Venilia of the skies!
What! shall the Trojans then, untouch'd with blame,
Float Latium's harvests with a flood of flame?
Realins not their own with lawless power oppress?
Seise on the prey, and guiltily possess?
What! shall they cover war with friendship's cheat?
Extend for peace the hand that arms the fleet?
Betray the sire? the plighted virgin rend
From her lord's breast? yet never once offend?
Thou could'st withdraw thy son, when doom'd to bleed:
And form an airy phantom in his stead.
Thou could'st his vessels from their danger free,
And change them to immortals of the sea,

All this thou could'st! yet if, forsooth, my arms
 But aid my friends, 'tis guilt that Heaven alarms!
 Aeneas wanders, absent from his host:
 Still may he wander, and to them be lost!
 Truly thou speak'st, adoring at thy shrine, 125
 Cythera, Paphos, and Idalia thine.
 Why then desert those realms of soft delight,
 For martial cities and the bleeding fight?
 Me would'st thou argue as the fiend of fate,
 Pleased to whelm ruin on the Phrygian state? 130
 Me? and not her, who first exposed her Troy
 To the fierce Greeks, and call'd them to destroy?
 Her, who with crime dissolved the nations' ties;
 And made on Asia swelling Europe rise?
 Say! was by us the Dardan spoiler led, 135
 With lawless love to force the Spartan's bed?
 To wake the war, and make its fury just,
 Did we supply the weapons or the lust?
 Then for thy friends thou should'st have fear'd the event;
 And not, thus wrangling, now too late lament." 140

Thus Juno pleaded; and through Heaven's divan,
 As each inclined, a various murmur ran.
 So, when amid the forest's depths confined,
 Groan the first infant spirits of the wind;
 In pale alarm, the mariner from far 145
 Hears the sure presage of the watery war.

Then Heaven's Almighty Sire, who governs all,
Began, and with his eye composed the hall.
Mute, as he spoke, the imperial palace lay :
Dread silence brooded on the realms of day. 150
Earth trembles underneath : the zephyrs sleep ;
And glassy splendor floats upon the deep.
“ Hear what I say, and let my words have weight !
Since discord still divides the ethereal state ;
Nor Troy with Italy must yet mite : 155
Proceed, this day, the fortune of the fight !
My favor shall on neither side incline :
Trojans, Rutulians shall alike be mine :
Whether this siege shall Latinus's hopes betray ;
Or Troy complain of her misguided way. 160
Nor free I the Rutulians : all shall feel
Their deeds' just recompence in woe or weal.
Jove will be equal in his sovereign sway ;
To all the same : the Fates will find their way.”

So spake the Omnipotent ; and gave the nod,
The banks attesting of the Stygian god,
Where wrapp'd in storm the pitchy torrent rolls ;
And Nature trembled to her utmost poles.
Then closed the council : from his golden state
Jove rose ; and, round their monarch, to the gate 170
The deities in pomp majestically wait.

Meantime upon the camp the Latians pour
Of steel and fire a thick and ceaseless shower :

While pent within their walls the Æneians fight ;
 Hopeless alike of victory or flight ; 175
 And lie with thin defense the shaken towers :
 Their spirits sinking, and impair'd their powers.
 High in the front, unknowing how to yield,
 Their arms great Asius and Thymœtes wield :
 (One sprung from mighty Imbracus, and one 180
 The far-famed Hicetaon's martial son.)
 With them the two Assaraci preside ;
 And veteran Thymbris fights by Castor's side :
 And, next, Sarpedon's brothers press for fame,
 Clarus and Theinon, who from Lycia came. 185
 Lyrnessian Aenion on the ascending foes
 The ponderous fragment of a mountain throws :
 Whom his great brother, Mnestheus, and his sire,
 Clytius, with emulative nerves inspire.
 Some with vast stones and spears the walls defend : 190
 Some ply the bow, or fiery missiles send.
 In the mid fight, his radiant temples bare,
 The Dardan boy, fond Venus' worthiest care,
 Shines like a gem, inclosed in gold to deck
 The brow of beauty, or emblaze the neck : 195
 Or like wrought ivory, when the workman's slight
 Circles with ebony the glossy white.
 Adown his milky neck his tresses flow ;
 And round their swell the gold's embraces glow.

Thee, also, Ismarus! the nations view'd
Scattering thy shafts, in venom'd death imbued :
Sprung from illustrious sires, who held their reign
Where rich Pactolus dews with gold the plain.
There too fought Mnestheus, glorying in the might
That lately saved the camp by Turnus' flight;
And Capys, high upon the roll of Fame,
Who gave Campania's capital her name.

While here the storm of dubious conflict raves ;
Through the calm night Æneas plough'd the waves.
For, when from good Evander's court he went, 210
He pass'd direct to sovereign Tarchon's tent :
There, to the king exposed the powers he brought ;
His name, his race, the purpose of his thought :
What friends around the banish'd tyrant press'd ;
And the dark storm that swell'd in Turnus' breast : 215
Then urged, that trust in human force was wrong ;
And made with prayers his pleaded reason strong.
Convinced, the Tuscan straight consents to yield
The entreated league, and follow to the field.
Then, of the Fates absolved, as Heaven decrees, 220
The Lydian nations launch upon the seas,
Beneath the guidance of a foreign hand.
The Æneian ship rides first in proud command.
The Phrygian lions, extant on the prow,
Yoked to her car beneath their goddess bow ; 225

- And, hallow'd by the Trojan exiles' love,
 A sculptured Ida rears her woods above.
 Here rests the chief to careful thought resign'd ;
 With all the war revolving in his mind :
 While Pallas, seated at his left, inquires
 Curious to know the night's etherial fires :
 Or asks the friendly hero to relate
 The toils, on land and sea, that memorized his fate. 230
- Now, Goddesses ! unlock the Aonian spring ;
 And bathe me in its brightness, as I sing
 What ships, now rushing from Etruria's coasts,
 Æneas led, and what their arms and hosts. 235
- First Massicus, a thousand in his train,
 Cuts with his braseu tiger through the main.
 Him the bold youth from Clusium's walls obey :
 And Cosæ's sons, submitted to his sway. 240
- Arrows, their weapons : o'er their shoulders flung,
 Bows, nerved for slaughter, and light quivers hung.
 With him stern Abas sails, whose troops display,
 In blazon'd arms, the pride of war's array. 245
- On his high prow a golden Phœbus shone.
 To him, six hundred warriors of renown
 His Populonia gave ; and, rich with ore,
 Ilva's iron-bowell'd isle three hundred more.
- 'Then, third, Asylas came ; the holy seer,
 The god's interpreter to human ear. 250

To him the Fates their mystic page unroll
In victim fibres, and the starry pole :
Speak with the tongue of birds, and teach his eye
With the red presage, flashing from the sky. 255

With him a chosen band of war appears,
A thousand phalanxites with horrent spears :
Whom Tuscan Pisæ, of Alpheian birth,
Gave to the guidance of his warlike worth.

Next Astur follows, bright in manly charms ; 260
Proud of his steed and many-color'd arms.
Three hundred youths, with hearts of faith the same,
To fill his ranks from ancient Pyrgos came :
From Cære, and where Minio laves the plains; .
And lazy mist thy clime, Graviseæ! stains. 265

Nor, Cinyras! shalt thou to fame be lost,
Illustrious leader of Liguria's host !
Nor thou, Cupavo! though but small thy state :
Thou, on whose helm the swan's white pinion sate,
In fond memorial of thy father's fate. 270
The crime was thine, O Love ! for as (they say)
Cynus, his sire, resign'd to sorrow, lay
Weeping his Phaëton; and, in the shade
Of the green sisters, wooed the Muse for aid;
O'er his worn age intenser whiteness stole; 275
And a swan's plumage veil'd the human soul.

- Then on his buoyant plumes aloft he sprung ;
 And, floating on the clouds, in notes of anguish sung,
 The son now steers his comrades to the plain ;
 And rows the mighty Centaur through the main. 280
- Her long keel parts the wave ; and, on her prow,
 The sculptured monster seems in act to throw
 A lifted rock, and threatens the deep below.
- There too, great Oenus from their country led
 His native troops, and glitter'd at their head. 285
- From fateful Manto and the Tuscan flood,
 His heart beat strongly with immortal blood.
 Thy founder, Mantua ! he, who wall'd thee round ;
 And with his prescient mother's name renown'd :
 Mantua of ancient fame, whose arms embrace 290
- Three several nations, each distinct in race ;
 Each of four tribes : their strength from Tuscan veins
 Derives ; and Mantua as their sovereign reigns.
 Hence now five hundred, in the patriot cause,
 Warriors against himself Mezentius draws. 295
- Their prince's ship air imaged Mincius leads ;
 Benacus' offspring, crown'd with hoary reeds.
- Aulestes, rising to his hundred oars,
 Next lashes ocean, that in tumult roars.
 Prodigious Triton, at the galley's head, 300
- Lifts his wreathed couch and thrills the seas with dread.

Human above the waist, a man's stern brow
Frowns o'er the shape, that ends in fish below.
Proudly the monstrous form the billows press'd,
That rage and groan beneath his shaggy breast. 305

Such and so many chiefs, with Troy allied,
In thirty vessels stem the foamy tide.

Day had resign'd the skies ; and now the moon
Borne on night's car had reach'd the steep of noon.
Æneas still, whose cares o'er sleep prevail, 310
Sits by the helm, and orders every sail :
When his own galleys, now a Nereid train,
Assembled, meet him on the middle main :
They who were changed, by great Cybele's love,
From ships the life of goddesses to prove. 315

In number equal to the prows, that stood
Chain'd to the shore, they now divide the flood.
Afar they know their king, and round him throng
With playful gambols, and with choral song.

Cymodoea, then, whose tongue excell'd, 320
With breast above the waves, the vessel held.
One hand retains the stern ; one, oaring, plays
In the mute wave, and, while in strange amaze
The hero looks and listens, thus she says ;
“ Wakest thou, O Goddess-born ? be wakeful yet ! 325
Stretch all thy ropes, and all thy canvas set !

The pines are we of Ida's holy brow :
 'Thy galleys late, but Ocean's daughters now.
 As the Rutulian with perfidious flames
 Rush'd, and would violate our hallow'd frames, 330
 Compell'd, reluctantly we broke thy chain ;
 And hither come to seek thee on the main.
 To us, Heaven's Mother, touch'd with pity, gave
 The life of gods, immortal in the wave.
 But thy Ascanius, closed within his mounds, 335
 Fierce Latium with her horrent war surrounds.
 Already where thou badest, the Arcadian horse
 Stand in array with bold Etruria's force.
 To interpose his hosts, and thus prevent
 The destined aid, is Turnus' fix'd intent. 340
 Rise ! stir thy soul ! and, soon as morning glows,
 Sheathe all thy troops in arms to meet the foes ;
 And rear thy mighty shield, that flames with gold,
 Vulcan's bright present, of ethereal mold.
 To-morrow's sun, (nor slight my words as vain,) 345
 Shall see Rutulian mountains of the slain."

She spoke ; and, parting, urged the galley's course,
 With hand well skill'd to give the impelling force.
 Thus driven, the vessel glides along the seas,
 Swift as a shaft that mates the flying breeze. 350
 The rest pursue her speed. Æneas heard
 In wonder wrapp'd ; but feels his bosom cheer'd :

Hails the great omen ; and, with pious gaze
Thrown upward to the starry concave, prays :

“ Bless’d Mother of the gods ! on Ide renown’d ! 355
Drawn by yoked lions, and with turrets crown’d !
Who joy’st in Dindymus ! with power divine
Be present now, and ratify thy sign !
Goddess ! by thee be now our armies led ;
And flame, propitious, at thy Phrygian’s head !” 360

No more he spake ; and now revolving light
Came rushing on the skies, and chased the night.

First his allies he bids, with earliest care,
Their arms and spirits for the fight prepare ;
And wait the signal. From his lofty stand, 365
The camp and Trojans now his eyes command.
Then, proudly eminent, his shield he takes ;
And flaming on his arm the terror shakes.
The Trojans see, and with new fury throw
A thicker storm of ruin on the foe ; 370
And raise exulting shouts : as mid the clouds
The cranes of Strymon float in noisy crowds ;
When from the south the plimy nations sail,
And their glad signals vibrate on the gale.
Rapt by surprise the Ausonian leaders stand ; 375
Till, turning, they behold the hostile band
Covering the seas, and rushing to the land.
O’er the chief’s crest a spiry radiance plays ;
And his shield’s orbit pours a torrent blaze.

As when red comets with disastrous glare 380
Stream through the night, and shake their sanguine hair :
O! Sirius rising, with his torrid breath,
Loads the sick air with drought, disease, and death :
And, the fierce glory kindling but to taint,
Pale man is humbled, and the heavens are faint. 385

Yet unsuppress'd the hopes of Turnus swell:
The foe with swift prevention to repel,
And seize upon the shore, his soul aspires:
And, running through the ranks, he scatters martial fires.

“Warriors! behold your wish! our foes now yield 390
A fair encounter and an equal field.
The war is in your grasp. Respect the claim,
Each of his wife, his hearth, his father’s fame!
Forestall the shore! and, tottering as they stand
With their first doubtful footsteps on the sand,
Confound them with your force! the daring find
That Fortune, when they rush on her, is kind.”

He spake; and, pondering, to his host assigns
One part to meet the foe, and one to guard the lines.

Meanwhile, on platforms from the galley's side, 400
Æneas lands his troops beyond the tide.
Some watch the reflux of the languid main ;
And with an active bound the shallows gain :
Some trust to oars. As Tarchon's eyes explore,
He sees where billows break not on the shore ; 405

But a soft swelling sea, unvex'd, expands :
Thither he steers, and thus exhorts his bands :
“ Now, now, my chosen Youths ! ply all your oars !
Rise ! drive your ships, and let them plough the shores !
Deep let their keels the hostile soil indent ! ” 410
Gain but the land ; and let our barks be rent ! ”

Fired with the monarch's soul, his ardent crews
Urge their strain'd galleys on the Latian ooze,
Till every beak gripes earth ; and, safely sped,
Each keel reposes on its slimy bed. 415
All but thine, Tarchon ! on a lengthen'd rock,
Hid by the waves, it rush'd with crashing shock.
There, on the crag suspended as it stood,
It bore awhile the invasion of the flood :
Till from their compact all the timbers break ; 420
And mid the waves at once their charge forsake.
Intangled in the wreck, the men with pain
Toil through the sea's relapse, and slow to land attain.

Nor Turnus stands in impotent delay ;
But drives upon the foe his whole array ; 425
And all his trumpets sound. The rustic band
Feel the first fury of Æneas' hand.
His sword, in omen of a prosperous fight,
Slays Theron first, who rashly braved his might ;
Theron the great : his mail the weapon rives ; 430
Through the rough gold and brazen foldings drives ;
And in his open'd side, deep plunging, dives.

By the same falchion Lichas meets his doom ;
Ripp'd, when she perish'd, from his mother's womb ;
And thine, O Phœbus ! from his natal hour : 435
His earliest life protecten by thy power.
Cisseus and Gyas then, the fierce and strong,
Whose ponderous maces crush'd the embattled throng,
Stretch'd by the hero fell : in vain their force ;
Their arms Herculean ; and their vaunted source, 440
Springing from Melampus : who, with kindred worth,
Fought by Alcides, whilst he toil'd on earth.
At Pharos, as he boasts, the javelin flies ;
And, through the mouth transfix'd, the vaunter dies.
Thou, Cydon ! too, as, urged by frantic joy, 445
Thou follow'dst Clytius, love-inspiring boy,
(On whose soft cheek the yellow down began
To mantle, and announce the ripening man,)
Hadst perish'd now beneath the Dardan spear,
Lost to the guilty loves thou held'st too dear, 450
If, rushing in a firm compacted band,
Thy brothers had not check'd the hero's hand :
Phorcus' seven sons. Seven spears at once they throw ;
Which strike the shiel'd or helmet of the foe :
Or from his menaced boily glance in air ; 455
Turn'd by kiud Venus with preventive care.
Then to Achates, fighting by his side ;
“ Give me,” he said, “ those spears so often tried ;

Which steep'd in Grecian blood the Phrygian plain ;
Which never flew, nor here shall fly in vain." 460

He spake : then seised and, grasping, hurl'd the weight
Of a large javelin, charged with Mæon's fate.

His buckler's verge it burst, his cuirass tore ;
And, deep within his bosom, drank the gore.
Alceon, running ere his brother drops, 465

With his right arm the falling warrior props.
A second spear then speeds its bloody course ;
Strikes the sustaining arm with severing force ;
Disjoins the shoulder, and its nerve unties ;
And the loose limb in dead dependence lies. 470

Then Numitor from his fallen brother wrings
The deathful lance, and on Æneas springs :
In vain :—to wound the chief the Fates deny :
But the spear rases great Achates' thigh.

Now Clansus, glorying in his youthful might 475
And Sabine hosts, advances to the fight.

His javelin, from afar at Dryops sent,
Beneath the chin its gory passage rent ;
And stopp'd at once his voice and struggling breath :
The prostrate warrior pants in crimson death. 480

Then by the victor's arm three chieftains bled,
Cold Boreas' sons, in utmost Thracia bred :
And three, by Idas sent, their warlike sire,
From Ismara, beneath his force expire.

Now fierce Halesus, with the Auruncan host, 485
 Flies to the conflict, and asserts the coast :
 And great Messapus, Neptune's son, succeeds
 To his friends' aid, and vaunts his fiery steeds.
 With all their powers the furious hosts contend ;
 Those to possess the shore, and these defend. 490
 The invaders and the invaded shrink by turns ;
 And the fierce fight on Latium's threshold burns.
 As when the winds with equal forces drive
 From adverse quarters, and for empire strive ;
 They clash, they wrestle long in equal fray : 495
 All Nature toils beneath their mighty sway ;
 And clouds and billows doubt which master to obey.
 With force so balanced Troy and Latium mix :
 Man stands to Man, and foot to foot they fix.
 But in another part, where torrent floods 500
 Whirl'd the loose stones, and rent the o'erhanging woods,
 When Pallas saw the Arcadian troops recede,
 (Who, wont to combat only on the steed,
 And now, compell'd their horses to forsake,
 Before their Latian foes disorder'd break,) 505
 All means he tries their souls to re-inflame ;
 With prayers to move, or with reproaches shame :
 “Unhappy Comrades ! whither do ye run ?
 By your great selves, and all your glories won ;

By your Evander; by the hopes that grow 510
To bind with equal wreaths my rival brow,
Dare not to fly! through yonder dark array,
That lowers in front, your swords must hew the way.
From you, from me, your country this demands:
Nor Heaven in arms the noble deed withstands. 515
Mortals, 'tis mortal force alone we feel:
Our hands as numerous, and as keen our steel.
Here rolls the sea, and space for flight denies;
And there the camp, begirt with armies, lies.
Which will ye seek?" he says, and instant throws 520
His headlong rage amid the thickest foes.
There Lagus, brought by his disastrous chance,
Met the first fury of the Arcadian lance.
Him, as he strove to lift a ponderous stone,
The javelin, with unerring vigor thrown, 525
Just at the curving ribs' disclosure struck:
Pierced the mid spine and in the marrow stuck.
Thence the fix'd spear the stooping victor rent:
But Hisbo sprung to strike him as he bent.
Vain was the hope: for while, with fury blind, 530
His friend's sad fate possessing all his mind,
Madly he rush'd, the prince's wary sword
The stroke prevented, and his bosom gored,
Plunged in his heaving lungs: then, versed in death,
On Sthenelus it turn'd, and stopp'd his breath. 535

Next he, who sprung from Rhœtus' ancient race,
Doom'd by his crime his honor'd sire's disgrace ;
Who durst with incest stain his stepdame's bed,
Auchenolus, beneath the victor bled.

Ye, too, famed twins of Daucus ! now must die : 540

Whose wondrous likeness mock'd the inquiring eye ;
So great, your very parents it beguiled ;

Who, lost full oft in pleasing error, smiled.

But Pallas now distinguish'd you too well :

Lopp'd by his blade, the head of Thymber fell : 545

Thy sever'd hand, Larides ! seeks its lord ;

And still with quivering fibres grasps the sword.

Then, rallying round their prince, the Arcadians flow :

Shame and revenge compel them on the foe.

His words, his glorious deeds their souls inspire ; 550

And every bosom feels contagious fire.

As from your might, ye Brothers, famed in war !

Teuthras and Tyres ! Rhœtus urged his car,

Passing he met the spear by Pallas thrown,

And saved the life of Ilus with his own : 555

Yet saved but while he died :—beneath the wheels

He falls, and spurns the ground with quivering heels.

As when, propitious to the rustic's vow,

The breeze awakes to fan hot summer's brow,

The shepherd mid the stubble lights the blaze ; 560

And all around the power of Vulcan preys.

The rushing flames the seated swain admires ;
And, in their useful triumph, hails the fires.
So runs warm spirit through the Arcadian band ;
And Pallas ! lists for thee the united hand. 565

But fierce Halesus, gathering all his force,
Rush'd to the war to check the victor's course.
Beneath his spear, with well-aim'd fury plied,
Ladon, Demodocus and Pheres died.
Then from Strymonius, with his blade he smote 570
The hand uplifted to assail his throat.

On Thoas' front he dash'd a massy stone ;
And the brain issued through the shiver'd bone.
Halesus' father, who his fate divined,
Had in the woods his darling care confined. 575
But, when the father's eyes were lock'd in death,
The Fates arrest the son and claim his breath ;
A victim sacred to the Evandrian spear.
Pallas now sought him, and with vows drew near :

“ Tiber, my native God ! my aim succeed ! 580
And give Halesus by my lance to bleed !
So shall his spoils adorn thy trophied oak.”

The god propitious listened as he spoke :
For, while Halesus o'er Imaon spread
His guardian shield, the fatal javelin fled ; 585
Pierced his defenseless side, and stretch'd him with the dead.

But Lausus, though so famed a chief was lost,
 Allow'd not fear to settle on the host :
 Lausus, the war's great limb. Beneath his spear
 First Abas fell, who met his fierce career, 590
 And stemm'd the battle's tide. Together slain,
 Arcadians and Etrurians strew the plain ;
 And you, O Trojans ! saved from Greece in vain.
 Of equal chiefs and equal force possess'd,
 Shock the fierce armies, and the shore contest : 595
 And numbers from the rear so thickly crowd,
 That space to lift the lance is ill allow'd.
 Here Pallas, Lausus there impels the storm :
 Both of like age, and beauteous both of form.
 Both like in fortune too ; by Fate's decree 600
 Each doom'd no more his native land to see.
 But Jove withheld them from the mutual fight ;
 Reserved to perish each by greater might.

Now Turnus, by his sister warn'd, his car
 To Lausus' aid drove fiercely through the war. 605
 Soon as his friends he reach'd, " Desist !" he cried,
 " My arm alone this combat shall decide :
 Pallas be wholly mine ! and O ! that Heaven
 The sire to see the falling son had given !"

He spake : his hosts attend with instant awe ; 610
 Suspend their rage, and from the plain withdraw.

Struck, as the battle hears the proud commands,
The youth awhile absorb'd in wonder stands :
Surveys all Turnus o'er with flashing eyes ;
His lofty mien and insolence of size ; 615
And thus at length undauntedly replies :

“ This hand shall either seize those regal spoils ;
Or a great death with glory close my toils.
For either lot my father is prepared.
Abstain from threats, and wait the gods' award.” 620

Speaking, with forward stride he sought the plain ;
While horror froze in each Arcadian vein.
To combat, hand to hand, in equal fight,
Turnus springs furious from his chariot's height,
As a grim lion, from a rocky brow 625
Who sees far off a bull that threatens below,
Pours down upon his prey with lordly rage :
So Turnus seems while rushing to engage.
When Pallas now beheld the chief advance
Within the measured limit of his lance, 630
He first prepared the assault, if Heaven would bless
His daring arm, though weaker, with success :
And thus he pray'd : “ Alcides, mighty Lord !
If, as a stranger, at my father's board
Thou once didst share the hospitable rite, 635
O ! hear, and aid me in this arduous fight !

Let Turnus fall ! and, ere they close on day,
His eyes behold me tear his arms away !”

Alcides hears the youth ; and, wrung with woe,
Groans heave his breast, and tears in vain o’erflow. 640
Then thus, to soothe his son, the almighty Sire :

“ Each has his day, and all the Fates require.
To man a short fix’d term of breath they doom.
But to give life, in fame, beyond the tomb,
Is virtue’s toil. What chiefs, of heavenly strain, 645
To death submitted on the Phrygian plain !
There my Sarpedon felt a mortal spear.
Even Turnus waits his fall ; and now his hour is near.”

So spake the Father, and, in sorrowing mood,
Turn’d his bright vision from the field of blood. 650

But Pallas now his forceful javelin threw ;
And flaming from the sheath his falchion drew.
O’er the raised shoulder where the buckler bent,
The flying lance its furious passage rent :
Through the strong verge a wounding point it bore; 655
And just assay’d the mighty Turnus’ gore.
Then Turnus, menacing awhile his foe,
Balanced his ponderous spear in act to throw ;
And cried : “ Now prove my better weapon’s flight :
See if its steel do not more deeply bite !” 660

He said and hurl’d : the lance, with dreadful pass,
Broke through the shield’s strong folds of hide and brass :

Shiver'd the impeding corslet; and, beneath,
Deep in the hero's bosom planted death.
To wrench the javelin from the wound he tried : 665
But his life issued with the gory tide.
Forward he falls : his clang ing arms resound ;
And with his bloody mouth he tears the hostile ground.
Then, as he trod upon the prostrate slain,
The insulting victor hails the Arcadian train : 670
“ Arcadius ! as I speak, attentive hear !
Take this my message to Evander's ear !
Such as I ought his Pallas I return :
His corse, and all the solace of an urn
Freely I give. ‘The mighty Trojan's host, 675
Will feel that honor now has dearly cost.’”

Then with his foot the expiring chief he press'd,
And tore the sumptuous baldric from his breast :
On which Eurytides, in storied gold,
The direful tale of nuptial guilt had told : 680
How in one night so many bridegrooms bled ;
And murder triumph'd in the genial bed.
This as his spoil now conquering Turnus claims ;
And the heart bounds on which the trophy flames.
Unhappy mortals ! to the future blind : 685
With Fate's dark workings hidden from the mind :
Whom gaudy Fortune's perfidy beguiles ;
Inflates with favor and corrupts with smiles.

The time will come when Turnus shall detest
 The costly prize, and deem this hour unbless'd : 690
 Shall wish that Pallas had untouched remain'd ;
 And his proud lance one glory less had gain'd.

But his sad friends, with many a groan and tear,
 Their breathless Pallas on his buckler bear.

O pain at once and glory of thy race ! 695
 Thus, thus return'st thou to thy sire's embrace ?
 This day, thy first of warfare, was thy last :
 But thy great hand renown'd it as it pass'd.

Now, no vague rumor of the dire event,
 But sure intelligence Æneas rent. 700
 His friends he heard, beneath the hostile sword
 On fate's nice verge, his instant aid implored.
 With rage, incensed by grief, his bosom glows ;
 And his fierce blade the foremost battle mows :
 Through bleeding ranks unfolds an ample road ; 705
 Till the wide field with carnage is bestrow'd.

Thee, Turnus ! through the storm of death he seeks ;
 While yet thy heart exults, and javelin reeks.

Pallas, Evander, the kind hands he press'd,
 The board that welcomed him a stranger guest, 710
 All rush upon his thought, and nerve the blow,
 That falls in vengeance on the hated foe.

Four youths whom Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred
 (Atoning offerings to the mighty dead)

- Alive he seizes ; and decrees to pour, 715
Effused around the pyre, their victim gore.
His lance at Magus then from far he sent :
But Magus stoop'd ; and, as the weapon spent
Its death on air, besought compassion's aid ;
Clung to the hero's knees, and suppliant pray'd : 720
“ By thy great father's shade, and by thy son,
Spare with my life a child and sire in one !
Rich is my house : its secret chambers hold
Talents of silver and unfashion'd gold.
Its rooms of state disclose a precious store 725
Of gold in ornament, and gold in ore.
Not on my doom the fates of Troy depend :
One life is nothing when such powers contend.”
Thus he, and thus Aeneas : “ All that heap
Of vaunted treasure for thy children keep. 730
The sale of lives is stopp'd by Turnus' sword :
War now is madden'd, nor will hear accord.
When Pallas fell, thy king forbade to spare :
This knows my father's spirit ; this, my heir.”
Then, grasping with his left the suppliant's crest, 735
He plunged the ruthless falchion in his breast.
Hæmonides was nigh, whose holy care
Tended the shrines of the Latonian pair.
His brows were circled with the priestly crown ;
And, richly wrought, his arms and mantle shone. 740

Him flying o'er the field the chieftain drove ;
 And, as he fell, hung shadowing from above :
 Then slew, and seised his shoulder's costly load ;
 A trophy which to thee, O Mars ! was vow'd ;
 And now Serestus bore. But, proud of might, 745
 Vulcanian Cæculus restored the fight,
 With Umbro join'd, from Marsian mountains sent :
 On those his rage the Dardan hero bent ;
 And broke upon them in tempestuous death.
 Anxur already had resign'd his breath. 750

The shield-sustaining arm the sword had lopp'd ;
 And down on earth the massy buckler dropp'd.
 Much had he boasted ; and had haply thought
 His heaven-high pride would give the force he sought :
 And foudly seen, in hope's delirious dream, 755
 Life wasting on to age its lucid stream.

Then Tarquitus, exulting in bright arms,
 (Whom the nymph Dryope, of heavenly charms,
 To Faunus bore, the ranger of the wood)
 Sprang forward, and the furious chief withstood. 760
 But nought his vigor and his arms avail :
 The Æneian javelin burst his shield and mail ;
 And, as his suppliant voice for life implored,
 His neck is sever'd by the victor's sword ;
 Who spur'd the bleeding trunk, and fiercely cried : 765
 “ Lie there, dread Warrior ! there resign thy pride !

Not destined with thy sires in death to sleep!
No tender mother o'er thy corse shall weep:
But birds of ravin tear thee on the plain;
Or hungry fish beneath the roaring main." 770

Then Lucas and Antæus felt his rage;
Proud in the van of battle to engage:
And valiant Numa fell beneath his spear;
And yellow Camers, noble Volscens' heir:
Who the still sceptre of Amyclæ held; 775
And all Ausonia's lords in wealth excell'd.

Ægæon thus, as heralded by Fame,
On fifty shields sustain'd the Thunderer's flame.
With swords as numerous scatter'd dire dismay;
And shook his hundred arms at heaven's array: 780
While, from his fifty bosoms' fiery store,
His fifty mouths a flaming deluge pour.
So dreadful on the field Æneas storm'd;
When once with blood his quicken'd steel was warm'd.

Then at Niphæus he directs his war; 785
And meets the four fierce steeds that whirl his car.
They, as the sanguine chief approaches near,
Turn from his rage and, wild with terror, rear:
Shiver the car; o'erturn their lord in gore,
And with ungovern'd phrensy seek the shore. 790

Meanwhile through ranks, where most the battle bleeds,
The brother-warriors urge their milk-white steeds,

Liger and Lucagus: that guides the reins;
 This whirls the falchion, and the fight sustains.
 Aeneas sees, nor brooks their fierce advance; 795
 But rushes on them with his lifted lance.
 Liger first speaks:—"Not these, whom thou could'st shun,
 The steeds of Tydeus' or of Peleus' son:
 Nor this the Phrygian plain: here, safe from Greece,
 At once thy battles and thy life shall cease." 800

Thus madly Liger vaunts; while not with breath
 The Dardan hero menaces, but death.
 As o'er his horses Lucagus inclined,
 Incites their fury with his sword behind;
 Just as his force for combat he collects, 805
 And his left foot to fix his step projects,
 Through his shield's lower verge the javelin flies;
 And buried in his groin profoundly lies.
 Prone from his seat he wallows on the plain;
 And thus the insulting victor taunts the slain: 810

"Thy horses, Lucagus! have not betray'd
 Thy hopes; or fled by shadowy fears dismay'd.
 Thou springest from thy chariot self-impell'd."

Then, rushing to their heads, the steeds he held.
 But from his seat the hapless brother thrown, 815
 Lifts his bare hands, and sues with moving tone:
 "O mighty Trojan! by thy own high worth;
 By those who smiled, exulting at thy birth,

Spare me! and let my prayers avert my fate."

Æneas interposed: " Not such of late 820
Thy tongue: no! die, deserted as thou art!
Nor let a brother from a brother part!"

His falchion then the suppliant's bosom gored.
So fraught with slaughter raged the Dardan sword:
Burst o'er the field like some resistless flood; 825
Or a black storm that rends the crashing wood.
And now Ascanius and his Trojan train,
So long besieged and press'd by foes in vain,
Break out and join their friends upon the plain.

To Juno then thus spake imperial Jove: 830
" Thou sister of my blood! my mortal love!
Venus, as well thou thought'st, her hosts sustains;
And pours celestial vigor through their veins:
Gives them the soul still fierce, the nerve still new;
Which dangers cannot daunt, or toils subdue." 835

Juno submiss replies; " My glorious Lord!
Why thus distress, who trembles at thy word?
If now my lowly, rightful power possess'd,
That power which once enthroned me in thy breast,
My suit, Almighty! would not vainly plead, 840
For leave to rescue Turnus ere he bleed;
And safely from the field to hoary Daunus lead.
Else must he perish, and to Troy resign
His guiltless blood, though drawn from blood of thine:

Though his high lineage from Pilumnus came : 845
 And oft thy shrine has seen his incense flame."

To her the Olympian King : " If all thy prayer
 Be the doom'd youth from instant fate to bear ;
 And gain from me extension of his day,—
 Haste ! and by flight thy Turnus' death delay ! 850
 Thus far may be indulged : but if thy mind
 Cherish some bolder purpose, kept behind ;
 If thou would'st change the war's decreed event,
 False are thy hopes and on a phantom bent."

" What if thy heart," the Queen with tears replies, 855
 " Should haply grant the boon thy tongue denies ;
 And fated Turnus fill a timely tomb ?
 Now must he fall and by a cruel doom.
 This, this I see :—but O ! may he remain
 To mock my fears, and prove my prescience vain ! 860
 O ! may'st thou yet, to pleading mercy kind,
 Avert, (for so thou canst,) the death design'd!"

She spake ; and downward from the ethereal height,
 In mists apparel'd, sped her whirlwind flight,
 Darkness with tempest on her state attends ; 865
 Till her wing'd foot amid the war descends.
 There a light cloud (most wondrous to behold !)
 Takes from her hand the mighty Dardan's mold.
 Then in like arms the phantom she arrays ;
 The shield and helm and crest's celestial blaze ; 870

And gives its lips to breathe, in vocal wind,
Organic utterance uninform'd by mind.
So flit, they say, the spectres of the dead :
Or shapes that flutter round the dreamer's bed.
Now the proud shade, in front of all the hosts, 875
Shakes his fierce spear and challenges with boasts.
Infuriate Turnus presses to the fight ;
And hurls his singing javelin at the sprite.
The sprite shrinks back, and, with well-feign'd alarm,
Turns from the terror of the chieftain's arm. 880
Then Turnus, when he deems Æneas flies,
Elate, and turbulent in triumph cries :
“ Where speeds the hero ? wherefore thus betray
Thy plighted fair, and cheat the nuptial day ? .
The land thou sought'st through many a stormy wave, 885
This arm shall give thee in a Latian grave.”
Thus vaunting, he pursues and shakes his blade ;
Blind that his hope the sport of air is made.
By chance, connected with the steepy shore,
Stood the tall ship that king Osinius bore 890
From Clusium's coast : descending from its side,
Ladders and platforms bridged the narrow tide.
Hither Æneas' trembling shadow flies ;
And, plunging to the hold, in darkness lies.
Turnus with equal speed pursues the foe : 895
Darts o'er the bridges, and attains the prow.

Scarce is he there, when Juno's ready hand
 Bursts the strong chains and drives the ship from land :
 While, rapt by slaughter o'er the distant plain,
 Æneas seeks his absent foe in vain. 900

Then, scornful of concealment, whence it lay
 The phantom springs aloft, and melts in day.

But Turnus, wafted swiftly o'er the flood,
 Amazed, nor conscious of the goddess stood :
 But, thankless for his life, with raging eyes 905
 And lifted hands, he thus obtests the skies :

“ And was my guilt, Almighty Sire ! so great,
 That thus thou doom'st me to this blushing fate ?
 Ah wretched ! whence and whither am I borne ?
 What land have left ? what land must reach with scorn ? 910
 Can I again my friends and country see ?
 Those friends (confusion !) that now bleed for me ?
 Hark ! on the blast the groan of death resounds :
 I see them scatter'd, and I feel their wounds.
 O that kind earth could here unfold her breast, 915
 To wrap me deep in everlasting rest !
 But you, O Winds ! more ready to my prayer,
 Dash me on rocks ! to savage quicksands bear !
 Plunge me where no reproaches pierce the deep ;
 Nor conscious shame can wound me as I sleep ! ” 920

Thus speaking, toss'd on passion's stormy tide,
 His mind unanchor'd floats from side to side.

- Now he decides from life at once to part;
And sheathc the falchion in his swelling heart :
Now to essay the deep ; and, swimming, strain 925
To reach the land, and Troy confront again.
Thrice each expedient tried the desperate chief :
Thrice pitying Juno lends unwish'd relief.
With wind and tides the vessel flies to port ;
And safely bears him to the Daunian court. 930
- But now Mezentius to the fight succeeds,
By Jove impell'd ; and Troy mid triumph bleeds.
With hate infuriate at the tyrant's sight,
On him the Etrurians pour the storm of fight ;
All against one : their shock unmoved he braves ; 935
Like some vast rock that swells to meet the waves :
Amid the rage of storms exalts the brow,
Reckless of heaven above and seas below ;
And stable on its base the war defies.
- First Hebrus, Dolichaon's offspring, dies, 940
Fell'd by his sword : then Latagus he slays ;
And Palinus, whom his coward flight betrays.
At Latagus a rocky mass he throws
Full on his front, and bursts his shivering brows.
Of timid Palmus, as he turns to flight, 945
He cuts the sinews where the knees unite ;
And tearing from the chief, as prone he lies,
His arms, to Lausus gives the radiant prize.

Phrygian Evanthes then the monarch's spear
 Lays low ; and Mimas, Paris' loved compeer : 950
 Whom, in that fatal night's disastrous gloom,
 In which Cisseis' flame-impregnate womb
 Gave Paris to the light, Theano bore
 To Amycus : but on his native shore
 Sleeps Paris, while, beneath the Latian walls 955
 In a strange land unhappy Mimas falls.
 As, by the chase with numerous death pursued,
 A boar breaks furious from the covering wood :
 Who long on Vesulus' pine-waving head,
 Or mid Laurentum's reedy marshes fed, 960
 When by the toils beset he stands the attack,
 Churns the hot foam and rears his horrent back.
 From far with shouts and shafts his foes engage ;
 Nor tempt too near the terrors of his rage.
 His teeth he grinds ; he turns on every part ; 965
 And from his shoulder throws the blunted dart.
 So, of the hosts that rage against their lord,
 None dare the close encounter of his sword.
 But, all aloof and shouting, from afar
 They gall him with the shafts of missile war. 970
 From Corythus, renown'd by ancient fame,
 With blood derived from Greece, young Acron came :
 From the crown'd shrine of Hymen rush'd to arms ;
 And left his fair-one's yet untasted charms.

Him, in the purple favors of his bride, 975
Mezentius now amid the ranks espied ;
And mark'd with joy : as when, with hunger bold,
A lion, who had circled oft the fold,
If chance a vagrant goat attract his sight,
Or stag whose forehead swells in branchy height, 980
Roars with horrific transport ; lifts his mane :
Springs on his victim, and enjoys the slain :
With famili'e's rage the panting entrails draws ;
And black blood gutters from his rending jaws.
So fiercely rush'd Mezentius on his prey ; 985
And low in dust ill-fated Acron lay :
Convulsive spurn'd the ground, and grasping tore
The splinter'd javelin crimson'd with his gore.
Next, as Orodes fled, with conscious might
The monarch scorn'd to wound him in his flight : 990
He with a fleeter foot the chief outran ;
Met, shock'd, and overthrew him man to man.
Then, as beneath his lance the vanquish'd lies,
“ Lo, Friends ! Orodes falls,” the victor cries,
“ One of their props of war ! ” His following train 995
Shout, and with echoing triumph shake the plain.
Then thus the expiring chief with ebbing breath :
“ Like fates hang o'er thee to avenge my death :
Not long shalt thou exult, whoe'er thou art ;
But lie with me beneath a mightier dart.” 1000

Mezentius with a cruel smile replied :
“ Die thou ! on me let sovereign Jove decide !”

He spoke, and rent his weapon from the wound.
Death’s gathering shades the prostrate chief surround :
Dark and more dark they spread ; till on his sight 1005
Rest iron slumber, and eternal night.

Alcathous died by Cædicus oppress’d :
Sacrator pierced Hydaspes’ panting breast.
By Rapo’s javelin was Parthenius slain ;
And the same arm stretch’d Orses on the plain. 1010

Clonius and daring Ericetes fell,
Hurl’d by Messapus to the shades of hell :
This doom’d, while fighting foot to foot, to bleed :
That, as he lay thrown prostrate from his steed.

On the proud victor Agis bends his force : 1015
But high-born Valerus arrests his course :
Strikes with the noble vigor of his sires ;
And prone beneath his sword the foe expires.

Then Thronius, pierced by Salius, bites the ground ;
And Salius falls beneath Nealces’ wound, 1020

Whom the far-flying shaft and spear alike renown’d.
With mutual slaughter purpling all the coast,
Impartial Mars confounded either host.

By turns the victors and the vanquish’d groan :
None stoop to flight ; and rage is felt alone. 1025

From Jove's high palace, touch'd with human woe,
The gods behold the frantic scene below.
Those Venus, these Saturnian Juno cheer's :
While pale Tisiphone her form uprears ;
And high amid the hosts in Stygian pomp appears. 1030

But now Mezentius shakes aloft his shield ;
And bursts in stronger tempest on the field.
Like vast Orion, when with giant stride
He walks through ocean and surmounts the tide :
Or, in his grasp an ash, the mountain's boast, 1035
Treads earth, and looks amid the starry host.
Thus tower'd Mezentius mid the ranks of fight ;
When from afar Æneas mark'd his might ; . . .
And hasten'd to oppose it : void of fear
The Tuscan sees the mighty foe draw near ; 1040
And firmly on his massy bulk relies :
Then measuring his distance with his eyes :

“ Now may this hand and lance, the gods I trust,
To my bold purpose, as they wont, be just !
His spoils, my Lausus ! from the pirate torn, 1045
By thee, illustrious trophies, shall be worn.”

He said, and hurl'd from far his sounding lance ;
Which, striking on the shield, with rapid glance
Err'd to Antores, and his bowels rent :
Alcides' comrade he, from Argos sent 1050
To share Evander's fortunes o'er the main.
Now, by another's wound untimely slain,

He falls ; and, gazing wildly on the skies,
On his dear Argos fondly thinks, and dies.

Æneas then dismiss'd his mighty spear : 1055
Through the strong shield it held its fierce career.

The folds of linen offer'd slight delay :
The triple brass and triple hide gave way.

Through each defense the furious weapon pass'd ;
And, reaching to the groin, there staid at last ; 1060

Nor longer kept its force : rejoiced to view
The Tuscan's blood, his sword Æneas drew ;

And on the daunted foe like a strong tempest flew.

When Lausus saw his much-loved sire's distress,
He groans, and tears his anguish'd soul confess. 1065

And here, illustrious Youth ! if future time
Will yield belief to virtue so sublime,

Thy deed, thy fate my song shall give to fame ;
And distant ages, weeping, hail thy name.

The impeded father, with the foot of pain, 1070

Drew slowly back, and trail'd along the plain

The hostile javelin ; while the son, beneath
The high-raised falchion springing, braved its death,

And check'd the hero. As the filial shield

Cover'd the sire retreating from the field, 1075

Shouts of applause from all his friends resound ;

And their thick-falling darts the foe confound.

He rages, and behind his shield remains.

As, when the clouds drive hail upon the plains,

Gall'd by the shower, the traveller and hind
Speed to some refuge from the stony wind.
Or roof'd beneath a rock they shun the sky;
Or shelter'd by a river's margin lie;
Till, victor of the storm, with joyous ray
The sun restore their labors with the day. 1085

Thus overwhelm'd with missiles from afar,
Æneas stands protected from the war;
And, chiding Lausus, threats him from his fate:
“ Ah ! why, fond Youth ! beyond thy strength be great ?
And dare a deed that prudence would dissuade ? 1090

On death thou runn'st, by piety betray'd.”

But Lausus not the less the foe defies ;
Till all the terrors of the Dardan rise ;
And the Fates spin the youth's extremest thread :
For the puissant sword with fury sped, 1095

Aim'd at his body, plunges in his breast
Through the light buckler, and the embroider'd vest.
(That vest, dear offering of parental love, . . .
His mother's tender hand with gold enwove.)

Gore floats his bosom, and, in pale divorce, 1100

Parts the sad spirit from the falling corse.

But when his face, as life's warm colors fade,
Pale, deadly pale, Anchises' son survey'd ;
All rage extinct, he heaves the heart-deep groan,
Moved with a piety so like his own : 1105

Then, stretching out his hand; “To worth like thine
What equal honors can my power assign?
Unhappy Boy! Æneas, feeble here,
Can only give thy pious love a tear.
Keep thy dear arms! and, if that touch the dead, 1110
Rest with thy sires in one sepulchral bed.
This may at least console thy mournful shade;
Thou fell’st beneath the great Æneian blade.”

Upbraiding then the Etrurians’ tardy fears,
Himself the youthful hero’s body rears: 1115
While their warm life the sever’d vessels pour;
And all his comely tresses drop with gore.

Meanwhile the sire, reclining on the ground,
With Tiber’s wave refresh’d his glowing wound.
His languid length beneath an oak was thrown; 1120
And pendent on the boughs his helmet shone.
His ponderous arms reposed upon the plain;
And round their monarch stood his chosen train.

Faint on the trunk he gave his neck to rest;
And smoothed the beard that floated on his breast. 1125

Of Lausus much his anxious cares inquire;

And oft he sends to bid him to his sire.

But breathless Lausus, from the fatal field,

Now his sad comrades bear upon his shield;

The mighty vanquish’d by a mighty wound: 1130

And o’er the corse their loud laments resound.

From far the wretched father's boding mind
Caught the wild woe that groan'd upon the wind.
His hoary locks he tore, and frantic spread
Deforming dust upon his awful head : 1135
Clung to the body, and, by anguish driven,
Raised his expostulating hands to Heaven.

" And could, my Son ! the base desire of breath
Urge me to leave thee in my stead to death ?

And do I now by these thy wounds respire ? 1140
The child thus bleeding to preserve the sire ?

Ah ! now at length I feel my exiled state :
Now, now the pang is exquisite with fate.

My crimes, my Son ! obscured thy lustrous name ;
And hung a mildew on thy bloom of fame. 1145

Driven by my people from my fathers' throne,
I gave my heir an exile's lot alone.

To my wrong'd country many deaths I owed ;
And well for thee my guilty blood had flow'd :

Yet still I breathe with men, and drink the day— 1150
But will not long." Thus speaking, whence he lay

He rose upon his halting thigh with pain ; *

Check'd by the potent wound, but check'd in vain ;

And, with a soul that pain and death defied,
Call'd for his horse, his solace and his pride ; 1155

(His valued steed, who still had borne his weight
When conquest crown'd him on the field of fate ;)

And, as the favorite stoop'd his sorrowing crest,
 His ear, that seem'd intelligent, address'd :
 “ Rhœbus! we long have lived, if long there be 1160
 In the poor term of mortal destiny.
 Either, this day the Dardan's head and spoils,
 In reeking triumph borne, shall grace thy toils ;
 And thou, the avenger of my hapless boy,
 Shalt share with me the glory and the joy ; 1165
 Or, if our daring shall our power exceed,
 With honor and with me at once shalt bleed.
 For well, my noble Horse! I know thy soul
 Too high to bear a Phrygian lord's controll.”

He spoke ; and, rising to his seat, bestrode 1170
 The horse, familiar with his wonted load :
 Then fill'd both hands with darts ; whilst o'er his brows,
 Crown'd with its floating crest, the helmet glows.
 Thus arm'd, he rushes to the bleeding fight :
 And shame, grief, rage his madden'd heart excite. 1175
 Thrice with his utmost voice he calls the foe :
 Æneas hears, and lifts his ardent vow :
 “ So may great Jove, so Phœbus grant thou stand
 The challenged conflict, hand opposed to hand !”

No more he said ; but, with his threatening lance, 1180
 Sprang to prevent the challenger's advance.
 Then he ; “ Why seek, most savage as thou art !
 When thou hast slain my child, to daunt my heart ?

Thy force could reach me only through my son:

His death alone Mezentius has undone.

1185

Death is a phantasy beneath my care;

And not a god has heard my coward prayer.

Cease then! I come to die, nor ask to live:

But first accept the presents that I give."

Then, with his steed careering widely round,

1190

With spear succeeding spear he strove to wound.

Thrice circled he, and thrice Æneas wheel'd;

And, watchful as the foe begirt the field,

Bore the thick battle on his golden shield:

Till, wearied from its fretted orb to wrest

1195

Dart after dart, in fight unequal press'd;

Long pondering how to act, at length he broke

In vengeance forth, and aim'd the fatal stroke.

The furious spear, with well directed force,

Tore through the temples of the warrior horse.

1200

High rears the steed and, frantic with the pain,

Lashes, and hurls his rider on the plain;

Then, headlong following, on his lord he lies.

From either host loud clamors mount the skies: *

While the glad victor, with an eager spring,

1205

Bares his dread falchion o'er the prostrate king;

And proudly cries; "Say! where Mezentius now?

The raging spirit and the lofty brow?"

To him the Tuscan, as on heaven, amazed,
With eyes just opening from his trance he gazed; 1210
“ Why thus, fell foe! with insult sharpen death?
Take without guilt, for so thou may’st, my breath!
”Twas not on other terms than these we fought:
Nor other league with thee my Lausus sought.
But, if such grace a vanquish’d foe may find, 1215
Ah! let my body be to earth resign’d.
Too well I know, and dread, alas! too late,
The infuriate vengeance of my people’s hate.
From this protect me, and avert its doom;
And let me slumber in my Lausus’ tomb.” 1220

Then to the expected steel he gave his throat:
And the warm streams of life o’er all his armour float.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.



BOOK XI.

Argument.

ON the morning after his victory, Æneas erects a trophy with the arms of Mezentius, and harangues his forces. He then sends the body of Pallas in funeral pomp to the city of Evander, where it excites the most afflicting lamentation; and Æneas receives a legation from the court of Laurentum, soliciting a truce and permission to bury their dead. He accedes to their requests; and the truce of twelve days, which is granted, is devoted by both parties to the performance of their last duties to their slain friends. In the meantime, the ambassadors, who had been sent by the Latins to obtain the assistance of Diomedes, return and report to Latinus and his senate the ill success of their embassy. The speeches of Drances and Turnus on this occasion divide and agitate the council, till their debates are interrupted by the approach of the enemy to their walls. Turnus, separating his army, marches with the infantry to occupy a pass, to which Æneas is advancing; and sends Camilla with the cavalry to oppose the Tuscan horse on the plain. Diana relates to Opis, one of her attendant nymphs, the history of Camilla, the Volscian queen; whose approaching death the goddess foresees and commissions Opis to revenge. An obstinate engagement ensues between the cavalry of the two armies; and the fall of Camilla, who distinguishes herself by great feats of valor, is followed by the entire rout of the Latins. On the intelligence of this disaster, Turnus, deserting the post which he had seized, hastens to the succour of his friends; and Æneas, availing himself of the opportunity thus presented to him by his unwary adversary, advances through the unfortified passes. Both armies prepare for a decisive battle before the city; but are prevented from engaging by the approach of night.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK XI.

NIGHT came and pass'd; and, rising from the main,
Morn strew'd her roses o'er the ethereal plain:
When great Æneas, victor in the fight,
(Though his slain friends demand the funeral rite
In duty from his hand, and Pallas' fate
Press'd on his bosom with afflicting weight)
First to the gods intent to pay his vows,
Soon as the day-star beam'd, despoil'd of boughs
A mighty oak; then fix'd it on a mound,
And with Mezentius' armour proudly bound: 10
To thee, great Mars! a trophy. From its head
The adapted helmet sanguine dew-drops shed.
Next, the chief's fractured spears were ranged with art;
And his bruised cuirass, bent with many a dart.
On the left hand his brazen buckler hung; 15
And his sheathed falchion round the neck was slung.

Then, by his captains circled on the plain,
Æneas thus harangued his martial train :

“ Soldiers! behold the war’s prime labor o’er ;
Nor feel a fear for what may wait you more. 20
Lo! here the proud, the fierce Mezentius stands,
The field’s first-offering, by your leader’s hands.
Of all that chief, of terrible renown,
This gory monument remains alone.
Now let us rush, as conquest points the way ; 25
And make the city and her king obey.
Your arms prepare ; assume on sure success :
And when the gods auspiciously shall bless
Our lifted standards and our moving camp,
Let neither sloth delay, nor terror damp. 30
Now let us pause awhile for pious ends ;
Whilst each his slain to sepulture commends :
And gives the dead (their only pride below)
The rightful honors of funereal woe.
Go then ! and let those patriot heroes gain 35
A trophied tomb, who bled that we might reign.
And first be sent to sad Evander’s town
Pallas, whose youthful arm achieved renown :
Whom new to combat, but in glory’s pride,
Releutless death has sever’d from our side.” 40

With tears he spake ; then sought the room of state
Where o’er his Pallas, stretch’d by cruel Fate,

Acetes bends in sorrow: who, of yore,
True to his side Evander's armour bore;
And now attended on his darling heir, 45
Less bless'd by Heaven but, with like faithful care.
Around, the Arcadian menials blend their grief
With Troy, that throngs to mourn the youthful chief.
Circling the corse, with locks that wildly flow,
Stand Phrygia's dames in dumb and rigid woe. 50
But, when they see their king, beyond restraint
Their swelling anguish bursts in loud complaint.
Their breasts they strike; and, wailing to the skies,
Make the wide palace echo with their cries.
He, when he view'd the youth's supported head, 55
His lineaments with snowy death o'erspread;
And in his breast, yet weeping gore, survey'd
The direful wound the Ausonian lance had made,
Resign'd his soul to tears; and, words through sighs
Forcing their intercepted way, he cries: 60

“Unhappy Boy! when Fortune smiled on me,
Has the false Power thus robb'd my hope of thee?
Thine eyes not granted to behold my reign;
And, bright with triumph, glad thy home again?
When thy Evander sent me from his arms, 65
To meet great empire mid the field's alarms;
And oft forewarn'd me, with divining fears,
That fierce our foes and deathful were their spears;

With other promises I then beguiled
 The father, trembling for his much-loved child : 70
 And haply now for thee, as hope betrays,
 His vows ascend and all his altars blaze :
 Whilst we restore thee breathless to his love ;
 Loosed from all homage to the Powers above.
 Unhappy ! on his son's disastrous bier 75
 Doom'd thus to pour the heart's most bitter tear !
 Such is our triumph's boast ! our wish'd return !
 Our vaunted faith !—a body and an urn !
 Yet this, Evander ! may inspire thy pride ;
 By no dishonest wound thy Pallas died : 80
 Nor lived disgraced, that thou, with shame o'erspread,
 Might'st wish the living son were nobly dead.
 Ah ! what a pillar thus is rent by Fate
 From my Ascanius, and the Ausonian state !”
 When thus his heart had wept, he bade the train 85
 Lift the pale body of the youthful slain :
 Then chose, the prime of all his martial force,
 A thousand warriors to attend the corse,
 And share the father's tears : a poor relief !
 Yet a due honor to his mighty grief. 90
 Without delay, they weave the couch of death
 With boughs of oak and arbutus beneath ;
 And, then, with leaves of lasting green o'ershade
 The rustic bier on which the youth is laid :

- Like a soft violet, on ether fed; 95
Or the meek harebell that declines the head :
Which, by the virgin cropp'd, its bloom retains ;
Though earth no longer feeds its azure veins.
Then from his stores the pious chieftain brought
Two robes, of gold and purple tissue wrought ; 100
Which Dido, while her toil was charm'd by love,
Fondly for him with golden flowers enwove.
With one his mournful hands the corse attire :
And veil with one the tresses for the fire.
Large gifts he adds : then orders to be led, 105
In long procession with the illustrious dead,
Horses and weapons, his victorious right ;
Won from the Latians by his hero-might :
Next binds the captives' pinion'd arms behind ;
As a blood-offering to the slain design'd : 110
And then commands the chiefs themselves to bear
Trunks, which, as trophies, hostile armour wear ;
And, on their fronts of triumph, proudly show
The name inscribed of some war-vanquish'd foe.
Feeble from age, Acetes then is seen, 115
With step supported and with frantic mien,
In anguish, that now faints upon the ground ;
Now wakes to beat the breast, and the pale cheek to wound.
The captive chariots next in train succeed ;
Whose axles with Rutulian slaughter bleed. 120

His gay caparisons resign'd to woe,
Æthon, the warrior's steed, walks sadly slow
Behind the cars ; and from his generous soul
Adown his cheek the big round sorrows roll.
Some bear the hero's lance and plamy crest ; 125
His other arms the victor's hand possess'd.
The martial phalanx forms the solemn rear :
Here march Etruria's and Troy's chiefs, and here
The sad Arcadians trail the inverted spear.
When the long pomp had pass'd, in pensive mood 130
Æneas, held awhile by sorrow, stood :
Then sighing cried ;—“ Fate summons me again
To taste new tears on war's detested plain.
Great Pallas ! where the souls of heroes dwell,
All hail ! and ah ! eternally farewell !” 135

No more he says ; but, roused to princely cares,
Turns his slow step and to the camp repairs.
And now came legates from the Latian town,
Each with his olive bough and olive crown,
Imploring him for burial to restore 140
The Latian bodies, weltering on the shore.
He warr'd not with the dead, and now might spare
His friends so late, whose king had call'd him heir.
The good Æneas to their suit accords ;
And cheers their spirits with pacific words : 145

“ Latians! what evil Power thus makes you fly
To fatal war from Trojan amity?
And is it for the dead the peace you want?
Peace to the living would I freely grant.
I came not hither but by Fate’s command: 150
Nor war I on the people of the land.
Our social intercourse your king betray’d;
And fled from me to Turnus’ arms for aid.
In this his single cause, more just it were
That Turnus singly should the ruin dare; 155
And, if his heart desire at once to end
The strife of blood, with me alone contend:
And let him live, to whom to live is given
By his own arm, or by presiding Heaven.
Now go! enjoy the license ye require; 160
And lay your hapless comrades ou the pyre.”

So spake the hero; and in dumb surprise
The Latians stood, conversing with their eyes:
Till Drances, first in years, who long had view’d
Turnus with hate, and as a foe pursued, 165
Thus answer’d to the chief: “ O great in name!
Yet great in deeds beyond the boast of Fame!
Illustrious Man! which most shall I admire,
Thy virtuous justice or thy martial fire?
Hence will we now, and all thy grace report, 170
With grateful hearts, to glad the Latian court;

And, if kind fortune shall the power afford,
 With patriot zeal unite thee to our lord.
 Let Turnus seek some other nuptial ties ;
 And we will aid thy fated walls to rise : 175
 Relieve thy people's toil, and bear with joy
 The stones, to crown our Latinum with thy Troy."

He ceased ; and all the legates cheer applause.
 Then for twelve days they plight the battle's pause :
 And safe, as peace o'er all the region broods, 180
 Trojans with Latians freely range the woods.
 Struck by the steel, the ponderous ash resounds :
 The towering pine subsides beneath his wounds :
 Oaks and sweet-smelling cedars lie o'erthrown ;
 And wains incessant with their burthens groan. 185

Now flying Famine, who late had fondly spread
 How Pallas conquer'd and the Latins fled,
 Burst in woe's tumult on Evander's ears ;
 And plunged his palace and his town in tears.
 The Arcadians, studious of their ancient rites, 190
 Rush to the gates and snatch funereal lights.
 With the long blaze the road far onward glows ;
 And widely o'er the fields the wavy splendor flows.
 The Phrygian mourners meet the wailing throng ;
 And move in blended wretchedness along. 195
 When to the gate the sad procession drew,
 Lamenting through the streets the matrons flew ;

And shook the town with cries: no friendly stay
Avail'd to check Evander's frantic way.

Through all he burst; and o'er the arrested bier 200

Bent, while groan swell'd on groan and tear on tear.

There long in speechless agonies he hung;
Till, choked with sighs, his anguish found a tongue:

“ Not this thy promise, Pallas! to thy sire;
In the fierce war to mix with temper'd fire: 205

For well I knew how strong were glory's charms
To minds like thine, when first she shone in arms.

O sad eclipse of life's ascending star!

O direful rudiments of Latian war!

Ah! prayers and vows, these lips in vain preferr'd!
By every god rejected, or unheard! 210

Happy, chaste Consort of my love! whose doom
From this fierce woe withdrew thee to the tomb!

Whilst I by life's transgression am undone:

Have tired my fortunes, and survived my son. 215

'Twas I, Rutulians! who embraced your foe:

I from your hands deserved the mortal blow:

And oh! that I had bled in Pallas' stead!

This pomp of death for me not him decreed!

Nor blame I you, ye Trojans! nor repent 220

The hand I gave you, and the war I lent.

On lingering age such woes are wont to throng:

This only tells me I have lived too long.

Yet since my son must die ere Nature's call,
 "Tis well that slaughter'd hosts renown'd his fall : 225
 That, leading Troy to her Ausonian reign,
 He met his fate mid heaps of Volscian slain.
 Nor can I wish him obsequies more proud
 Than these, the good Æneas has allow'd :
 His urn by Troy, by all Etruria crown'd ; 230
 While his own trophies throw a glory round.
 And thou, huge Turnus ! here a trunk hadst stood ;
 Thy mass of arms, a trophy weeping blood ;
 Had years, like thine, matured his warlike force ;
 And youth to manhood run its promised course. 235
 But wherefore shbuld my wretchedness detain
 Your prowess, Trojans ! from the martial plain ?
 Go ! and this message to your monarch give :
 If yet, my Pallas slain, I bear to live,
 Thy valor is the cause : the son and sire 240
 From that the debt of Turnus' blood require.
 This, the sole solace that my fates allow,
 Is all by thee that Fortune can bestow.
 This, this, the joys of life for ever gone,
 I wait to bear to my departed son." 245

Bright in the heavens meanwhile the morning rose,
 Restoring mortals to their toils and woes :
 When the great chiefs of the confederate host
 Constructed pyres along the winding coast.

- On these, with rites peculiar to his sires, 250
Each lays the dead, and then submits the fires :
The dusky volumes mount and blot the day.
Thrice round the kindled piles, in arm'd array,
March the slow foot, and thrice the horse surround ;
Utter loud cries, and dew with tears the ground, 255
While e'en their armour weeps ; and heaven is rent
With the mix'd din of trumpets and lament.
Some throw into the flames the spoils of war ;
The helm, the sword, the reins, and shatter'd car.
Some place his own loved shield beside the dead ; 260
And the lance, hapless as it vainly fled.
Oxen and bristly swine in crowds are slain ; .
And sheep, the bleating pillage of the plain,
Bleed on the fires : then, fix'd in careful heed,
They watch the flames as on the corse they feed ; 265
And guard the dust, till Night's sidereal host
Draw the reluctant mourner from his post.
- Nor with less zeal the wretched Latians raise
Innumerous pyres, and light the funeral blaze.
Whilst on the plain they many a corse inhume ; 270
And many send to find a distant tomb
In their own fields and walls ; the rest they burn
In crowds, none singled for an honor'd urn :
A mingled mass of carnage without name ;
And undistinguish'd in the funeral flame. 275

In every quarter blazing death aspires ;
 And the wide region glares with mournful fires.
 When the third night was chased by rising day,
 They gather from the piles their ashy prey ;
 And cover with a mound, mid tears and groans, . 280
 The heap, yet tepid, of promiscuous bones.

But through the city of the Latian king
 The cries of woe more agonizing ring.
 There mothers wail their sons ; in wild despair
 Orphans and widows howl with anguish there ; 285
 Beat their soft breasts and rend their scatter'd hair.
 They curse a war with such dire horrors fraught ;
 And Turnus' nuptials thus with ruin bought.
 “ Let him,” they cry, “ who seeks the throne of state,
 Court with his single sword the award of Fate.” 290
 Them envious Drances seconds, and iusists
 That Turnus should alone abide the lists,
 As solely challenged : yet a numerous band,
 From reverence to the queen, by Turnus stand ;
 And vaunt the trophies of his mighty hand. 295

While passion thus convulsed the town and court,
 The legates, sent to Diomede, report
 With grief his answer : all their toil had fail'd :
 Their gifts and gold and prayers had nought avail'd.
 For other arms the Latians must entreat ; 300
 Or crouch for peace at great Æneas' feet.

Latinus sank beneath his load of care ;
And felt Æneas was his heaven-sent heir.

This truth the offended deities disclose ;
This the pale fires that full in prospect rose. 305

'Thus moved, a council of the state he calls ;
And Latium's chiefs convene within his walls.
Amid the throng'd assembly of the peers
He sits, enthroned by royalty and years.

Sad is his brow : then from the Ætolian state 310
He bids the ambassadors at large relate
All they had brought ; and from their lips exacts
A full display, in order, of the facts.
Then, silence by proclaiming heralds made,
His lord's command thus Venulus obey'd : 315

" O Citizens ! the long and arduous road
We pass'd, and reach'd great Diomedë's abode :
Saw his new Argos, and there touch'd the hand,
That fell in ruin on the Trojan land.
He, where Garganus lifts his stormy brow, 320
Has crown'd with regal towers the plain below ;
And fondly, from his parent country, calls
His proud Argyripa's aspiring walls.
Soon as indulged with audience, we declare
Our names, our country, and our purpose there ; 325
Offer our presents ; and the war disclose,
That sought his aid against Hesperia's foes.

With mild regard he heard us, and replied ;
And thus, enjoining peace, our suit denied :

330

“ O happy nations, once by Saturn bless’d !
Ausonians, hoary in the embrace of rest !
What fury now your envied peace invades ;
And, frantic, thus to wars unknown persuades ?
Whoe’er we were (I pass the blood we shed
Beneath her walls, and Sinois choked with dead) 335
Whose steel profaned the sanctity of Troy,
All have felt Heaven exerted to destroy :
Toss’d o’er wide seas to earth’s remotest clime,
Have made a dire atonement for the crime ;
And suffer’d woes which Priam’s self might weep : 340
Witness fierce Pallas, when she shook the deep ;
Caphareus’ vengeance, and the Euboic steep.
Borne diverse from that inauspicious war,
The Spartan king in exile wander’d far
To Proteus’ pillars : whilst, absorb’d from men, 345
Ulysses trembled in the Cyclops’ den.
The doom of Pyrrhus why should I relate ?
Or why Idomeneus’ subverted state ?
Or why the Locrians, from their Europe driven
To parch on sands beneath a Libyan heaven ? 350
Even he, who Grecia’s mighty host had led,
By his dire* consort in his palace bled.

- Mycenæ's king, whom Asia had obey'd,
Fell, by a base adulterer's fraud betray'd.
To me the gods malignantly denied 355
My own dear Calydon, and much-loved bride :
Nay with horrific prodigies pursue,
And send to wing the skies my wretched crew :
Who now (dire punishment !) by rocks and streams,
Sad vagrants, utter lamentable screams. 360
- Such woes I well might fear, whose frantic steel,
Raised against Heaven, had made its offspring feel ;
And from bless'd Venus drawn celestial gore.
N^er! urge me to the fatal wat no more.
y war subsided in the grave of Troy ; . 365
- Nor dwells my memory on her woes with joy.
No ! the rich presents, which you offer here,
Take to Æneas, and avert his spear.
That spear have I assay'd, and fiercely stood
Opposed in arms, athirst alike for blood : 370
- And, trust the experienced, with tempestuous might
He rises on the shield, and wings the javelin's flight.
Had Ida's realms produced two chiefs as great,
Invaded Greece had wept~~the~~ change of fate ;
And o'er her cities Dardanus had reign'd. 375
- Whate'er in dubious conflict she sustain'd,
While for ten bleeding years her triumph paused,
By Hector's and Æneas' hand was caused :

Of equal souls, alike in arms renown'd ;
 But this by piety more brightly crown'd. 380
 Approach his hand in peace, if thus ye can,
 But wisely dread it in the battle's van."

"Thus, best of Sovereigns! have my lips disclosed
 What said the king, and how our war opposed."

Scarce had he ceased, when, through the Ausonian hall,
 A various murmur spoke the alarm of all. 386

Loud was the din, as when the impeding rock
 Meets the prone river, and provokes the shock :
 When foam the waves, resentful of restraint ;
 And the vale echoes with their hoarse complaint. 390

Soon as the clamors of the assembly cease,
 And every bosom feels returning peace,
 The king, addressing first the gods with prayer,
 From his high throne thus speaks his regal care :

"Latins ! before this arduous war ye sought, 395
 'Twere well had counsel led to timely thought :
 Nor now have summon'd us to sad debate,
 When the foe presses, and the hour is fate.
 A dreadful war, O Citizens ! we wage
 With heaven-sprung heroes, of unconquer'd rage : 400
 Whose fiery souls, undamp'd by labor, burn ;
 And from repulse to victory return.

The hope, ye cherish'd from the Ætolian arm,
 No more the breast that harbour'd it can warm.

- To us self-centred hope alone remains : 405
And that how small, behold on yonder plains !
In what broad ruin all our fortunes lie,
Is felt by all, and shocks the general eye.
Nor blame I ay :—all have shone in might :
Our realm's whole frame has labor'd in the fight. 410
Now, therefore, with attentive heed incline,
As my press'd mind discloses her design.
Stretch'd to the west, where Tuscan Tiber strays,
A tract extends, my right from ancient days,
Beyond where the Sicanians reign'd of old : 415
Its hills the Auruncans and Rutulians hold :
Subdue the rough ascents with laboring ploughs ;
And pasture with their flocks the heathy brows.
This tract entire, with all its woods of pine,
Let us, for purchased peace, to Troy resign. 420
With equal laws let there the nations blend ;
And there, if such their wish, new Troy ascend.
But if from us their minds incline to roam,
And seek, indulged by Fate, some distant home ;
Let our Italian woods, to waft them o'er, 425
Yield them their oaks for twice ten ships, or more,
If more they need : in affluent supply,
Close by the sea the wish'd materials lie.
How large, how built the fleet, let them direct ;
And docks, brass, laboring hands from us expect : 430

And let a hundred of our princes go,
 To bring the proffer'd treaty to the foe,
 With golden presents and the peaceful bough :
 And let them to the Trojan monarch bear
 Our robe of office and our ivory chair.

435

This is my counsel : freely now debate ;
 And try to succour our afflicted state."

Then Drances rose, whom Turnus' glory stung ;

Of unperforming hand, but fluent tongue :

Rich, and to kings maternally allied ;

440

But low and doubtful by the father's side.

Faction's strong pleader, though in arms unknown,

Still in the council of the state he shone :

And thus, with fierce and aggravated blame,

Heap'd envious charges on the hero's fame :

445

" Your counsel, gracious Father of the state !

Asks not our voice to speak its wisdom great.

All what their country's good demands allow ;

But, overawed, are fearful to avow.

Let him release our tongues for whom we bleed ;

450

(Yes ! I will speak, though death should wait the deed)

Let him his swelling and his threats allay ;

Him, for whose crimes, beneath whose fatal sway

So many glories of our field lie low ;

And all our prostrate city groans with woe :

455

While, hovering round the Trojan camp, he flies;
Yet vaunts aloud, and challenges the skies.

O best of kings! to all thy bounteous hand
Offers great Troy, to save our sinking land,
Add yet one gift, more dear than all the rest; 460
Nor be by alien violence repress'd.

Sire! join thy daughter to a glorious lord;
And let her love for ever sheathe the sword.
But if, submitted to a strange controll,

We dare not act the purpose of the soul; 465
Let us himself adjure! his grace implore,
The rights of king and people to restore!

Why wilt thou still, great fountain of oar woes!
Our wretched state to lengthen'd ills expose?

War has no hope: to thee all lift the prayer, 470
Turnus! for peace and for, its seal, the fair:
And I the first, whom thou believest no friend,
(Nor to that honor can I well pretend,) .

Lo! I, a suppliant at thy knees, entreat:
Spare, spare thy friends! and, baffled, own defeat! 475

Yes! lower thy brow! abundant death has crown'd
Our bleeding rout, and blasted all around.

Or, if so strong thou feel'st the martial power;
So valuest glory, or the regal dower;
With dauntless breast confront the war alone! 480
The danger solely, as the prize, thy own.

That Turnus may possess a royal bride,
 With our vile blood the fields of fate are dyed.
 For this, forsooth, a crowd to carnage swept,
 We load the plain, unburied and unwept. 485
 If aught thou hast of Latian nerve or might,
 Lo there the man, who calls thee to the fight!"

Thus stirr'd, in flame the wrath of Turnus broke ;
 And, groaning from his inmost breast, he spoke :
 " Drances ! when war commands us to the foe, 490
 Thy copious eloquence can ever flow ;
 And, when the fathers of the state convene,
 Thou first of all the assembling peers art seen.
 But now the time tasks more than splendid words ;
 Which, danger-free, thy wealth of tongue affords ; 495
 While yet our walls the rushing foe deride ;
 Nor yet our trenches roll a gory tide.

Then, when with trophies and with Trojan slain,
 Drances ! thy hand, like mine, has heap'd the plain,
 Thunder as thou art wont ! and, void of shame, 500
 Hurl on my head a coward's hated name !
 What is thy power in arms we soon may try :
 Close by our walls the hostile legions lie.
 Them let us seek, and rush upon their post.
 Why pause ? is all thy manhood airy boast ? 505
 Must still thy Mars be made of tongue and feet ;
 That loud to vaunt, and these for safety fleet ?

I baffled? Slanderer! who can say I fled,
When Tiber swell'd, with Trojan slaughter red?
When sad Evander saw his house and bands 510
O'erturn'd at once, and scatter'd by my hands?
Bitias and Pandarus, of giant height,
Own'd me not feeble in the mortal fight:
Nor feeble was I proved, when, closed in Troy,
A thousand felt me potent to destroy. 515
For us has war no hope? Go, Wretch! and sing
Such boding strains to please thy Dardan king.
Cease not through all our realm to spread alarms;
And make twice-conquer'd Troy thy god of arms.
From Troy, 'tis found, the Myrmidonian's fled!. 520
Tydeus' and Peleus' sons felt Phrygian dread!
And Aufidus' recoiling waters mount
From Adria's waves, in terror, to their fount!
See too! the base artificer of fraud
Affects to shrink, by dread of me o'erawed; 525
And points his malice with his fiction'd fear!
Blood base as thine my warrior-arms revere.
Then tremble not! thy soul securely dwell
Self-punish'd in the frame it suits so well!
Now, royal Sire! to thee my speech I turn. 530
If hope no longer in the bosom burn:
If, once defeated, we must feel undone;
And veering Fortune stand for us alone;

Let us e'en sue for peace ; and to our lord
Stretch the bare hand, too feeble for the sword. 535

Yet O ! my heart would hold him greatly bless'd,
Who, with our ancient virtue in his breast,
Rather than see the shame would yield his breath ;
And bite the ground in honorable death.

But power, and youth unbroken still we boast : 540
Auxiliar Italy yet gives her host.
Nor can the foe a bloodless conquest claim :
His losses in the doubtful field the same,
Pale Death sits by him in the car of Fame.

Why should we faint ere yet our arms be warm ? 545
Why tremble ere the clarion breathes alarm ?
Chance ever rides on Time's eventful wing ;
And restless Fortune's ebb precedes her spring :
Subsiding now, now rising on the shores,
One wave bears backward what the next restores. 550

Will not Ætolian Arpi lend us aid ?
See great Messapus in our cause array'd !
Behold Tolumnius makes our battle strong ;
And brings his fortunes and his gods along !
Lo ! round us all Hesperia's armies stand ; 555

And, warm for glory, Latium's chosen band.
See too where bright Camilla leads her force ;
Squadrons, in flamy brass, of Volscian horse !

But if with me alone Troy claim the fight ;
And this you counsel in the nation's right ; 560
Behold me ready, for my country's good,
Singly to dare the arbitrement of blood :
Nor thus has conquest left my hands in hate,
That aught I should refuse for hopes so great.
Though, more than e'en Achilles in the field, 565
Vulcanian arms alike the Dardan wield ;
His rage this sword with confidence shall brave,
And gain its lord a sceptre or a grave.
For you, his countrymen, and thee, his sire,
Turnus, who glows with his forefathers' fire, 570
Himself devotes : and is my single might . . .
Call'd by Æneas to decide the fight ?
O stand the challenge ! that, in good or ill,
Drances and I may be divided still :
Nor, as the gods in wrath or love may give, 575
The wretch die honor'd, or with glory live."

While thus the senate with dissension rung,
And varying counsels fell from every tongue,
Æneas from the camp his battle led ;
And a swift scout, whose feet were wing'd by dread, 580
Shook with alarm the city and the court ;
And listening terror hung on his report ;
That Troy by Tiber march'd in thick array ;
And o'er the plains the Tuscans bent their way.

Straight wild commotion heaved the common breast; 585

And fear or rage was every where confess'd.

Frantic, for arms the crowd; for arms the young

Raved; while the sires in doubt and sorrow hung.

Discordant clamors hence in tempest rise;

And passion in its uproar mounts the skies. 590

As when the plamy nations, from above,

In myriads settle on some lofty grove.

Or, o'er the fields which life-throng'd Padus floats,

The swans' white legions stretch their sounding throats;

And the broad lakes re-echo with their notes. 595

"Now! now, O Citizens! in council sit!

What hour as this to ponder peace so fit?

With arms they rush on empire!" Turnus cries:

Breaks from the assembly, and to action flies.

"Go, Volusus!" he says, "and bear command

That, straight, in arms the Volscian squadrons stand

With my Rutulians. Thou, Messapus! lead

The horse, and widely o'er the champaign spread,

With Coras and Catillus. Of our powers

A part be station'd to defend the towers. 605

The rest with ready arms await the word

To march where I shall bid, and combat by their lord!"

With instant tumult all the city stirr'd:

Shouts and laments through every street were heard.

Forced from the effectless council to depart, 610
The king resigns its hope with anguish'd heart.
Press'd by his fortune with peculiar care,
He stands self-charged for his rejected heir :
That, uncompell'd, he had not bow'd to Fate ;
And join'd the great Æneas to his state. 615

Some with the deep-sunk trench the gates protect ;
And breast-works some, with stones and piles, erect.
With sanguine breath the martial clarions peal :
Females and boys the awakening summons feel ;
Rush to the walls and aid the toiling band ; 620
And the life-contest strengthens every hand.

Meanwhile the queen to Pallas' lofty fane
Is borne, attended by her matron-train,
Her hand with offerings rich ; and by her side
(Cause of their woes) the war-contested bride, 625
Lavinia, sits : her eyes soft sorrows veil ;
And on her cheek the rose of love is pale.
The matrons follow, and around the shrine
Burn copious incense to the Power divine.
The fragrance spreads ; while, prostrate on the floor, 630
Their prayer in bitterness of heart they pour :
“ Tritonian Virgin ! war's great regent ! hear !
Break in his hand the Phrygian robber's spear !
O ! dash upon the ground our dread and hate ;
And stretch him pale and breathless by the gate !” 635

'Turnus himself, with all his soul on fire,
Arrays his mighty limbs in war's attire.
The scaly cuirass roughens on his breast:
His sinewy legs in greaves of gold are dress'd.
Nor yet the helmet on his brow was tied: 640
But the broad falchion glitters at his side.
All gold he flanies; and, rushing fiercely down
From the high fortress, flashes through the town.
His strong heart labors with life's torrent flow;
And his proud hope's prevention routs the foe. 645
So the stall'd courser, bursting from the rein,
Free, and now joyous master of the plain,
Seeks his old pastures; or, with glowing speed,
Flies to his females in the distant mead:
Or to the river springs with boiling blood; 650
And bathes his ardors in the accustom'd flood.
His crest exults in air: he bounds, he neighs:
His mane superbly flaunts, and o'er his shoulder plays.
 The rushing hero, by the city's gate,
Camilla and her Volscian warriors wait: 655
And, all the troop alighting as their queen
Springs from her steed, she thus with martial mien
The chief addresses; "Turnus! if the pride
Of conscious valor may in aught confide,
The Æneian force I promise to sustain; 660
And singly shock the Tuscans on the plain."

Then grant that I may first the conflict dare ;
While safe our walls abide beneath thy care."

With eyes in wonder fix'd as he survey'd,
Turnus thus answer'd to the warrior-maid : 665

" O Pride of Italy ! I vainly try
For praise to mate the worth that soars so high.
But since thy soul all dangers thus can slight,
Share in my toils, and rule with me the fight.

Æneas fraudfully has sent his horse 670
To skirmish first, and thus amuse our force :

Whilst he around yon mountains winds his way ;
And hopes the city a defenseless prey.
Such are the tidings that my spies impart :

And now I plan to baffle aft with art : 675
To plant an ambush in the wood's retreat ;
And arm the point where both the passes meet.
Rear then thy standards 'gainst the Tuscan foe !
With thee Messapus and our horse shall go ;
And Tibur's squadrons combat at thy side : 680
And thou, their head, shalt all their movements guide."

He spake, and roused Messapus to the fight ;
And bade the several chiefs their troops unite ;
Then sought the foes. With umbrage black and broad
A wood o'erhung a vale, prepared for fraud 685
And ambush'd hosts : to this a passage led,
Strait-mouth'd, perplex'd, ensnaring to the tread.

Above, extending o'er the mountain's crown,
 A space lay level, and to most unknown :
 A station where the fight might best avail ; 690
 Strong to defend, or deathful to assail :
 From every quarter dash the climbing foe ;
 Or roll its stony ruin from the brow.

The youthful chief explored and seised the post :
 And fill'd the insidious forest with his host. 695

Meanwhile Latonia in the realms of air
 Summon'd a nymph of her associate fair,
 Opis, most fleet amid her sacred train ;
 And thus address'd her, with a heart of pain :
 " Camilla flies to war's ensanguined field ! 700

And vain our arms, O Virgin ! 'now to shield.
 Dear is the maid to me beyond her kind :
 Nor young the love that plants her in my mind.

When, from Privernum, great in old renown,
 Her father, Metabus, by faction thrown, 705

Fled rest of power, he bore her infant charms,
 To soothe his exile, through the clash of arms ;
 And from Casmilla, the maternal dame,

Gave his sweet care Camilla's softer name.
 O'er lengthen'd wastes, through tangled woods he roved ;
 His breast still cherishing the babe he loved : 711

Whilst on all sides pursuing shouts resound ;
 And the fierce Volscians scour the country round :

When, as he saw the land where safety lay,
Lo ! Amasenus foams across his way ; 715
And, flush'd with torrents from the bursting skies,
High o'er their banks the raging waters rise.
'To stem the flood his nervous heart impell'd :
But terror for his precious charge withheld.
As long his mind the means of safety sought, 720
Hope thus at last quick lighten'd on his thought.
Fashion'd of oak, fire-dried and closely grain'd,
A ponderous lance the warrior's hand sustain'd.
To the mid shaft his darling babe he bound,
Cradled in cork, and softly swathed around. 725
Then, as he poised the spear, to Heaven he said :
“ ‘ Bless'd Goddess of the woods ! Latonjan Maid !
To thee this infant I, her father, vow :
Suppliant to thee through air she flies the foe ;
And in her earliest being grasps thine arms : 730
‘ Take her then, Goddess ! and protect from harms ;
As thus I launch her on her dangerous flight.’
“ He spoke, then hurl'd the lance with forceful might.
The waters roar'd; and o'er the stormy flood
Camilla flew upon the sounding wood. 735
Then Metabus, by close pursuit distress'd,
Plunged in the wave ; and, of his vow possess'd,
Wrench'd from the bank his weapon, and his heir
(My votary) safe beneath my guardian care.

No cities open'd to receive the chief : 740
Nor would his soul stoop suppliant for relief.
Where on rude hills their flocks the shepherds fed,
A life of hardy solitude he led.
There with wild milk his infant love was nursed ;
And the mare's teat distill'd to quench her thirst. 745
Soon as her little step could print the land,
He placed a pointed javelin in her hand ;
And o'er her slender shoulders slung a bow.
No golden circlet glitter'd on her brow :
Her head's rude dress a tiger's spoils supplied ; 750
Which floated o'er her back in streaky pride.
Death soon resulted from her twanging string ;
Or rode the missile as she whirl'd her sling ;
And brought the crane or swan from his aerial wing.
As the sweet blossom of the desert blew, 755
The Tuscan cities pour'd their youth to woo ;
And many a mother wish'd her for her son :
But, true to Dian, she remain'd unwon.
Array'd in chastity's unsullied white,
From me and arms she drew her sole delight. 760
O ! had she not this dire contention sought ;
And vainly to resist the Trojans fought ;
Then, loved by me and of my chosen train,
Safe had she reign'd, the huntress of the plain.

But now, since Fate demands her for his prey, 765
Nymph! from the pole precipitate thy way:
Seek Latium's fields; and there suspend thy flight,
Where her sons toil in inauspicious fight.
Take this my quiver: with resentful heart,
Draw thence the vengeance of the keenest dart: 770
And, whosoe'er of Italy or Troy
Shall shed her sacred blood,—that wretch destroy.
Then her dear corse in all its war's array,
Embosom'd in a cloud, will I convey
To her own realm, and with her fathers lay.” 775

She spake: her downward flight swift Opis flung:
Black night involved her, and her quiver rang.

Advancing from their camp,^{*} the Trojan force
Now join'd their battle to the Tuscan horse,
Marshall'd in troops: the exulting coursers bound, 780
Impatient of the bit, and paw the ground,
And proudly neigh: as here and there they turn,
The horrent fields with brazen flashes burn.
Opposed, Messapus and the Latins stand:
Catillus, Coras, and Camilla's band. 785
With their right hands thrown back they threat the spear:
The chargers thunder and the war draws near.

When now the hosts had gain'd their weapons' reach,
Both check awhile, regardful each of each.

'Then, bursting into shouts, they rouse their steeds; 790
And all the tumult of the fight succeeds.

Their darts at once in mingled showers they throw,
Thick as the fleeces of descending snow,
And intercept the day: while, dark beneath,
Spreads the red anarchy of raging Death. 795

Tyrrhenus first and fierce Aconteus closed
With rested spears, and front to front opposed.
Dreadful their shock: the excited chargers dash
Breast against breast, and their strong shoulders crash.

As by some engine's bolt or heaven's own fires, 800
Hurl'd is Aconteus far, and, ere he falls, expires.
Alarm'd, the Latins see the chief o'erthrown;
Revert their shields, and fly to gain the town.

The Trojans press their rear: in fierce advance,
Asylas, leading, plies his gory lance: 805
And to the gate approaches now the rout;
When suddenly the wheeling Latinus shout,
And bear upon their foes with slacken'd reins:
These, flying in their turn, retrace the plains.

Alternate Ocean thus, with ceaseless roar, 810
Now rushing on the land, usurps the shore:
O'er the last sands in foamy triumph rides;
And the tall rocks within his bosom hides:
Now in swift ebb recalls his billowy host;
Flies from the rattling beach, and bares the coast. 815

Twice to the walls the Tuscans drive the foe ;
And twice in flight their shields behind them throw.
But to the third fierce congress when they ran,
Then the hosts mingled, then shock'd man with man.
The groans of death resound : earth floats with blood ;
Bodies and arms bestrow the crimson flood : 821
The trampling hoof deforms the yet heaving corse ;
And o'er his master rolls the expiring horse.
Relentless is the fight. Afraid to stand
The force of Remulus, met hand to hand ; 825
Orsilochus directs his wary spear
Against the steed, and plants it in his ear.
Impatient of the wound, that stung the brain,
The charger rears, and, madden'd by the pain,
Dashes his rider breathless on the ground. 830
Iolas falls beneath Catillus' wound.
By the same chief Herminius meets his fate :
Whose arms were ponderous as his bulk was great.
Fearless of wounds and challenging the war,
His shoulders and his yellow locks were bare. 835
But, the sharp javelin panting in his side,
Convulsed he bends, and anguish quells his pride.
The steel raves every where : they wound, they bleed ;
Nor wounds nor death in glory's cause they heed.
But, where the conflict most intensely glows, 840
The quiver'd heroine rages mid the foes.

One breast is bare : her hand, that never slacks,
 Now showers the volleyed shafts, now wields the biting axe.
 Loud clangs her golden bow ; and, arm'd alike,
 Camilla's weapons sure as Dian's strike. 845

Even when repulsed and flying, dreadful still,
 The Fates with her reverted arrows kill.

Beside her a selected band attends ;
 In war her combatants, in peace her friends ;
 Italian virgins, whom for worth she chose : 850
 With her they rush, with her confront the foes.

'There Tulla, there Larina deals the wound ;
 And fierce Tarpeia whirls her axe around :
 Like the famed Amazons of Thrace, who stood
 In pictured arms, and shook Thermodon's flood : 855
 Or pour'd around Hippolyta their war ;
 Or follow'd great Penthesilea's car :
 And, shouts of triumph echoing through the fields,
 'The female legions waved their moony shields.

Who first, who last, what numbers strew'd the land,
 Dread Virgin ! from the steel that arm'd thy hand ? 861
 Eunæus first, the son of Clytius, dies :
 Deep in his adverse breast her weapon lies.
 With mouth ejecting blood he rends the ground ;
 And, wrung by death, writhes tortured on his wound. 865
 Liris and Pegasus then fall beneath
 Her victor lance, and yield at once their breath :

One as he strives, entangled with the rein
Of his pierced steed that wallows on the plain ;
And one slow reaching to his fellow's aid : 870
Both rush together to the eternal shade.
Amastrus next, Hippotades, she slays :
Then, as she follows whom her might dismays,
Harpalycus, Demophoön wing'd with fear ;
Tereus and Chromis feel her pressing spear. 875
As twangs her bow, each fate-commission'd dart
Plants its sharp vengeance in some Phrygian heart.
On an Apulian charger, mid the war
The hunter, Ornytus, is seen afar,
Clad in strange arms : a bull's rough hide o'erspread 880
His brawny shoulders, and above his head .
A wolf's expanded jaws disclosed their teeth ;
And a clown's pike supplied his hand with death.
Thus rudely arm'd and boastful of his powers,
High by the head o'er all the ranks he towers. 885
Him, in the blind disorder of the fray,
Her intercepting lance bereaves of day ;
And, glorying o'er him, thus she speaks severe :
“Thought'st thou thy forests, and thy game were here ?
Tuscan, elate with triumph o'er the brutes ! 890
Thy vaunts this day a woman's hand refutes.
Yet may'st thou to thy fathers' shades proclaim,
Camilla's hand has raised thy death to fame !”

Straight to fresh conquest she directs her hands ;
And slays two Phrygians, who o'ertopp'd the bands, 895
Orsilochus and Butes. Where between
The corselet and the helm the neck is seen,
And the left arm sustains the pendent shield,
Butes she strikes and stretches on the field.
Orsilochns her wary arts elude : 900
Circling she flies, pursuing and pursued ;
And wheels interiorly : then on the foe
Turns short, and, rising for the stronger blow,
Swings her dread axe ; and, as he sues in vain,
Rives his mail'd front and dissipates the brain. 905
Then Aunus' son; across her path of sight
Stands, in pale terror at the sudden sight.
Where Apenninus shades Liguria's state,
Amid the fraudulent race the youth was great,
While yet his stratagems were crown'd by Fate. 910
Now hopeless to suspend the fight or fly,
The royal heroine fatally too nigh,
He dives into his wily breast for aid ;
And thus with guile assails the martial maid :
“ No wonder thou prevail'st with borrow'd force : 915
‘Tis not the woman triumphs, but the horse.
Forego the advantage of his better feet :
Alight ! and then, as hand to hand we meet,

Soon shalt thou find, upon an equal plain,
Whose is the genuine valor, whose the vain." 920

Incensed she hears; and, springing whence she sits,
Her courser to her comrade's hand commits:
While she on foot awaits the single field,
With her drawn falchion and her virgin shield.
But he, who deem'd his art must now succeed, 925
Retorts the rein and turns the flying steed:
With iron heel incites his panting sides;
And o'er the plain in fancied safety rides.
"Faithless Ligurian! proud by falschood made!
Thy country's wiles are here in vain essay'd. 930
Idle thy swiftness, in this chase of Fate;
To lead thee safely to false Aunus' gate!" .

The heroine cries: then, springing to the course,
Her flame-wing'd feet surpass the flying horse.
The reins she grasps, in fronting battle stands; 935
And the wretch bleeds beneath her vengeful hands:
A prey as easy as the flitting dove,
Seised by the augurial hawk in tracts above:
When, as the gorging beak and talons rend,
Blood and torn plumage from the clouds descend. 940

But the great Sire of Heaven, enthroned on high,
Views not the conflict with regardless eye.
Tarchon he goads with fury to engage;
And breathes into his breast intenser rage.

Thus urged, the chieftain spurs into the field, 945

Where the rout bleeds and most his squadrons yield :

Upbraids, exhorts, adjures the men by name :

Restores the battle, and revives their shame.

"O Tuscans ! lost to honor ! whence this fear ?

Whose are the recreant hearts that tremble here ? 950

And can a woman thus your ranks confound ?

Why bear ye steel and arms that cannot wound ?

Not such your sloth when Venus charms the night ;

Or the glad pipes the Bacchaut dance invite.

To crowd the board, to drain the copious bowl,— 955

This, this can rouse your energies of soul !

All fire, when in the grove the jolly priest

Proclaims the richness of the victim feast !"

Speaking, he dashes mid the sanguine fray ;

Nor heedful of the deaths that strew his way, 960

Rushes on Venulus ; and, close embraced,

With his right arm bound strongly round the waist,

The foe unhorses, and before him flings.

The hosts all gaze, and heaven with clamor rings,

As fiery Tarchon through the battle tears ; 965

And arms and man at once in triumph bears.

The hostile spear he snaps, then tries each part

Where most the mail was pervious to the dart.

But the resisting foe, with fierce debate,

Meets force with force, and wards the stroke of fate. 970

Thus, when a snake, her hooky talons' prize,
The tawny eagle rends amid the skies ;
The serpent, wounded yet untamed and strong,
Rears high his crest and threatens with hissing tongue :
Writhes his large volumes ; lifts each horrent scale ; 975
And binds the assailant with his sinuous mail.
Nathless the bird attacks her fighting prey ;
Subdues him with her beak, nor checks her airy way.
So Tarchon, proud of his victorious might,
Bears his Tiburtian captive through the fight : 980
While, roused by his example and success,
The Etrurians rally and the combat press.

Then Arruns, doom'd by Fate, essays each art
To reach Cainilla with a mortal dart : . . .
With cautious eye and step still wheels around, 985
Patient till Fortune shall iudge the wound.
Where rages mid the ranks the heroine's spear,
There, tracing her in silence, is he near.
When, tired with conquest, she awhile respires,
He turns his rein, and stealthily retires : 990
Tries here and there approach ; nor lifts the lance,
Till its dire flight belong no more to chance.
Bright mid the war, in Phrygian armour dress'd,
(Sacred to Cybele, and once her priest)
Chloreus in pomp a foaming steed controll'd, 995
Whose coat was plated brass inwrought with gold :

And, such the skill that in the web was shown,
The plume-like scales look'd soften'd into down.
Radiant himself in Tyrian purple's glow,
The shafts of Crete supplied his Lycian bow. 1000
Gilt was the bow that o'er his shoulder rung:
Above his brows a golden helmet hung.
His saffron inaukle studs of gold confined;
And held its linen folds that rustled in the wind.
His tunic by the needle bloom'd in gold; 1005
And Asian greaves his gorgeous legs infold.
Him the fierce championess, through all the fray,
Singled, enamour'd of his rich array;
Or to adorn her for the silvani chase;
Or with the spoils of Troy 'some temple grace. 1010
Him only she pursued, to danger blind;
Smit with the toys that dazzle all her kind.
At the wish'd moment ambush'd Arruns threw
The spear of death, but pray'd before it flew:
“ Phœbus! supreme of gods! whose guardian throne
Is placed on proud Soracte's holy crown: 1016
By us adored beyond each heavenly name:
To whom our pines in structured incense flame:
To whom, by piety secured from dread,
We pass through fires, and living embers tread. 1020
Let me, O Sire! all-powerful as thou art,
Blot this our arms' dishonor with my dart.

The virgin's spoils, unanxious, I resign:
From other deeds be praise and glory mine !
I ask alone to quell this slaughterous pest; 1025
And then, inglorious, in my country rest."

Apollo listens to the twofold prayer;
And part he grants, and scatters part in air.
To stretch Camilla breathless on the ground,
Surprised and bleeding by a sudden wound— 1030
The god allows : but safely to remain, . . .
See his loved home and native hills again,
The Power refuses : and the prayer is cast
To float in vagrancy on the southern blast.
As through rent air the sounding weapon flies., 1035
The hosts look round and gaze in pale surprise;
And on the queen each Volscian eye is thrown.
Unwarn'd she stands, and unalarm'd alone :
Nor heeds the death that pants upon the wood ;
Till planted in her naked breast it stood, 1040
Quivering, and gorging on her virgin blood.
Her trembling comrades rush to give their aid;
And spread their arms to catch the falling maid.
Glad, but confounded at the accomplish'd deed,
Arruns flies first, and shows his coward speed : 1045
Still sees the dying heroine's darts with fear;
Nor longer dares the venture of the spear.
As when a wolf the lordly bull has slain;
Or, more infuriate, rent the guardian swain;

- Ere yet in arms the awaken'd country rise, 1050
In conscious terror of his act he flies:
With guilty speed into the forest flings ;
And his tail, cowering, to his belly clings.
Not less alarm'd, and satisfied with flight,
Pale Arruns plunges mid the ranks from sight. 1055
To draw the lauce she strives : but fix'd remains
The steel within the bones, and mocks her pains.
Bloodless she droops : her eye foregoes its fires ;
And roseate beauty from her cheek retires.
Then of her comrades one, beyond the rest 1060
Most dear, who lived inshrinéd within her breast,
She calls ; and thus with weak laborious breath
Bespeaks, while fading in the 'brace of death :
“ Acca, most loved ! thus far avail'd my force.
”Tis done—this wound arrests my further course. 1065
All blackens on my sight. ‘To Turnus speed !
Bid him this instant to the fight succeed,
To check the Trojan arns and save the town.
And now farewell !”—She says, and, sinking down,
Drops the loose reins : then, chilling by degrees, 1070
Her limbs grow rigid and her spirits freeze.
Low on the languid neck her head reclines ;
And its loved arms her opening hand resigns.
Deep heaves the groan : life's latest sparkle fades ;
And the soul flies indignant to the shades. 1075

Then thundering clamors shake the vaulted skies ;
And the war thickens as Camilla dies.
With strength condensed rush all the Trojan force ;
The Tuscan squadrons and the Arcadian horse.
But Opis, Dian's delegated maid, 1080
From her hill-station all the fight survey'd ;
Unmoved, till pale Camilla, from afar,
She view'd, expiring mid the fiercest war.
Then, groaning from her inmost breast, she spoke :
“ Too sadly hast thou felt the atoning stroke ! 1085
Thy costly life a forfeiture too great,
For thy rash warfare on the Trojan state.
Ah ! nought thy Dian's love avails thee now :
Nought, that in wilds thou borest our sacred bow.
Yet, not unhonor'd in thy timeless doom, 1090
Virgin ! thy goddess shall adorn thy tomb :
Wide o'er the nations shall extend thy name ;
And zealous vengeance vindicate thy fame.
He, whosoe'er he be, who made thee bleed,
With death shall expiate his unholy deed.” 1095

A mound beneath the lofty mountain stood,
Built high with earth, and dark with shadowing wood
Dercennus' tomb, renown'd in days of yore,
Who once the sceptre of Laurentum bore.
Thither the beauteous goddess sped her flight ; 1100
And thence on Arruns fix'd her ranging sight.

Soon as she saw him mid the hostile crowd,
 Shining in arms, and impotently proud ;
 “ Why turn’st thou from me ? hither bend thy way !
 Here, for Camilla, vengeance claims her prey. 1105
 And shalt thou perish by Latonia’s dart !
 Its point polluted in so mean a heart : ” —
 She cries ; and, drawing from its golden sheath
 A shaft, whose pinion bore the surest death,
 Adapts it ; then the bow with fury bends, 1110
 Till in the centre meet its horny ends ;
 And both her hands, in level distance, feel,
 The right her breast, the left her arrow’s steel.
 The weapon’s sound and stroke at once confess’d,
 As Arruns hears, he feels it in his breast. 1115
 Him, as he groans and dies beneath the wound,
 His fellows leave deserted on the ground,
 Unpitied and unheeded. Opis flies
 On soaring pinions, and regains the skies.
 Cainilla’s troop, their princely heroine lost,
 First turn to flight and lead the routed host. 1120
 Then to the frowning fortune of the field
 The pale Rutulians, with Atinas, yield.
 The wasted bands, their chieftains overthrown,
 Spur to obtain the safety of the town : 1125
 Nor, as with death the Trojans scour the plain,
 Are any found the conflict to sustain.

Behind them hang their bows, unnerved and dead ;
And the turf groans beneath their coursers' tread.

A dusty whirlwind, blackening into night, 1130
Rolls on the city and proclaims the flight :
And, ranged upon the walls, the matron-crowd
Beat their sad bosoms and lament aloud.

Who first press forward, as the gates unclose,
Enter, confounded with irruptive foes : 1135

Nor scape from death ; for e'en within the wall
The hostile spear arrests them, and they fall :

Pierced as they pant by the paternal door,
The threshold blushes with its master's gore.

Sonne bar the gates ; and, harden'd by their fears, 1140
Heed not the excluded victims' prayers or tears ;
And wretched carnage mingles friend with friend :
As one would force the pass, and one defend.

Part, within hearing of their parents' groan,
Are crush'd and headlong in the trenches thrown : 1145

Part, in despair and frantic with their fates,
Dash their gored steeds against the obdurate gates.

On the high rampart e'en the matrons prove,
In this last exigence, the patriot love.

Taught by Camilla how their sex could dare, 1150
In their weak hands unwonted arms they bear :
Strike with the pointed oak, made hard by fire ;
And foremost, for their walls, to death aspire.

- Meanwhile to Turnus, ambush'd where he lies,
 Borne on swift pinion wounding rumor flies : 1155
 And Acca now reports her tale of grief ;
 The Volscians lost : extinct their heroine chief :
 The foe all-powerful ; and, with raging sway,
 Even o'er the city scattering pale dismay.
 Inflamed he hears (so Jove severely wills) 1160
 And quits the forest and beleaguer'd hills.
 Scarce had he moved and gain'd the plains below,
 His rear yet glimmering on the observant foe,
 When great Æneas scised the unguarded post ;
 O'ercame the shaggy heights, and issued with his host.
 So to the city, with incited pace, 1166
 Both armies rush ; nor wide the severing space.
 At once Æneas in the horizon sees
 The Latian armour mid the dusty breeze ;
 And Turnus knows the dread Æneas near 1170
 By the loud war that grows upon his ear ;
 The neighing steed, and echoing foot's career.
 And now the hosts had proved the chance of fight :
 But rosy Phœbus, in the car of light,
 Plunged his tired horses in the Iberian main, 1175
 And gave the skies to Night's ascending wain.
 Before the city either army rests ;
 And each his camp with guardian lines invests.

THE

AENEIS.



BOOK XII.

Argument.

PERCEIVING that the Latins were disheartened by their two successive defeats, and that the general expectation pressed him to accept the challenge which Æneas had lately sent to him by the Latian legates, Turnus resolves on bringing the issue of the war to the decision of a single combat with the Trojan chief; and, though strongly dissuaded from the adventure by Latinus and Amata, he sends to dare his adversary to the lists. Latinus and Æneas meet under the walls of the city, and ratify with the solemn rites of religion the conditions of the engagement. Encouraged by Juno, Juturna, (the sister of Turnus, who had been raised by the favor of Jupiter to the immortality and power of a goddess,) excites the Rutulians to violate the league, and thus to rescue their prince from the danger of an unequal combat. In the confusion of the fight which ensues, Æneas, unarmed and endeavouring to appease the disorder, is wounded with an arrow, and compelled to retire to his tent. On his retreat, Turnus flies to arms, and makes a great slaughter of the Trojans. By the intervention of Venus, Æneas is healed and restored to the field; where, unable to recall Turnus to the plighted combat, he falls with fury upon the Latin troops. The battle is obstinately contested, till Æneas conceives the plan of attacking the city, unprepared, as it now was, with the means of defense. On being informed of the distress of Laurentum, where Amata in despair had fallen by her own hands, Turnus hastens to its rescue, and calls upon Æneas to perform the conditions of the league, which had been broken. The armies suspend their conflict; and their princes engage. After some vicissitudes of fortune, Turnus is overcome; and Æneas, excited to rage by seeing some of the spoils of Pallas now worn by the Rutulian chief, terminates the war, and accomplishes his establishment in Italy by the death of his rival.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK XII.

WHEN Turnus saw, by adverse Mars depress'd,
The heart subsiding in the Latian breast :
And felt that now his promise all demand'd ;
Their eyes suspended on his single hand ;
His kindled spirits rage beyond controll, 5
And conscious valor elevates his soul.
Thus, where Massyla's billowy desert waves,
Gored with the hunter's wound, the lion raves :
While the fix'd weapon trembles in his side,
Wakes all his war ; erects his shaggy pride ; 10
Shakes joyously his mane ; exults o'er fear ;
Roars with ensanguined mouth, and rends the assailing spear.
Furies so fierce the heart of Turnus wring ;
And, all inflamed, he thus accosts the king :
“ Behold me ready ! and the recreant foe 15
His own proud challenge cannot now forego.

I claim the combat ! Thou with kingly care,
 O Sire ! the rites to seal the league prepare.
 Or by my hand (the Latians seated round)
 Asia's base fugitive shall bite the ground ; 20
 Our common wrongs refuted by my sword :
 Or he as victor reign, and be Lavinia's lord."

To him Latinus calmly thus replied :
 " O Youth excelling all in warlike pride !
 As the fierce ardor of the mind is thine ; 25
 To weigh events and coolly judge be mine.
 Rich in dominion as the Daunian son,
 Rich art thou with the cities thou hast won.
 Rich is Latinus too, and thou shalt find
 His hand as bounteons, as his soul is kind : 30
 And many maids Hesperia's realm adorn,
 Of beauteous form, high-dower'd, and nobly born.
 Let me then speak, without the guise of art,
 Unpleasing truths ; and plant them in thy heart.
 To give to any of the suitor-crowd 35
 My daughter's hand, my power was not allow'd.
 To tell this purpose of Heaven's changeless mind,
 Portents, and oracles, and seers combined.
 O'ercome by love of thee, by kindred ties,
 By my sad consort's pleading agonies, 40
 Through all restraints I broke : the gods defied :
 Tore from her lord the heaven-contracted bride ;

And plunged in impious war: the dire event,
Turnus! thou seest, and I and all lament.
Twice with fell carnage on the field o'erthrown, 45
Latium's last languid hope lives here alone.
Strewn with our bones the spacious plains are hoar;
And Tiber flows yet tepid with our gore.
Still unresolved and still to ruin blind,
Why more to phrensy should I yield my mind? 50
If on thy fall I may ally with Troy:
Peace, let me, and thy life at once enjoy.
Should I to death (the ill-omen Heaven disprove!)
Betray thee, suing for my daughter's love;
How should I wound Rutulium's kindred state! 55
How feel the branding of Italia's hate!
Think how the field's unstable fortune veers:
Pity thy distant sire, and spare his feeble years!"
These words of peace are lost on Turnus' heart:
The attempt to soothe but irritates the smart: 60
And, when the monarch ceased, he thus again:
"Dismiss, good Sire! thy cares for me, as vain.
Death, well exchanged for glory, let me seek:
Nor is the weapon, that I brandish, weak.
Where'er it strikes the goring steel is felt; 65
And blood still follows where the wound is dealt:
And nought shall now avail his mother's cloud,
Her and her trembling son at once to shroud."

But the sad queen, already doom'd to die,
View'd war's changed aspect with alarmful eye. 70

To the rash chief her fond embrace adheres;
And thus, imploring him, she speaks with tears:

"Turnus! by these warm drops, if yet remains

Sense in thy bosom of Amata's pain;

O thou, my fainting age's sole support! 75

Prop of our house, and glory of our court!

On whom alone Latinus' realm depends!

By whom it prospers, and with whom it ends!

O listen to my prayer! my single prayer!

This purposed combat with the foe forbear. 80

Whate'er thy fortunes in that fell debate;

The same, my Turnus! must Amata wait.

Our race of life shall be together run:

Nor, captive, will I see my Dardan son."

Her mother's words, alarm'd, Lavinia hears; 85

Her cheeks suffused with blushes and with tears.

Tumultuous passion courses through her frame;

And o'er her skin is pour'd the ruddy flame.

As, stain'd with sanguine purple, ivory glows;

Or lilies blush, embedded with the rose: 90

So o'er the living alabaster spread

The impassion'd tints, and breathed celestial red.

He sees; and, gazing with intense desire,

Burns for the combat with augmented fire:

And briefly to the sorrowing queen replies : 95

“ Ah cease, my Mother! now from tears and sighs !

Nor send me thus ill-omen’d to the fray !

’Tis not in me my fatal hour to stay.

Hence, Idmon ! to the Phrygian monarch bear

My words, not grateful haply to his ear. 100

Soon as to-morrow in the illumined skies,

Shall see the purple-vested morning rise ;

Let him not urge his Trojans on their foes :

That day, his host and ours alike repose !

By him and me the strife of blood be tried ; 105

And whose Lavinia let the field decide.”

He spoke ; and, rushing to his palace, calls

The grooms to lead his coursers from their stalls ;

And glories as he sees their fiery grace ;

The authentic offspring of the ethereal race, 110

More white than snows and fleetier than the wind,

Which beauteous Orithyia’s self consign’d

To great Pilumnus, for his regal state.

Around their charge the charioteers await :

Applaud the swelling chest, the glossy side ; 115

And sleek with combs the mane’s luxuriant pride.

His mail, of finest brass with gold engraved,

The chief then fits, athwart his shoulders braced :

Essays the ponderous shield ; the helm assumes, 119

Whose two-fold crest tower’d high with sanguine plumes ;

And wields the falchion, which the god of fire
In Styx attemper'd for the Daunian sire.

Then from his central palace, where it stood
Propp'd on a column, and distain'd with blood,
He snatches the huge spear, his victor right, 125
Won from Auruncan Actor in the fight ;
And, fiercely shaking it, exclaims : “ O still,
Dear weapon ! faithful to thy master's will !
Now, now be true ! the mighty Actor's late,
Thou feel'st in Turnus' hand a power as great. 130
Give me to rend the mail, with victor force,
From the base Phrygian's soft and pamper'd corse :
To soil in dust his ringlets, trimly nice ;
Teased into curl and dropping liquid spice !”

So fierce the rage that pants within his heart, 135
Fires from his eyes in brilliant flashes start ;
And streamy splendors o'er his visage flow.
Thus when a bull expects his rushing foe,
Dreadful he roars : against an oak's tough rind
Assays his horns, and combats with the wind. 140
Backward the sands in rolling clouds he spurns ;
And the hot prelude of the conflict burns.

Nor less, exulting in celestial arms,
His bosom for the fight Æneas warms :
Rejoices in the proffer'd terms of peace ; 145
Charm'd, that so soon detested war should cease :

With smiles Iulus and his comrades cheers ;
And by the Fates' disclosure calms their fears :
Then bids the heralds, to the Latian court,
The accepted treaty and its laws report. 150

Scarce had the new-born morning chased the night ;
And, dancing, crown'd the mountain's brow with light :
Scarce, breaking from the waves their fiery way,
The sun's fierce coursers breathed effusive day ;
When the Rutulians and the Trojans trace, • 155

Beneath the city's wall, an ample space
For their chiefs' combat. Some, of grassy sods,
Raise central altars to their common gods :
With linen veil'd and vervain crown'd, some bring
The sacred fire with water from the spring. 160

Through her wide gates the city pours her train :
And Latium's armies rush upon the plain.

Opposed, in order for the mortal fray,
Troy* and Etruria range their arm'd array.

Through all the hosts the busy leaders run,
In gold and purple glittering to the sun.

Asylas and, with blood of regal source,
Mnestheus here marshal all the embattled force :
And great Messapus, Neptune's offspring, there,
The steed's proud tamer, proves the general's care. 170

Then, as the obedient legions clear the field,
They plant the spear in earth and ground the shield.

An unarm'd crowd from every quarter pours :
 Sires, weak from age, and matrons line the towers :
 Climb their own roofs, or throng the city's gate : 175
 And all with panting hearts the dread decision wait.

But Juno, station'd on a lofty brow,
 (A mount then nameless, famed as Alba's now,) 180
 Threw her wide glance o'er all the scene beneath ;
 The hosts, the city, and the lists of death :
 And Turnus' sister instantly address'd ;
 (Who shone a goddess with the immortal bless'd :
 "Of lakes and murmuring streams the ruling Power ;
 Thus raised by Jove, who cropp'd her virgin flower ;)
 "Queen of the floods ! most favor'd by my love, 185
 Of all the usurpers of the bed of Jove !
 Nymph ! whom I saw, with unrepining eye,
 Advanced to share the glories of the sky !
 Learn now the woes that wait thee ; nor upbraid
 My love, Juturia ! as of niggard aid. * 190
 While 'twas allow'd by Fortune and by Fate,
 My power has shielded Turnus and thy state ;
 Now I behold him to the combat led,
 With black death hovering o'er his victim head.
 I must not view the fight : but thou be there ; 195
 And nobly, to preserve thy brother, dare.
 Go ! 'twill become thee ! and thy pious deed,
 For Heaven oft aids the wretched, may succeed."

With poignant anguish thrill'd, Juturna hears ;
Strikes her fair breast, and pours thick-falling tears. 200

" No time is this to weep :" Saturnia cries ;
" Haste ! prove if aught can save him, ere he dies.
Or break the compact, and the war revive.—
I vouch the daring, thou the means contrive !"

Thus counselling, she left her to her part, 205
With a wrung bosom and a doubtful heart.

Meanwhile the sovereigns reach the lists of war.
Four stately coursers draw Latinus' car ;
And proud his regal train : around his brow
Twelve golden rays, the Sun's rich ensign, glow ; 210
The Sun from whom he sprang. With two white steeds
Beneath his rein, the Daunian prince succeeds ;
And in each mighty hand a spear sustains,
Whose waving steel shoots lustre o'er the plains.
Then, heavenly arm'd and flashing starry fire 215
From his shield's orb, great Rome's illustrious sire,
Æneas comes, and, bright in bloomy pride,
His heir, Rome's other hope, adorns his side.
Next, by the snowy-mantled priest are borne
A sow's young offspring and a lamb unshorn 220
To the bright altar's blaze. With lifted eyes,
Turn'd to the ascending sun, the princes rise :
Offer the salted cakes with pious care :
Cut with their swords the victims' frontal hair ;

And, from large goblets, on the flaming shrine 225
 Pour full libations of the ruddy wine.
 Then, with his falchion beaming in his hand,
 The pious leader of the Trojan band
 Thus prays ; “ Thou Sun ! who roll’st above my head,
 Attend ! and thou, O Earth ! whose breast I tread ; 230
 Dear land ! whose hope has led from toil to toil
 My weary step, to reach thy promised soil !
 Thou God of gods ! and thou, at length benign,
 Saturnian Juno ! as I pray, incline !
 Thou, mighty Mars ! whose hands the battle wield ; 235
 Whose frown or smile decides the mortal field !
 Ye Springs and Rivers ! all ye Powers of air !
 And Powers of ocean ! hear me while I swear !
 If victory Ausonian Turnus crown,
 Troy shall, as conquer’d, seek Evander’s town : 240
 Iulus from the Latian realms refrain ;
 Nor vex them with rebellious arms again.
 But if, as my presaging mind forebodes,
 (And be its presage sanction’d by the gods !)
 Our Mars in triumph shall assert the day, 245
 I ask not vanquish’d Latium to obey ;
 Nor seek I for her throne : with equal laws,
 Let Troy and Latium feel a common cause :
 Unconquer’d both, eternally unite ;
 Our gods be hers, our arms, Latinus’ right ; 250

'My father, he by solemn compact reign ;
Whilst we our colony and state ordain ;
And my own Trojan bands their city rear,
Made with Lavinia's name renown'd and dear."

So spake Æneas first; and then, with eyes 255
And right hand lifted to attest the skies,
Latinius thus : " Æneas ! by the same
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven's sidereal frame :
By the great gods, the bright Latonian pair :
And double-fronted Janus, here I swear : 260
Swear by the force and awe of Dis beneath,
The stern dire monarch of the world of death :
Swear by the Almighty Father's holy dread ;
Whose thunder rushes on the perjured head :
These shrines I touch : obtest these sacred fires ; 265
And heaven's whole host to whom their blaze aspires ;
Whate'er the fortunes of the day may be,
No time shall break this peace of Italy ;
Nor, while the power to act and will be mine,
Shall any force avert my vow'd design : 270
No ! not though earth should melt into the deep ;
Or heaven rush madly down the Stygian steep.
As soon this sceptre (for his kingly hand
Then bore that ensign of supreme command)
Shall bud and bloom with renovated birth, 275
Thus dead and sever'd from its parent earth :

Which, once a tree with green existence fraught,
 Torn from its wood and bare, the workman wrought :
 Inclosed in sculptured brass, and form'd to grace
 The sires majestic of the Latian race.” 280

Thus, while around the peers attentive stand,
 They vouch the peace, and raise the attesting hand.
 Then, as religion's hallow'd use requires,
 They slay the victims on the sacred fires :
 The bowels from the panting bosom tear ; 285
 And to the shrines on loaded chargers bear.

But the Rutulians, with observant sight,
 Already mark'd not equal was the fight ;
 And, as they scan the chiefs, alarm'd confess
 Their prince o'ermatch'd, in size and prowess less : 290
 The more, as Turnus, with dejected brows,
 Walks slowly to the shrines ; and breathes his vows,
 Suppliant, submiss, and sad : while paleness strews
 His cheek, and all the flush of youth subdues.

When thus disturb'd she saw the changeful throng ; 295
 And found the murmur swell from tongue to tongue ;
 Juturna threw herself amid the host ;
 Her form in that of brave Camertes lost :
 Who, sprung from sires renown'd for martial might,
 True to their fame, was foremost in the fight. 300

In the mid crowd and conscious of her part,
 The busy goddess stirs the general heart :

Sows it with shame, resentment, and surmise ;
And thus to ears, erect to listen, cries :

“ Do ye not blush, Rutulians ! thus to yield 305
One victim-soul for all your numerous field ?
Are we not equal to you hostile bands
In spirit, number, war-puissant hands ?
Against your prince, behold ! all arm'd for fate,
Tuscans, Arcadians, Trojans league in hate : 310
Yet to the just encounter should we go,
Each second man of us would want a foe.
Your prince shall to the gods, 'tis true, ascend ;
Whose shrines now view his self-devotement bnd ;
And live in fame to distant ages dear : . 315
Whilst we, who rest in pale inaction here,,
Must see our country lost, and basely bow
Beneath the menace of a victor's brow.”

With words like these she moves each youthful breast :
The murmur grows, still less and less suppress'd, 320
Even the Laurentians and the Latins feel
Their life-loved safety changed to martial zeal :
Burn for the fight ; the treaty execrate ;
And pity Turnus, doom'd by partial fate.
While thus their passions wake, Juturna gives 325
An omen from the sky, and more deceives :
A striking portent, in delusion strong ;
And apt to goad the Latian mind to wrong.

For, as the tawny bird of Jove pursued
 Through airy tracts the river's plumy brood,
 And drove the clamoring throng, he stoops at once,
 And on a beauteous swan his talons pounce ;
 Then proudly bear aloft. With minds arrest
 The Italians gaze ; whilst all the birds collect
 (Strange to relate) and turning, fierce and loud, 33.
 Press on the invader in a living cloud,
 Darkening the skies : till overcome, or spent
 With toil too great, his hooky feet relent,
 And drop upon the flood their ponderous load :
 Far off he flies, and skims his airy road. 340
 Then the Rutulians hail with shouts the sign ;
 And all for war their closing ranks combine :
 And first the seer, Tolumnius, loudly cries :
 “ This, this I wish'd : for this oft sought the skies.
 I see and own the gods ! I—I will lead. 345
 To arms, Rutulians ! I avouch the deed,
 Rutulians ! whom this outlaw pest alarms
 Like timid birds, and wastes your realm with arms.
 Now shall he fly, and spread his sails again
 To bear him, shamed and baffled, o'er the main. 350
 You, with one eager soul, your hosts condense ;
 And prove your threaten'd monarch's just defense ! ”
 He spoke ; and, rushing on with fierce advance,
 Hurl'd at the unwary foe his trembling lance.

Through air the weapon flew direct and right : 355

Shouts, tumult, and wild rage pursued its flight.

As, full opposed, nine brothers chanced to stand,

For beauty famed amid the hostile band ;

(Gylippus' offspring from one wife's embrace ;

He of Arcadian, she of Tuscan race ;)

360

On one the flying javelin plants its wound,

Where by the embroider'd belt the waist is bound ;

And through the side, to death's commission just,

Lays the fair youth, all brightly arm'd, in dust.

But the fierce troop of brothers, stung with woe,

365

Rush blindly frantic on the faithless foe.

This wields the sword, that brandishes the spear ;

And one fired soul inspirits their career. . . .

To meet them hurry the Laurentian foes :

In aid, the field with social arms o'erflows.

370

Their cause Arcadians, Tuscans, Trojans own ;

And the sword's fury now prevails alone.

Spoil'd are the shrines : through air, with tumult riven,

Thick showers of steel in dusky storm are driven.

The sacred bowls and fires for death they wield :

375

With his mock'd gods, Latinus flies the field.

Somie link the harness and prepare the car :

Somie, springing on their steeds, confront the war.

Eager the hated treaty to confound,

With his spurr'd steed, Messapus to the ground

380

- Bears down Aulestes : backward and supine
 The royal Tuscan falls upon the shrine.
 Quick on the prostrate king Messapus flies :
 From his tall horse, his beam-like spear applies ;
 And, as he stabs the suppliant, sternly cries : 385
 “ He has it ! this beyond the rest will prove
 An offering grateful to the Powers above ! ”
 On rush the Italians with conspiring force ;
 And spoil remorselessly the tepid corse.
 From the red altar Corynæus’ hand 390
 Snatches, and brandishes a flaming brand ;
 And, as to strike him Ebusus essays,
 Dashes his front, and wraps it in a blaze.
 His spreading beard with bright combustion glows ;
 And widely round the scent of burning throws. 395
 Then, following eagerly the dazzling blow,
 The victor presses on his daunted foe :
 Bends by the locks to earth, and there, oppress’d
 Beneath his knee, plants death within his breast.
 With his drawn falchion Podalirius tries 400
 To reach the shepherd, Alsus, as he flies ;
 And now haugs o’er him : when, with axe swung back,
 The wary foe anticipates the attack :
 Cleaves with a ponderous stroke the face in twain ;
 And spatters all his arms with gore and brain. 405

An iron slumber weighs upon his eyes ;
And wrapp'd in everlasting night he lies.
But mid the tumult, with his temples bare,
The just Æneas deprecates the war :
Extends his unarm'd hand, and loud exclaims : 410
“ Whither thus rush ye ? whence the rage that flames ?
O cease, my Hosts ! nor thus invade my right !
By the seal'd league, 'tis mine alone to fight.
Give me my single claim ! your fears resign !
To ratify what Heaven has heard be mine ! 415
My sword shall make the treaty firm and true.—
By these dread altars, Turnus is my due !”

Thus while he speaks, a shaft on sounding wing
Drives through the skies, and strikes the heroic king.
What daring hand impell'd its guilty flight, 420
A god's or man's, is deeply hid in night ;
Nor was the great Æneas' wound allow'd
To make in after times its author proud.

When Turnus the retiring prince beheld,
Thus from the battle and his hosts compell'd ; 425
And saw in pale disnay the chiefs of Troy ;
Hope pours into his breast tumultuous joy.
Instant he calls for all his dreadful war ;
His arms, his steeds :—springs proudly on his car,
And shakes the flowing reins : as o'er the plain 430
He ramps, his track is crimson'd with the slain.

Whole ranks are levell'd by his wheel's career;

And Fate o'er takes the flying with his spear.

As blood-stain'd Mars, where gelid Hebrus flows,

When for the fight his waken'd fury glows,

435

Clashes his shield; and, rousing all their force,

Incites his fiery horses to the course.

O'er the broad field they rush; and, strong and fleet,

The stormy pinions of the south wind beat;

And utmost Thracia groans beneath their feet:

440

While round the god, in grim subservience, throng

Terror, Fraud, Flight, and pour with Death along.

So raging Turnus drives his foaming steeds

Through the mid battle, that beneath them bleeds.

From their fiercee hoofs, that spurn the dying groan,

445

Sands, clogg'd with blood, and gory dews are thrown.

Now Sthenelus, now Thamyris he slays:

Now Pholus gasping on the champaign lays.

Those in the close encounter lie o'ercome:

This from the far-sent javelin meets his doom.

450

By the same weapon, in its distant flight,

The two Inbrasidæ are hurl'd to night,

Glaucus and Lades: whom their martial sire

In Lycia train'd, and bade in arms aspire:

Tutor'd alike in standing fight to dare;

455

Or, mounted, to outstrip the wings of air.

Remote amid the war, Eumedes shone,
Heir to his grandsire's name, and sire's renown,
Dolon; who once, on high adventure bent,
To Grecia's camp a bold explorer went; 460
And durst in recompense demand the car,
That swept the great Achilles through the war.
But, by Tydides taught an humbler lore,
He bow'd, nor hopes the immortal coursers more.
Now at the son, who caught his distant glance, 465
The raging Daunian whirls the unerring lance:
Then checks his car, and, springing on the ground,
O'er the fallen chief stands imminent to wound:
Treads on his neck; and mastering his sword,
Sheathes it within the bosom of its lord; 470
And loudly cries; “Lo, Trojan! this thy gain!
Thus, thus our fields thy warlike toils attain.
There measure Latium with thy prostrate corse!
Such their reward who brave our awful force!
So rise their walls!” Then flies his spear again, 475
And lays Asbutes by the recent slain.
His hand, that fierce without remission wounds,
Thersilochus and Sybaris confounds.
Thymœtes, falling from his floundering horse,
Chloreus and Dares die beneath its force. 480
So when Edonian Boreas wildly raves,
And throws loud tumult on the Ægæan waves;

As the strong blast impells both seas and heaven,
The rack and billows in one course are driven.

Thus, where the sword of Turnus cuts its way, 485
The hosts before him drive in pale dismay.

On rush his wheels ; and, meteor-like, behind
His crest flames, streaming from the opposing wind.

While stormily he thus controll'd the field,
Phegeus with rage the hero's pride beheld : 490

Shock'd with his breast the car, and seised the reins
Of the fierce coursers, ramping o'er the plains.

There as he drags, suspended by the yoke,
His opening mail admits the javelin's stroke ;
Which slightly grazes him : yet, 'gainst the foe, 495
He wields his buckler and uplifts the blow :

Till, by the furious axle overthrown,
He falls, and lies beneath the chariot prone.

Then Turnus, stooping, with his severing blade,
Where o'er the neck the helmet throws its shade, 500
Inflicts a stroke so weighty and so just,
It lops the head and rolls the trunk in dust.

While Troy's battalions thus by Turnus bleed,
Their wounded prince the Trojan chieftains lead ;
And guide him, as to prop his steps he leant 505
On his tall javelin, gory to his tent.
There, as around him, with officious hand,
Ascanius, Mnestheus and Achates stand,

With rage he boils ; and, tugging, snaps the wood,
Which leaves the steel to satiate on his blood. 510

Then he requires them, as the speediest aid,
To lay the wound wide open with the blade,
And dive to reach the barb ; and thus again
Restore him quickly to the fighting plain.

But now the son of Iasus is near, 515
Iapis, most to sovereign Phœbus dear :
To whom the god, once ravish'd with his charms,
Gave all his arts, his augury and arms ;
The soul of vision, and the heavenly lyre.

But, urged by pious fondness for his sire, 520
The youth preferr'd mute good to glory's praise ;
And, anxious to prolong the veteran's days,
Sought medicine's art ; and, with benefic zeal,
Explored the plant's green potency to heal.

Supported on his lance, in rage and pain, 525
Æneas stood undaunted, mid the train
Of sorrowing youths ; and saw his best beloved,
Iulus, weep, yet kept his soul unmoved.

The skilful sage, (his robe succinctly brought
To fold his waist, as Pæon's practice taught) 530
Apollo's herbs with trembling haste applied ;
And all his heaven-born science vainly tried.

In vain the barb, within the fibres' clasp,
His hand solicits and his pincers grasp.

No fortune favors ; nor, invoked with prayer 535
 To aid his minister, is Phœbus there.

And now the horror of the advancing fray
 Near and more near them wafts its dire dismay.
 The dusty whirlwind swells upon their sight ;
 And showers of darts amid the camp alight. 540
 The horse are at the gates ; and, loud and deep,
 The groans of death along the breezes sweep.

But, pain'd to see her injured offspring's grief,
 Maternal Venus hastes to bring relief:
 And culls from Cretan Ida's bloomy brows 545
 The flower of dittany ; whose crimson glows
 Involved in clustering foliage, soft with down.
 The mountain goats its healing virtues own,
 When, wounded by the flying steel, they groan.
 This now the goddess, veil'd in darkness, brings : 550
 This in the medicated goblet flings ;
 And in the gold her secret hands infuse
 Ambrosial drops, and panacean dews.
 The wound with this the unconscious sage foments ;
 And, all at once, the griding pang relents. 555
 Within the closing wound the blood subsides :
 The shaft, spontaneous, follows as he guides.
 Health's sprightly current sparkles through the veins ;
 And Nature in her wonted glory reigns.

"Arms! arms! bring arms!" Iapis loud exclaims, 560
And first the warriors for the field inflames:

"Why pause ye? it transcends all human powers:
This life is due to mightier hands than ours.
The gods, the gods, Æneas! act for thee;
And send thee to fulfil a prouder destiny!" 565

Impatient for the battle, now so near,
He sheathes his legs in gold, and wields the spear.
Then, when around his breast the mail is tied,
And the braced shield hangs shadowing by his side, .
His folding arms his loved Ascanius press; 570
And, giving through the helm a light caress,
He says: "By me, my Boy! be taught to bear
The toils of virtue;—fortune learn elsewhere.
For thee, this day, my arm shall win renown;
And make life's glorious prizes all thy own. 575

Do thou, when ripening years thy powers unfold,
Thy lineage, treasured in the bosom, hold:
With all thy noble kindred's ardor glow;
And be what Hector was, and what thy sire is now!"

He spake; and pass'd along in towering state: 580
Shook his huge lance, and issued from the gate.
With him, each follow'd by his martial train,
Antheus and Mnestheus rush upon the plain;
And all the camp springs fiercely to the fight.
Earth groans beneath them; and a dusty night 585

Hangs o'er their heads. The Daunian leader's glance
Marks from an eminence their dread advance :
The Ausonians see it with petrific fears.
But, quick beyond the rest, Juturna's ears
Catch the known sounds, that chill her with dismay, 590
As Troy's fierce chief in whirlwind sweeps his way.
Thus when, from bursting constellations hurl'd,
Black Tempest traverses the watery world,
A prescient horror shudders through the swain ;
Who sees his hopes and labors will be vain : 595
That, trees and harvests levell'd by the storm,
One broad flat ruin will the fields deform.
The cloud-veil'd monarch sends the winds before,
To waft, in hollow groans, his menace to the shore.
Thus strong, Æneas drives upon the foes ; 600
And his deep ranks in thicken'd order close.
Osiris falls beneath Thynibræus' blade :
In death Archetius is by Minstheus laid.
By Gyas struck, bleeds Ufens on the strand ;
And Epulo by great Achates' hand : 605
And now Tolumnius pays his forfeit life ;
Whose first-thrown spear revived the nations' strife.
Loud clamors rise ; and, forced in turn to yield,
The Latians fly along the dusty field.
Æneas scorns the fray that he pursues ; 610
Nor sword nor spear in vulgar blood embrues.

Through the thick darkness that involves the flight,
For Turnus every where he darts his sight.

For him alone his fiery glance inquires :

The fight with him is all his soul desires. .

615

With quick alarm, Juturna marks the chief ;

And proves her art's resources for relief.

Her brother's charioteer, who grasp'd the rein,

Her hand, unseating, leaves upon the plain.

Then to Metiscus changed in arms and face,

620

And voice, she springs into his vacant place :

The coursers' rage controlls ; and guides the car,

With her dear charge, elusive through the war.

As the black swallow, from her clay-built home,

Flits on light wing around the lordly dome :

625

Or glances through the halls ; if chance her beak

May find the grains her twittering nestlings seek.

Now through the vacant porticoes she flies :

Now by the lucid lake her wavering pinion plies.

So through the middle hosts Juturna speeds ;

630

Now here now there directs the rapid steeds :

Whirls her exulting brother mid the foes :

But shuns one arm, nor lets the encounter close.

Aeneas follows and, with equal zeal,

Explores the mazes of the flying wheel :

635

Traces the chieftain through the broken fray ;

And loudly calls him to decide the day.

Oft as his eyes upon the chariot light,
 And his swift feet essay to cross its flight ;
 So oft Juturna, with attentive heed, 640
 Reverts her horses, and deludes his speed.
 Ah ! what must be his course ? with doubts distraught,
 His laboring bosom feels the strife of thought.
 On him, as thus he paused, with fierce career
 Messapus drove, and hurl'd the forceful spear, 645
 Certain of aim : 'behind his buckler's round,
 Bent on one knee, Æneas mock'd the wound.
 But the strong weapon, not in vain address'd,
 Struck the bright helm and razed the hero's crest.
 Now wakes his wrath ; and, conscious of deceit 650
 In the turn'd steeds and Daunian car's retreat,
 Much he obtests the shrines that heard them swear ;
 And gives his cause to Jove's protecting care :
 Then with propitious Mars invades the field,
 Dreadful, by rage against compassion steel'd : 655
 Bathes with promiscuous blood the groaning plain ;
 And yields, at length, his furies all the rein.
 What god will aid me now, and lend the power
 To sing the slaughterers of that deathful hour ?
 What heroes gasp, as now the Trojan lord, 660
 Now Turnus wields the exterminating sword ?
 And could such passions stir, indulged by Jove,
 Nations so soon to blend in endless love ?

- Rutulian Sucro, whose opposing force
First check'd the Trojans in their sweeping course, 665
Falls by Æneas : with resistless sway,
Where to life's seat the nearest passage lay,
Through the ribb'd chest the falchion hew's its way.
In death by Turnus then two brothers groan :
One from his horse, and one on foot o'erthrown. 670
At Amycus the fatal javelin flies ;
While prostrate by the sword Diores lies,
Their heads the victor by his car suspends ;
And the black gore along his path descends.
Then Talos, Tanaïs, Cethiegus bled, 675
Three at one onset number'd with the dead
By fierce Æneas : with whose spear o'ercome,
The sad Onytes mourns an equal doom,
Of famed Echion's line : (on Theban earth,
Fair Peridia gave the warrior birth.) 680
Turnus two brothers, sent from Lycia's plains,
(Where Phœbus in his holy splendor reigns,) 685
O'erthrew : and next Menœtes felt his spear ;
A youth, to whom sequester'd peace was dear :
Who, on the placid Lerna's mossy side,
Once with delight the fisher's art had plied.
Small was his house, to gaudy wealth unknown ;
And his poor sire till'd acres not his own.
As, fierce from adverse quarters, fire invades
The grove, and riots mid the crackling shades : 690

Or foamy torrents, from the mountain's brow,
Rush in hoarse ruin on the plains below;
And, each with desolation in his train,
Roar through divided channels to the main.

So with like rage, nor less impetuous might, 695

Sweep Turnus and Æneas through the fight.

Now, now their breasts with inward storm dilate:

Now they break out, and charge their arnis with fate.

Unknowing how to yield, with glorious pride

'They man their souls, and toil and death deride. 700

Æneas dashes with a massy rock
Murranus, vain of his illustrious stock:
Whose blood, descending straight from sire to son,
Through veius of Latian royalty had run.

Shock'd by the fury of the whirlwind stone, 705

Prone from the car the batter'd corse is thrown.

The trampling steeds, who heed their lord no more,
Tear him, and bathe their fetlocks in his gore.

As furious Hyllus to the combat rush'd,
His frontal bone the spear of Turnus crush'd. 710

Before the point the golden helm gave way;

And quivering in the brain the weapon lay.

Nor, Creteus! could thy force, though most renown'd
Of Grecian warriors, turn the fatal wound,

By Turnus aim'd: nor then his gods were near 715

'To save Cupencus from the Æneian spear.

Through the vain buckler's brazen check it broke;
And the chief's adverse breast received the stroke.

Thee too, O Æolus! the Latian field
Saw in large ruin stretch'd beneath thy shield : 720

Thee, whom not Grecia's phalanx could destroy;
Nor Peleus' son, whose hand subverted Troy.

Here now thy glories end : at Ida's feet,
In famed Lyrnessus was thy lofty seat:
Laurentum is thy grave!—So fiercely rage 725
Latium and Troy, as all their hosts engage.

Here Mnestheus and Serestus speed the wound :
There great Messapus' steeds the ranks confound ;
And there Asylas storms : with sweeping force,
Rush the Tyrrhenian and Arcadian horse.. 730

No rest; no pause : each proves his utmost arm ;
And the vast conflict raves in full alarm.

Now his bright Mother prompts Æneas' mind
To turn his hosts, and leave the field behind :
Assail the walls and, with a vital blow, 735
Surprise, and lay the Latian spirit low.
As his quick glance, pervading all the plain,
Thrown here and there, for Turnus seeks in vain ;
The city he descries in safe repose ;
Untouch'd by war, nor conscious of her foes ; 740
And, in a form at once more great and dire,
Mars flashes on his thought, and sets his soul on fire.

His chiefs he calls ; and, waiting his command,
Sergestus, Mnestheus, and Serestus stand.

Then, as all-arm'd his forces throng around, 745

Thus he harangues them from a lofty mound :

“ Hear ! and my words with instant zeal obey ;

Nor foil my sudden purpose with delay.

With us is Jove : yon town, Latinus' court,

The war's first cause and whence it draws support, 750

This day shall stoop and bear the victor's rein ;

Or lie a smoky ruin on the plain.

What ! must I ever wait till Turnus stand,

Vanquish'd so oft, the encounter of my hand ?

Friends ! in its head this war of falschood tame. 755

Haste ! bring your fires ! and thus the peace reclaim.”

They hear ; and, kindling with their hero's soul,
In massy columis to the city roll.

Instant the ladders climb : the flames ascend.

Some slay the foremost, who the gates defend : 760

Some with their arrowy war the ramparts scour ;

And heaven is clouded with the steely shower.

In front, with listed hands, beneath the walls,

Æneas loudly on Latinus calls :

Upbraids his faith ; and bids the gods record, 765

That forced once more he drew the unwilling sword :

That twice had Latium sought him for her foe ;

Persidious twice and faithless to her vow.

Discord now rends the trembling city's state :
These would at once to Troy unfold the gate ; 770
And to the walls their passive monarch draw,
To bow to peace, and own 'the victor's law :
While those in arms, a war-determined train,
Rush to the ramparts and the fight sustain.
So when the shepherd in their rocky cell 775
Has found the bees, and smoked their citadel ;
They, for their state alarm'd, flit here and there :
Whet all their stings in fury and despair ;
And fill their waxen camp with sharp lament :
Through all the mansion rolls the sable scent. 780
Deep groans the rock, and every cranny breathes
Gross fumes, that curl in undulating wreaths.

And now the fortune-wearied Latins feel
Another woe, that shakes the general weal.
When the sad queen beholds the advancing foe 785
Assault the walls, and flaming torches throw,
That shower upon the town ; and vainly strains
Her eyes for Turnus fighting on the plains ;
In the dire field she deems the youth had bled ;
And her mind sinks in anguish and in dread. 790
Hers—hers, she cries, were all the blame and guilt !
From her these ills !—by her this blood was spilt !
Then, uttering all that phrensy could suggest,
With dying hands she tears her purple vest ;

And, eager to resign detested breath, 795

Ties to a lofty beam the knot of hideous death.

Soon as the female chambers learn the woe,

Lavinia rends her tresses' golden flow;

And wounds her blooming cheeks: the dames around

Rave, and with shrieks make all the court resound. 800

Thence, flying through the town, afflicting Fame

Sinks every heart and damps the patriot flame.

Struck, and confounded with his consort's fate,

His tottering city, and his ruin'd state,

With robes all rent, Latinus wildly throws 805

Deforming ashes o'er his living snows;

And bends, self-charged, that, all the grace his own,

He had not call'd Æneas to his throne.

Turnus, meanwhile, along the battle's rear,

Through the thin stragglers urged his car's career; 810

His course restrain'd by doubts, and less and less

Exulting in his steeds' uncheck'd success:

When the breeze, fraught with blind and shapeless fears,

Wafts a dread murmur on his boding ears;

Till, more assured, the city's groan he hears. 815

“ Ah me! what dire affliction shakes the town?

Why this loud tumult from the ramparts thrown?”

He cries, and stops the car, and stands amazed,

As all the horror on his fancy blazed.

To him his sister, (who, as charioteer,
Ruled, in Metiscus' form, the steeds' career,) 820

“ Turnus ! this path of victory pursue :
Here let us chase the Trojans' flying crew.
To guard the walls abundant power attends ;
And, whilst in force Æneas therc descends, 825
Here may'st thou make as many foes expire ;
And hence in equal triumph may'st retire.”

“ O Sister ! long ere this,” the chief replies,
“ My eyes have traced thee latent in disguise ;
Since first thy wiles the ruptured league contrived ; 830
And the fierce war, inflamed by thee, revived :
Goddess ! in vain thy friendly power is mask'd.
But ah ! who sends thee, thus severely task'd,
From heaven to share these toils ; and doom'd to see
Thy hapless brother fall by Fate's decree ? 835
For how can I now act ? how longer strive ?
Fortune for me has not a hope alive.

Murranus, as his voice invoked my aid,
These eyes beheld by me to death betray'd.
Yes ! him, my best loved friend, in gore they view'd ; 840
The mighty by a mighty wound subdued.
Ufens, to shun the scandal of my flight,
Rush'd to the covert of eternal night :
His arms and body are the Trojan's prey.
And shall I now the ruin'd town survey ? 845

Shall I bear this—this last of shame and wrong ?
 Nor yet my arm refute vile Drances' tongue ?
 Gods ! shall I fly ? shall Latium see me fly ?
 And is it thus,—thus terrible to die ?
 Since Heaven regards me with averted mind, 850
 You, O ye Manes ! hear me, and be kind !
 To you I will descend, a hallow'd shade,
 Pure from reproach ; nor shall his sires upbraid
 Turnus, the son who has their fame betray'd !”

Scarcé had he finish'd, when, with rushing force, 855
 Borne through the battle on a foam-white horse,
 His face fast bleeding from an arrow's aim,
 Sages appears, invoking Turnus' name :
 “Turnus ! on thee our all of life depends :
 O haste ! O pity , and relieve thy friends ! 860
 Æneas on the town in thunder falls ;
 And threatens to lay in dust the Latian walls :
 Already on our roofs descend his fires.
 Thee Latium's tongue, thee Latium's eye requires.
 Latinus' self, in terror and despair, 865
 Doubts whom to join, and whom to call his heir.
 The queen, beside, who ever vouch'd thy right,
 By her own hand has burst alarum'd from light.
 To guard the gates, sore press'd by hostile bands,
 Messapus only, with Atinas, stands. 870

On either side press phalanxes of foes ;
And all the field with iron horror glows :
While distant thou, and reckless of our pains,
Here drivest thy chariot o'er the unpeopled plains."

Stunn'd with the mass of ills, and overcome, 875
Turnus stands fix'd, with rigid eyes and dumb.
Deep in his heart swell anger, grief, and shame ;
And madden'd love, and conscious glory flame.
Soon as emerging from his trance he woke ;
And the dark cloud, that veil'd his senses, broke ; 880
Back from his chariot on the town he threw
His furious glance, that kindled as it flew.
There, lo ! a fiery storm, in surges driven,
Rolls from the lofty tower, and mounts to heaven :
The plank-built tower, that fabric of his hand ; 885
For proud offense with wheels and bridges plann'd.

" Now, now the Fates prevail ! my Sister ! now
To the great gods, and Fortune's wrath I bow.
Cease to withhold me ! fix'd my purpose stands
To brave the worst, and dare Æneas' hands : 890
Whate'er in death is bitterness to taste :
Nor shalt thou see thy brother more disgraced.
Indulge me then, since resolute to die,
To give to rage life's latest energy."

He speaks, and fiercely from the chariot springs : 895
Through darts and foes with haste infuriate flings :

Leaves his sad sister weeping on the car ;
 And, rushing to the walls, o'erturns the opposing war.
 As when, from some high mountain's forehead rent,
 A rock precipitates with fierce descent : 900
 Whether uprooted by the tempest's rage,
 The rush of torrents, or the sap of age,
 The massive ruin thunders down the steep ;
 Bounds from the ground at each gigantic leap :
 Sweeps all before it in its deathful course ; 905
 And herds, swains, woods are crush'd beneath its force.
 So to the city through the war's dismay,
 Where reeks the ground and shafts obscure the day,
 Breaks Turnus in his rage : his voice and hand
 Repress the conflict, and a truce command : 910
 " Rutulians ! Latians ! cease ! your weapons spare !
 The war's whole fortune singly be my care !
 To stand the fight, the broken league atone,
 One for you all, be justly mine alone !"
 In mute obedience all retire, and yield 915
 Space for the combat in the central field.
 But great Æneas hears, with proud delight,
 The name of Turnus and the promised fight.
 Eager where glory stimulates to run,
 The town he quits, and walls already won : 920
 Bursts all delays ; and, in the mighty hour,
 Exults, and lightens with a blaze of power.

Towering in high supremacy of state,
He seems like Athos, or like Eryx great :
Or, like vast Apenninus, nobly proud, 925
When the king-mountain overlooks the cloud :
Nods to the roaring storm his piny brow ; *
And vannts his crown of everlasting snow.
Latins and Trojans turn at once to gaze,
With panting hearts and eyes of strange amaze. 930
They, who assail the walls and who defend,
Desert their stations and the field attend ;
And all resign the spear, and all the mail unbend.
Latinus' self in rigid wonder stands
To see such chiefs, from far divided lands, 935
Rush to the dire decision of the sword,
To prove whom Latium should avow her lord.
They, when the field was open'd for the war,
Sprung on and launch'd their javelins from afar.
Then in fierce conflict, shield to shield, they close ; 940
And fast and heavy fall their falchions' blows.
Earth groans : the soul of rage inspires the fray ;
And chance contends with valor for the day.
As when, where Sila's shades diffusely spread,
Or olive-crown'd Taburnus lifts the head, 945
Two bulls with rushing fronts in battle join ;
The keepers tremble and their charge resign.
Mute stands the herd : in doubt the females low,
To whom the silvan monarchy shall bow.

With hideous force they shock : their horns resound, 950
Clashing with horns, and deeply plant the wound.
Bathed are their shoulders and their necks with gore :
The forest labors, and its echoes roar.
So with encountering shields the chiefs engage :
And heaven's high vault rebellow as they rage. 955

Now his just balance Jove aloft displays ;
And on the beam the fates of either weighs :
To prove the event that shall the fight betide ;
Whose scale shall mount, whose, charged with death, subside.

Here Turnus springs ; and, rising on the foe, 960
Safely he deems, uplifts the deathful blow ;
And strikes :—all trembling with alarm and doubt,
Exclaim the Trojans, and the Latians shout.
Both hosts wait panting : but the faithless sword
Breaks, and deceives the vigor of its lord ; 965
Nor leaves a hope but flight. As now, alarm'd,
He sees an alien hilt and feels disarm'd,
He flies with swiftness which outstripp'd the blast.
'Tis famed, when hurrying to the fight he pass'd,
And sprung into his car with throbbing mind, 970
He left his great paternal sword behind,
And snatch'd his charioteer's : this haply stood
While flying Troy supplied its rage of blood :
But on the heaven-forged armour when the blade
Smote, the false steel its mortal dint betray'd : 975

Shivering like fragile ice, forsook the hand ;
And flew in glittering fragments on the sand.
Thus urged, his flight astonish'd Turnus wings ;
And winds, now here, now there, in mazy rings :
For here Troy's deepen'd ranks with arms inclose : 980
Here spreads a marsh, and here the walls oppose.
Nor with less soul, Æneas, though he found
His knee yet conscious of the recent wound,
Exerts his speed ; and, tracing foot with foot,
Presses his doubling foe with close pursuit. 985
Thus, where a river intercepts the flight,
And the red pinion's terror scares his sight,
A stag, with beating heart, hears close behind
The dog of chase loud opening in the wind.
By the steep bank appall'd or guarded toils, 990
The fierce pursuit a thousand ways he foils :
Turns and returns : but, ardent at his heels,
His Umbrian foe still follows as he wheels :
Clashes his teeth, now now prepared to seise ;
Snaps, and his jaws close only on the breeze. 995
Now swell loud clamors through the listed ground ;
And with fierce uproar woods, lakes, skies resound.
The flying chieftain chides his troops for aid :
Calls each by name, and asks his well-known blade.
But there Æneas with his threats withstands : 1000
O'erawes with present death the friendly bands :

Dooms, if they stir, their city to his fires;
 And, strenuous in pursuit, his prey requires.
 In five wide rings they now had held the chase;
 And all the circling course their feet retrace. 1005
 For no mean prize each panting chief contends.—
 The life of Turnus on the race depends.

By chance, where now the eventful combat bled,
 Once a wild olive in luxuriance spread;
 To Faunus sacred: and her reverend boughs 1010
 Full oft were conscious of the seaman's vows;
 Who, here, preserved from wreck, his praise address'd
 To Latium's god, and hung the votive vest.
 But now, to clear' the plain, 'Troy's axe had laid
 In dust distinctionless the hallow'd shade. 1015
 Here, in the stump Æneas' javelin stood
 Deep-driven, and fix'd in the tenacious wood.
 The hero bent; and, to supply his rage,
 Struggled the rooted steel to disengage:
 With that, where swiftness fail'd him, to succeed; 1020
 And overtake the foe's surpassing speed.
 He strove, but strove in vain: then, wild with fear,
 Turnus exclaim'd: “In mercy, Faunus! hear!
 And thou, bless'd Earth! retentive grasp the spear!
 If still by me have been revered your rites; 1025
 Which Trojan war with impious fury slights.”

He spoke; nor was the prayer in vain preferr'd:
 The steel within the block remain'd unstirr'd:

Nor could Æneas, with his utmost might,
Disclose the strong root's unrelenting bite. 1030

While thus enraged he toils, Juturna flies;
(Once more Metiscus to the gazers' eyes,) And with the Daunian blade her brother's grasp supplies.
The daring deed indignant Venus sees ;
Hastes, and at once the fetter'd javelin frees. 1035

And now, sublime in soul and both restored,
One wields the threatening lance, and one the sword.
With front to front opposed, each hero stands ;
And bears the panting conflict in his hands.

Meanwhile to Juno, who survey'd the sight, 1040
Wrapp'd in a cloud of gold and veil'd with light,
Spake heaven's great Lord : " My Consort ! why extend
The strife beyond its full predestined end ?
What yet remains ? thou know'st, and must allow,
Though sprung from man and mortal yet below, 1045
Æneas soon, by Fate's decree, must rise,
Due to the gods, and throned amid the skies.
What more canst thou design ? what hopes detain
Thy cloud still hovering o'er yon sanguine plain ?
Say ! was it right to make this god to bleed ? 1050

Or give the sword (the sister's was thy deed)
Again to Turnus, and, with thy relief,
Restore his vigor to the vanquish'd chief ?
At length desist ; and, as I sue, relent :
Nor with such furies be thy bosom rent : 1055

For oft thy cares, from lips so strong with love,
Result with power to shake the bliss of Jove.

Now the last point is reach'd. O'er seas, o'er land
To hurl the Trojans with a vengeful hand :
To light unhallow'd war : with blood and woe 1060
Pollute the nuptials, and the court o'erthrow,
Thy power has been indulged : but here suspend
Thy rage at my command, and here thy warfare end !"

Thus spake the Sire, and Juno thus replies ;
Submission trembling in her soften'd eyes : 1065

" 'Twas that thy will, almighty Jove ! I knew,
From earth with fond reluctance I withdrew ;
And left my Turnus : else not thus, alone,
Hadst thou here found me on my cloudy throne,
Patient of wrongs : but, girt with vengeful fire, 1070
In the mid battle where the hosts expire,
Exerting all my godhead to destroy ;
And flaming ruin on the head of Troy.

True that my counsels urged the Dannian maid
To rise, and give her wretched brother aid : 1075

With noble daring for his life contend :
But not the spear to launch or bow to bend.
This by the Stygian torrent's awful head
(Whose sole religion binds the gods with dread)
I swear : and now to thee submiss I yield ; 1080
And quit for ever war's detested field.

Yet for one boon, not disallow'd by Fate ;
For Latium, for thine own Saturnian state,
I make a last request. When war shall cease,
And the glad nuptials fold the realms in peace : 1085
When the two nations, blended into one
By leagues and laws, their race united run ;
Let not the native Latins, lost to fame,
In Trojans sunk, be known by Teucer's name.
Still be their tongue, and still their vests the same. 1090
Let Latium flourish ! Alba reign through time !
On Latian virtue raised, be Rome sublime !
But Troy has perish'd ; and the hated realm
Ruin still trample, and oblivion whelm !”

To her, with smiles, heaven's King : “ In all thy pride,
As Saturn's other heir, Jove's sister-bride, 1096
Canst thou to wrath, like this, resign thy soul ;
And stoop its grandeur to such base controll ?
Yet come ! be now appeased : thy wish be thine !
I yield ! and to thy will surrender mine. 1100
Let thy Ausonians then their race prolong ;
Unchanged in name, in habits, and in tongue.
Troy shall alone, infused in Latium, live :
Her sacred rites, as common good, I give :
And from both nations will I mould a race, 1105
Latin entire in manners and in face ;
And thou from their commingled blood shalt see
A people spring, who, famed for piety,

Than human more and rising to divine,
Shall heap most incense on thy holy shrine." 1110

Assenting Jupo with delight attends :
Drops her fierce mind, and from her cloud ascends.

And now the Sovereign, bent on other cares,
To drive Juturna from the field prepares.

Two fiends, 'tis said, black Night in tempest bore, 1115
With fell Megæra, on the Stygian shore,

Diræ their name : at one dread birth they rose :
With equal snakes the mother curl'd their brows ;

And, for the dire completion of their form,
Fledged them with pinions woven from the storm. 1120

These near the throne of Jove, before his gate,
The monarch's sterner purposes await :

Ready to hurl alarms on wretched man ;
When the dread King revolves his wrathful plan ;
From the dun gale disease and death to throw ; 1125
Or lay with war offending cities low.

Of these one swift-wing'd sister now the Sire
Sent, as Juturna's omen to retire.

Instant, the Pest, upspringing in her might,
Throws from the steep of heaven her headlong flight. 1130
As when a shaft, (to which the Parthian's skill,
Envenoming, gives twofold power to kill)
Hurl'd from a Parthian or Cydonian string,
Flies through the clouds with fate upon its wing :

It sounds, and, sped with fury, cuts the wind; 1135
Yet mocks the sight, nor leaves a trace behind.
So swift to earth the night-born Portent flew:
But, when the hostile armies rose in view,
Straight she contracts her form to narrow size;
And veils her terrors in the bird's disguise; 1140
That darkling, on the tomb or ruin'd tower,
Thrills, with her notes of death, the black and ghostly hour.
Thus changed, the Fiend to Turnus bends her way;
And o'er his shield and face her pinions play.
The shrieking omen, flapping here and there, 1145
Flits, and each Stygian feather drops despair.
With a strange numbness are his limbs unstrung:
And horror lifts his hair, and horror chains his tongue.

But from afar the Fury's clang ing flight
Juturna hears, and owns in wild affright. 1150
Frantic, her cheeks the wretched sister tears:
Beats her sad breast, and rends her scatter'd hairs.

“Now, Turnus! what avail,” she cries, “my pains?
What now, alas! for wretched me remains?
How can I more thy dear, dear life defend? 1155
Can I with fiends thus terrible contend?
I yield! cease, plamy Horrors! to confound!
Your clang I know, and death is in the sound.
Yes! yes! I own the proud commands of Jove:
Such his requital for my virgin love! 1160

Ah ! wherefore was eternal life my doom ?
 Denied the friendly refuge of the tomb ?
 A mortal, I could close at once my woe ;
 My brother's comrade to the shades below.
 Ah ! Brother ! 'reft of thee, life's joys are vain ; 1165
 And endless being is but endless pain.
 Oh ! that kind earth, wide yawning from beneath,
 Would snatch a goddess to the world of death !”

Then o'er her head she drew her azure hood ;
 And, deeply groaning, plunged into the flood 1170
 Pressing in front, with terrible advance,
 Æneas brandishes his mighty lance ;
 And sternly cries, — “ Why, Turnus ! this delay ?
 Hands now not feet must arbitrate the day.
 Try all evasion's forms : whate'er of art 1175
 Thy hand possesses, or of strength thy heart,
 Summon it to thine aid : or wish to ride
 On the high clouds, or deep in earth to hide.”

His head he shook and said : “ No threats of thine,
 Fierce Chief ! can awe me ; but a power divine. 1180
 The gods I fear, and hostile Jove alone.”

Then, glancing round the field, he view'd a stone,
 Hoary and vast : there fix'd by ancient hands,
 A bound to keep contention from the lands.
 Twice six the strongest swains of modern birth, 1185
 Would fail to lift the ponderous load from earth.

This the chief seised ; and, rushing on the foe,
Rose high, and summon'd all his force to throw.
But, as he wields the mass or rushing throws,
His mighty self no more the hero knows. 1190
His weak knees totter, and his blood congeals :
Nor the vast stone its destined impulse feels.
Laboring through air it rolls, nor bears its weight
To the just mark ; but falls deceived of fate.
As oft in dreams, while sleep's soft languor lies 1195
On the lull'd bosom and day-wearied eyes,
Ardent we pant, and strain upon the race ;
Yet vain our efforts to prevail on space.
Dead is our strength : the limbs, the tongue, untrue,
Delude our wish : nor acts nor words ensue. 1200
To Turnis thins, whate'er his valor tries,
Success the paralyzing Fiend denies.
Then in his bosom various passions roll ;
And hope ill breaks the cloud that wraps his soul.
To his own troops and walls he throws his sight : 1205
Pauses : and views the lifted spear with fright ;
Too weak for combat, and too close for flight.
No sister charioteer to guide the rein ;
No car he sees to whirl him from the plain.
While thus perplex'd he stands, with eyes of flame 1210
Æneas scans him for the fatal aim :

Then drives the javelin furious on its course.
Not so tumultuous from an engine's force
Roars the huge rock : or lightning through the cloud
Bursts with a crash so vehement and loud. 1215
Like a black whirlwind flies the death-charged beam :
Divides the seven-plated shield's extreme :
Severs the corslet ; and, with rushing sound,
Through the thigh's fibrous centre bears the wound.
With doubled knee, beneath the enfeebling pain, 1220
The mighty Turnus sinks upon the plain.
A burst of groans, from all the Latians sent,
Fills woods and hills with echoes of lament.
The vanquish'd chieftain now a suppliant lies :
His hand extended, and upraised his eyes, 1225
“ True, I have merited,” he says, “ thy hate :
Use thy success : nor plead I with my fate.
Yet, if thy heart can feel a father's care,
Think what Anchises was, and Daunus spare.
And, Oh ! if but with life thy vengeance ends, 1230
Restore my breathless body to my friends.
Victor thou art, and all the Ausonian bands
Have seen their king uplift his suppliant hands.
Lavinia is thy bride : thy rage resign
When contest is no more, and all is thine.” 1235
Though fierce in arms, Æneas soften'd stood ;
Roll'd his eyes round, and check'd the hand of blood.

The more he paused, the more compassion stole
On his touch'd heart, and melted in his soul:
When, as his falchion droop'd (unhappy chance !) 1240
His friend's known baldric, flash'd upon his glance ;
That spoil which, from the corse of Pallas torn,
A fatal trophy, was by Turnus worn.

Soon as the dire incensor smote his eye,
The victor's rage, with dreadful energy, 1245
Burst into flame : “ And shalt thou live to boast
My friend's dear spoils, and unatoned his ghost ?
Pallas—’tis Pallas who inflicts the blow !
He claims thy guilty blood, and immolates his foe.”

Speaking he struck · and, with the furious sword, 1250
Life's warm recesses in the breast explored.
Straight the chill nerves relax : clouds veil the sight ;
And the soul, groaning, springs in rage to night.

THE END.

N O T E S.

A VERY general prejudice has prevailed against the last six books of the *Aeneis*, on which we are now entering, as altogether inferior in matter and in execution to the six which precede them. I call it a prejudice, as I am satisfied that it rests on no solid foundation, and is to be overthrown by a just consideration of the nature of all works like the *Aeneis*, and by an impartial perusal of the books which are thus slandered. Of every long narrative poem some parts will necessarily shine above the rest; and, where there is much variety of subject, one topic will be more accommodated to the taste of the particular reader than another. The sacking of an imperial city; the death of a queen, devoting herself on the funeral pile under the impulse of love; the descent of a hero to the regions of the dead, with a display of all the terrors and the joys of futurity, are subjects of peculiar interest and magnificence. But of the connexion of a long poem they could form only certain portions or links; and, if the impression of their brightness be to destroy the effect of the concatenated work, the inevitable fate of the Poet is to be lamented, and he is to be considered as falling the necessary victim of his own ambition and greatness. If the reader, in short, will be satisfied with nothing which is not intensely pathetic or proudly sublime, he must be contented with an imperfect poem, and must suspend his perusal of the *Aeneis* when the hero has passed through the ivory gate. But the last six books of the *Aeneis* possess as essential a place in the symmetry of the poem as the six which are stationed before them. They contain, indeed, the principal part of the action; and, with abundant and appropriate excellence, they will be found as fully adequate to the occupation of the places, assigned to them in the great work, as those which they succeed. If we examine them, we shall discover that, besides its perfect adaptation to the plan of the poem, each book is rich in variety and is

distinguished by its discriminated character and beauties. In the seventh, the arrival of *Æneas* in the Tiber; the description of the court of Latinus; the dreadful eruption of the Fury to confound the league and supply probable motives for the war; and, lastly, the catalogue of the forces must strike every reader as the productions of poetry, delighting us with the beautiful, the grand, and the picturesque. In the eighth, the whole episode of Evander must universally be felt as charming; and the shield, fabricated by Vulcan, with its Roman charge, as well as the workshop and the workmen of the artist-god, cannot be otherwise than admired. To the ninth, the affecting story of Nisus and Euryalus communicate a peculiar interest. In the tenth, a battle between a disembarking army and an army upon the shore, a battle signalized by the death of Pallas, Lausns, and Mezentius, and in which the Phantom, that withdraws Turnus from the field, is most poetically conceived and delineated, arrests our attention with its novelty and importance. To this book also a catalogue of the Tuscan auxiliaries gives ornament and variety. The eleventh very powerfully engages us with the funeral of Pallas, the dissensions of the Latin council, an equestrian conflict, and the death of Camilla; and the twelfth, distinguished by its sudden changes of fortune and its great opulence of matter, may justly be classed, with reference to poetic merit and effect, with the most admired books of the poem.

If the reader should object to the abundance of fighting, to the sanguinary detail of wounds and of slaughter, which occurs in this division of the *Æneis*, he must be reminded that such are the favorite subjects of heroic song; that these battles were historically as well as poetically necessary for the great catastrophe of the poem; that their narration is relieved with a remarkable variety of circumstances; and that they are confined to the last four books of the poem; of which, after all, they occupy one only entirely, whilst they leave a large portion of the remaining three to incident of a different nature. If it must be allowed that the battles, which constitute the bulk of the *Ilias*, are superior to those in the *Æneis*; and that Homer describes the conflict like a spectator of the field, when Virgil arrays his troops and mixes them in combat as he is sitting in his study,

still must it be granted that the battles in the *Aeneis* are finely conceived and admirably delineated, and that there is more of what painters style *keeping* in these war-pieces, a more just subordination of power and effect in their several parts, than is discoverable in those of the Grecian bard. Where then are we to look for the imputed inferiority of this last half of the *Aeneis*? If any where, it must be found in the less perfect revision which it has received: in that part of it which belongs to the mechanical and not to the ideal process. The mind of the poet prevails equally throughout its whole extent: but the carelessness of his hand may occasionally be traced in it. It might probably have been brought to a higher polish: but the feat could have been achieved only by Virgil himself. On this subject, Heyne and Trapp have prefixed some very judicious remarks to this seventh book; and to them I will refer my learned or my English reader, observing only that this portion of the *Aeneis* stands not in need of the support of any critic; and requires nothing more, for the attainment of its just praise, than a full and impartial examination.

BOOK VIII.

Ver. 1.—Thou too, whose fostering cares Aeneas own'd, &c.

Tu quoque litoribus nostris Aeneia nutrix,

The introduction of *quoque* in this line (and I have not been inattentive to it in my translation) must refer to the death of Misenus, though separated from that of Caieta by the interposition nearly of the whole sixth book. These two events, with the consequence of each having imparted a name to a place on the coast of Italy, were immediately connected in the mind of the Poet; and he was, unquestionably, not aware that his readers, with their attentions diverted from the first death by the intervening mass of important matter, might not instantly discover the object of that reference, which is here

made, when he is speaking of the second. The whole of the opening part of this book (to v. 37th of the original, and 48th of the translation) is peculiarly and exquisitely beautiful.

Verse 48.—Now, Erato! attend:

Some critics have advanced that this part of the *Aeneis* is the commencement of a new and second action; and have adduced this invocation of the Muse in evidence of the truth of their assertion. But as well might they attempt to prove from the invocation of the Muses by Homer, when he is about to enumerate the forces of the contending armies, that he intended to begin an action distinct from the great action of his poem. This part of the action in the *Aeneis* is evidently that to which all that has preceded it is directly referable; and to invoke the Muse is customary with our Poet, whenever any events of especial importance are to be related by him. His choice of Erato on this occasion, as the subject of his invocation, has fancifully been supposed to be in consequence of the love, which is imputed as the cause of the sanguinary conflicts of the succeeding books. If, in the beginning of the fourth book, the Poet had invoked this peculiar Muse, whose name designates her as the Muse of love, I should have concurred in the opinion of his appropriated design. But the poets, as is well known, frequently invoke any of the Muses indifferently, whatever may be their particular topic; and here, Erato, as I feel persuaded, is invoked merely as the representative of the sisterhood of Parnassus. Love, indeed, has very little concern with the action in the last six books of the *Aeneis*. Without any reference to the princess, *Aeneas* solicits for nothing more than an establishment in Italy; and it is remarkable that he mentions her only once, when, on the contingency of his victory over Turnus, he proposes to give her name to the city which he shall build. She was, as it were, forced upon him by Fate and the gods, for the incorporation of the two nations; and she seems to have engaged very little if any of his attention. Even with Turnus, who was the lady's avowed lover, pride and a sense of invaded rights, rather than love, appear to have been the influencing motives of conduct. The maiden, indeed, herself, as there can

be no question, was attached to Turnus, and prayed as is probable, very fervently, with her mother, for the destruction of the alien and intrusive Aeneas. But her inclinations are without effect upon the action. She is the entire property of her father and of the state; and she is more a mute, among the persons of the drama, than Glycerium (for Glycerium does utter a few words behind the scene) in the Andria of Terence. Lavinia, in short, has nothing to do in the piece but to blush and to weep and to wait the decision of the war.

Verse 58.—The sceptre, now in age, Latinus sway'd;

It has been objected that the character of Latinus is not elevated to the heroic standard, and is too little to fill the throne of Laurentum, and to satisfy the grandeur of the epic Muse. It must be confessed that the good old king has not much of the hero in his composition. He is good-natured, inoffensive, pacific, superstitious, perhaps also a little too submissive to his more heroic queen; and, if he had been committed in any way against Aeneas, this objection to the unimportance of his character might be allowed to have force. But Turnus is the antagonist who is raised to throw splendor on Aeneas; and the quiet Latinus is precisely fitted to the niche which is prepared for him. He is drawn with discrimination: his sentiments are never wrong; his counsels are always judicious, and none of his acts are of a nature to degrade him. On the propriety of introducing, into the epic, characters, (like the Thersites of Homer,) decidedly mean or burlesque, there may be a question: but in its action, (as in every action conducted by human beings) there must be a diversity, and, of course, a disparity in its agents; and if none are admitted into it of a species inconsistent with its general object, characters so adversarious to its nature as to disturb and counteract its effect, the poet cannot be charged with a fault.

Verse 216.—High in the city, 'midst a holy wood, &c.

This description of the sacred palace of Laurentum is highly poetic and picturesque. Circe must have been either the wife or the mistress of Picus, whom she treats with so much severity; for through her lay the claim of Latinus to his descent from her

father, the Sun; as we find the pedigree of the Latian king distinguished in the twelfth book:

..... *Cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen.*

Ver. 367.—But now from Argos, through the liquid day,
Jove's cruel consort held sublime her way.

This sudden disappointment of the just expectations of the Trojans, by the interference of Juno, forms a new embarrassment of the plot, which is happily conceived and productive of much effect. The evocation of the Fury, on this occasion, and her subsequent agency, are nobly imagined and in the highest strain of poetry. The sublimity of this part of the Æneis is particularly noticed by Juvencal, who alludes to it in a fine passage of his seventh satire. Dryden in this place has gone perversely out of his way to make Juno, inconsistently with her high dignity, pay a visit to the Fury in her Stygian home.

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Allecto from the infernal seat, &c.

Verse 447.—Who, with the woman heaving in her breast, &c.

The conduct of Amata is highly natural, though it may not be precisely fashioned according to the model of modern manners and etiquette. Nothing could be more justifiable than her preference of Turnus, as a son in law, to Æneas, a stranger and an exile. The excesses into which she was hurried, in her opposition to the Trojan alliance, were the consequences of Alecto's influence; the effects of the *Viperea anima* which the Fury had breathed into her bosom.

Ver. 504.—There, “Evoë! Bacchus!” shouts, “for only thou
Art worthy, Bacchus! of the virgin’s vow.

Trapp, who seldom deserts his author, either from ignorance or under the seduction of fancy, wanders from him strangely in

this passage; misled, as it should seem, by Ruæus, whose interpretations are sometimes most perversely wrong. There can be no doubt that the three lines, beginning with *Evoë Bacche!* and ending with *pascere crinem*, are spoken by Amata; who consecrates her daughter to Bacchus, by promising that she shall bear his Thyrus, join in the dances around his shrine, and cherish her hair, now sacred to him, that it may float in his orgies. Here Amata ceases to speak; and the Poet says, that, the same of what she had done flying abroad, the Latian matrons, repairing from their houses to the mountains, under the impulse of a similar enthusiasm, unite with her in her mystic ceremonies. All this appears to me to be spirited and clear: but Ruæus and Trapp make the passage quite flat, and distort it into something which approaches to nonsense, by removing the full stop after *crinem*, and blending, *Fama volat*, with the preceding sentence, e. g.

•
..... Loud she cries;
Evoë Bacchus! who alone deservest
The virgin bride: for *thee* (*so Fame reports*)
The female train the soft vine-javelins wield:
Thee they surround: *their* consecrated locks
For thee *they* nourish.”

TRAPP.

Why, we may ask, should it be necessary for Fame to report that the Bacchants carried the thyrsus, that they danced round the god of their worship, and that they cherished a length of hair, when all these circumstances were the common subjects of popular cognizance? Into such absurdities will men of sense and learning occasionally be betrayed! A commentator may sometimes be guilty of a false interpretation: but, when his error is glaring, we feel surprised that a subsequent translator should adopt it.

The consecrating of the hair to some particular god was an act of devotion not unusual in the times of remote antiquity. In the Ilias (¶. 141.) we find that Achilles had thus consecrated his locks to the river god, Sperchius.

Στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς, ξανθὴν ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,
Τὴν δὲ Σπερχειῶν ποταμῶν πρέφε τηλεθίσταγον.

In the Bacchæ of Euripides, when Pentheus threatens to cut off the hair of Bacchus, the latter replies;

'Ιερὸς ὁ πλόκαμος τῷ Δεῷ δ' αὐτὸν τρέφω.

In the sacred history we know that the locks of Samson were consecrated; and that to keep the head unshorn was part of the vow of a Nazarite. Long hair was especially necessary for those who celebrated the mysteries of Bacchus, as, in these frantic orgies, it was thrown about in the wildest dishevel. This we learn from all the ancient representations of the Bacchants or Mænades, whether given to us by the pen or the chisel. In a passage of the above cited drama of Euripides, this mad tossing of the locks, with the shoutings, the dancings, and the waving of pine torches, (the *flagrans pinus* of Virgil) practised in the nocturnal worship of their god by the Bacchæ, is admirably though concisely described.

'Ο Βακχεὺς δ' ἔχω
Πυξσάδην φλόγα πεύχας,
'Εκ γάρ θηκος ἀίσσει,
Δρόμῳ καὶ χοροῖς ἐρεθίζων πλανάτας,
'Ιαχαῖς τ' ἀναπάλλων,
Τρεφεῖν πλόκαμον εἰς αἰθέρα ρίπτων.

BAC. 145.

Verse 530.—And call'd their rising walls by Ardea's name. &c.

The common reading in this place is *Ardua*, as the original name of the city, altered, by the innovation of time, into *Ardea*. I am persuaded, with Heyne, that the sole name intended by Virgil was *Ardea*; and I cannot discover, with Trapp, any difficulty in the construction of the passage. “By our ancestors the place was called Ardea. Ardea remains a great name: but her fortunes are past.” In the time of Virgil the city of Turnus was in ruins. The common reading gives an improbable etymology of the name from a modern Latin word, and rather perplexes the sentence. The more likely derivation of the name was from *Ardea*, a heron, which was a bird of augury. I shall not notice the other interpretation of the passage, which regards *avis* as the nominative case in apposition with *Ardea*,

and compels, of course, a translation very different from mine, viz. "The place was called Ardea, *a bird* :" for to be rejected it needs only to be exposed.

Verse 535.—Alecto now disarms her Stygian form, &c.

The Alecto of our author, as she acts in this instance, has been closely copied by Tasso ; who, in his ninth canto, represents the same Fury as appearing in a similar way to Soliman, and urging him to blood and revenge. In the Jerusalem she assumes the semblance of an old man, as she does here of an old priestess, and her speech has much of the same character. Her portrait, however, by the Italian is very inferior, in terrible dignity, to that by the Roman artist, and will not bear to be placed by its side.

Verse 621.—A stag of beauteous form, &c.

The death of a tame stag, the favorite of a country girl, has been considered by some critics, and among others by the lively Voltaire, as a cause inadequate to the production of a war. But it seems to me that these ingenuous men have taken either an imperfect or an erroneous view of the subject. The effective causes of the war between the Latins and the Trojans, were the invaded interests of Turnus, warmly espoused by the queen and possessing, by her influence and by his own popularity, as a native and an heroic prince, the sympathy of the Latin people. The death of the tame stag is introduced merely as an accessory to the principal causes, and for the purpose of exasperating the mind of the rustic population : and surely nothing could be better adapted to the design for which it was introduced. The stag, which was killed, belonged to the family of Tyrrhens, a man who, from his office, was of prime authority among the landholders and peasantry of Latium, a man also of considerable consequence in the state, as we subsequently find his sons commanding the rear of the Latin army : the creature, likewise, was killed (and this circumstance must not be overlooked) by strangers, intruding upon their coasts, who would naturally be the objects of popular animosity and suspicion. In the fray,

which, in the common course of things, ensues, Latian blood is shed, the blood of one of the sons of Tyrrheus himself, and of a man renowned throughout the country for the extent of his possessions and the amiableness of his character: nay, to give greater aggravation to the offense in this last instance, the man is slain as he is endeavouring to pacify the irritated parties, and to mediate a peace. Surely then the death of the tame stag, with all its dependence of concatenated events, cannot be regarded as too trivial to be admitted among the co-operating causes which hurried the Latins into war. If it had been assigned as the chief, or even as the sole cause of the hostilities between the nations, I am not certain that I could have condemned it for inadequacy to its effect. Nothing, in fact, is little which is naturally and firmly connected with an important result. The whole description of the stag is highly beautiful.

Ver. 662.—So loud the peal, that all the forests shake:

The hint of this sublime passage is derived from one in the Argonautics of Apollonius, in which similar effects are ascribed to the hissing of the serpent that guarded the golden fleece. But Virgil has finely improved what he has borrowed; and is, at the same time, much more happy than the Grecian poet in his application of the idea. To say that the hissing of a serpent, however large and terrible the creature might be, was heard over distant regions, is surely hyperbolical, and something approaching to bombast: but the peal of a horn, inspired with the Tartarean breath of a Fury, might alarm and shake the earth. To gratify my English readers, I will subjoin a translation of the passage in question from Apollonius, by my friend, Mr. Wrangham. The scholar may refer to the original in the fourth book of the Argonautics, v.129.

.ροίξει δὲ πελώριον &c.

The dragon hiss'd: the waving woods around,
And Phasis' winding banks return'd the sound.

In Colchian ears, from bright 'Titans far,
Rung long and loud the terror-breathing jar,
Where, from Araxes sunder'd, Lycus glides,
And with swift Phasis blends his hallow'd tides.
Their common flood the mingling rivers pour,
A mighty tribute on the Euxine shore.
Sprung the new mother from her bed of pain,
Shivering, and clasp'd her babe with closer strain;
(Her babe, by that dire terror roused from rest)
As scared he lay, soft-pillowed on her breast.

This passage in Virgil we find imitated by Statius (*Thebaid.* i. 118.) by whom all its terrible circumstances are considerably aggravated.

Verse 724.—Amsanctus' vale, &c.

The vale of Amsanctus, now known (as it is said) by the name of Nesanto, lies in the midst of the Appenines, and, according to the description of it, by Mr. Holdsworth who visited it, is a place admirably adapted to the egress of the Fury, on her return to Tartarus from the regions of light. The precise site of this horrid vale has been disputed: but I consider Mr: Holdsworth's account of it to be the best; and his description very accurately corresponds with that by Virgil. I will transcribe, however, from the page of a more modern traveller, the description of another place, reported by the tradition of the country to be the Amsanctus of our Poet. But I suspect, from the similarity of their situation, and the strong resemblance of their features, that both these places are the same, though one of them is distinguished by the name of Nesanto and the other by that of the Moffetta.

“ Next morning he accompanied us four miles to the Moffetta, supposed to be the same with the *Amsancti vallis*, through which Virgil makes the Fury, Alecto, descend to hell. Its dark hanging wood, rumbling noise, and curling vortex agree perfectly well with the present appearances. We were led into a narrow valley, extending a considerable way to the southwest, and pressed in on both sides by high ridges thickly covered with copses of oak. The bottom of the dell is bare and arid.

In the lowest part, and close under one of the hills, is an oval pond of muddy ash-coloured water, not above fifty feet in diameter; it boils up in several places with great force in irregular fits, which are always preceded by a hissing sound. The water was several times spouted up as high as our heads in a diagonal direction, a whirlpool being formed round the tube, like a basin, to receive it as it fell. A large body of vapour is continually thrown out with a loud rumbling noise. The stones, on the rising ground that hangs over the pool, are quite yellow, being stained with the fumes of sulphur and sal ammoniac. A most nauseous smell, rising with the steam, obliged us to watch the wind and keep clear of it to avoid suffocation," &c.—Swinburne's Travels, vol. i. 128. Dublin Edition. 1783.

Verse 770.—A custom through Hesperia's realms obtain'd; &c.

All this passage, respecting the temple of Janus, is in a style of much grandeur; and the subsequent description, of the arming of Italy, is highly animated and what may be called picturesque. On the subject of the catalogue I have already offered some general remarks in my preface; and to descend into a minute commentary on its particular parts would lead me very far beyond my prescribed limits. In the eighth excursus of Heyne, subjoined to this seventh book, the scholar will find all the learned information which can be obtained on this display of the learning as well as the poetry of Virgil.

Verse 848.—Then Aventinus drove along the field, &c.

I am far from regarding it as the indispensable duty of the poet to exhibit, in the subsequent action of his poem, all the personages whom he may think it right to introduce into his catalogue. But Aventinus is here displayed with so much magnificence and such singular delineation, that I am sorry not subsequently to meet him in the tumult of the battle. This son of Hercules, when he was thus brought into the field, should not have been left among the undistinguished and nameless multitude.

*Verse 899.—But he, who vaunted Neptune for his sire,
Not doom'd to feel the stroke of steel or
fire, &c.*

Messapus, as it may be remarked, is not represented as absolutely invulnerable; and nothing more is affirmed in this passage, respecting him, than that it was not permitted (*non fas*) to wound him. To the introduction, in this place, of an invulnerable hero I should strongly have objected, as more suitable to the romance of Ovid than to the epic propriety of Virgil, and as not adapted to the station assigned to this particular chief. In the presence of an invulnerable hero, who required not the protection of the shield and the cuirass, all the less privileged heroes, even Turnus and Æneas, would have been of inferior consequence, and could not properly have been placed in the first class of heroic power. But Messapus was defended from wounds only, as we may infer, by the watchful guardianship of his father, Neptune. He was not wounded, as we know: but, with less good fortune, (the consequence of his father's providence) he might have been wounded.

*Ver. 918.—So justly in their ranks the troops engage,
They seem not men that feel the battle's rage:
But birds resemble, &c.*

*Nec quisquam æratus acies ex agmine tanto
Misceri putet, aëriam sed gurgite ab alto
Urgueri volucrum raukarum ad litora nubem.*

Trapp cannot reconcile himself to this assimilating of a body of armed men to a flock of birds. In his note on this passage, he says, "This simile is finely expressed, and is in all respects a very good simile. But, why a number of armed men, though *they were singing*, should be taken for birds rather than men, I confess I do not well understand. It were sufficient one would think that *they were so far like birds*," &c. But Trapp did not perceive the precise object of this comparison, which was to give the idea of that order and perfect regularity with which the

troops of Messapus kept their ranks when they engaged. When they are represented as marching in review and singing the praises of their king, they are likened to a flock of swans uttering their melodious notes over the Cayster; and here the harmony of their voices is the object to be illustrated: but subsequently the object of illustration is the exactness of the order which they preserve in the tumult of battle, implied by the word *Misceri*; and for this purpose the Poet says, you would not take them for men mingling in conflict; but for birds as they steer in phalanx over the sea. This is evidently the Poet's meaning; and he could not have exemplified by a juster image the regular array of a military body. The plan and order observed by certain gregarious birds of passage, in their transit to distant countries, have frequently been noticed: but never more agreeably than by Savary in his Letters from Greece. This entertaining traveller says: "A new scene now presents itself to view! An innumerable multitude of swans and cranes are sailing on the waters, ranged in files like soldiers in order of battle. Each of these files is upwards of a quarter of a league in length; and we have counted thirty of them, all swimming in a similar direction. The head of this army terminates in a point, and resembles the prow of a ship. They all keep their posts notwithstanding the motion of the waves, with which they alternately rise and fall. Their plumage, which is of a dazzling white, forms an admirable contrast with the transparent greenness of the waters. Further on we discover another troop, disposed in the same manner; and all have their heads turned towards Africa, to which they steer in concert.—But, bark! they are in full cry: their leaders have given the signal, and the winged navigators rise into the air, and fly all together, directing their course to the south. To cleave this element also with facility, they range themselves in the form of a triangle the vertex of which is a very acute angle."

LETTER X.

In this instance, as I shall in another from the same pleasing and intelligent traveller, I cite from a translation, not having the original immediately at hand.

Verse 929.—. Velinus' Rosean glades:

Rosea rura Velini, are the *campi Roseæ* (the fields of Rosea) a small district of peculiar fertility and beauty, bordering on the lake Velinus. Of this I was not, of course, ignorant (for no scholar could be ignorant of it) when, in my first edition, I wrote the passage in question—*Velinus' roseate glades*. But I thought that it was allowable, in so trifling an instance, to submit the precise meaning of the original to the taste of the English reader. I have now, however, restored *Rosea* to its rank as a proper name; and, as far as I know, I am the only translator of my author who has been thus faithful to him. My roses have vanished: but they have been strown upon the altar of truth.

*Ver. 1026.—Great Turnus wields his arms: above his crest
Chimæra pours her flame-engendering breast:*

The Soldan in the ninth canto of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, is crested with a similar monster: increasing in apparent fierceness with the swelling fury of the battle. The passage shall be given, together with Mr. Hoole's translation; which in this instance is preferable, as I think, to that by Fairfax.

*Porta il Soldan su l'elmo orrido e grande
Serpe che si dilunga e'l collo snoda :
Su le zampe s'inalza, e l'ali spande,
E piega in arco la forcuta coda ;
Par che tre lingue vibri, e che fuor mande
Livida spuma, e che 'l suo fischio s'oda :
Ed or ch'arde la pugna, anch'ei s'infiamma
Nel moto, e fumo versa insieme e fiamma.*

A dragon on his casque the Soldan wore,
That stretching bends his arching neck before,
High on his feet he stands with spreading wings;
And wreaths his forked tail in spiry rings.

Three brandish'd tongues the sculptured monster shows:
He seems to kindle as the combat glows:
His gaping jaws appear to hiss with ire,
And vomit mingled smoke and rugdy fire.

Verse 1056.—To these Camilla brought her Volscian aid; &c.

This portrait of the volscian heroine has universally been admired, and she is made by the Poet the subject of our warm interest from her birth to her death. Her presence also gives a striking variety to the scene. But after all, with the precedent of the fabulous Amazons and of the historic Norman dames, who fought by the side of their husbands in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, I cannot thoroughly reconcile myself to this introduction of a female warrior, who shows herself superior to the male combatants, not in courage only but, in personal prowess. The bodily force of women is checked, as we know, by the operation of Nature; and to see them triumphing in the exertion of their sanguinary might in the battle, rather shocks probability, if it be not offensive to our feelings. The supposition of Pitt, that the squadrons led by Camilla were all females like herself, strikes me as very strange. The four female combatants, Larina, Tulla, Tarpeia and Acca, who fought by her side, are particularly specified and discriminated from her other troops, who unquestionably were male. Pitt's translation of *tota cohors* (all the troops of Camilla) *Ad terram defluxit equis,*" is

'The beauteous band alight with equal speed.

BOOK VIII.
—

A LARGE portion of this book must be considered as episode, though some of it immediately belongs, and all of it (if we except the story of Caen) incidentally and most naturally introduced) is directly and solidly fastened to the main action of the poem. That remarkable variety in the *Aeneis*, which was the subject of my notice in the preface, is here very forcibly displayed. From the busy scene in Latium, where all was tumult and alarm and warlike preparation, we are here suddenly transported to the sequestered residence of peace, and are entertained with the localities of that remarkable spot, which was subsequently to be crowned with the towers of Rome. To the Roman reader this part of the *Aeneis* must have been peculiarly interesting: but for the reader of any nation it possesses a fascinating charm. There is not a book of the poem which I peruse with more pleasure: or one perhaps which has been more successfully labored by its author. The power and the triumph of the poet are every where exhibited throughout its course. For some able and judicious observations on the shield of *Aeneas*, which forms the splendid termination of this book, I will refer my reader to a dissertation on it by the late Mr. W. Whitehead, which may be found at the end of the third volume of Dr. Warton's edition of the works of

Ver. 4.—As clang'd the chieftain's arms, and rush'd his car;

Utque acres concussit equos, utque impulit arma.

The clashing upon the shield with the spear, which I conceive to be what is meant in this place by *impulit arma*, was a common signal of warlike rage and defiance practised by the Grecian and the Roman soldiers before they proceeded to battle; and I notice it merely to point the attention of my reader to a very noble

passage in the first book of the *Paradise Lost*, where the legions of Satan express in a similar manner their warlike defiance of Heaven.

He said; and to confirm his words out flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty cherubim: the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined hell: highly they raged
 Against the highest; and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

Ver. 27.—As when, in polish'd brass, the trembling stream
 Reflects the radiant moon, or solar beam; &c.

This simile is borrowed from the third book of the *Argonautics* (l. 754.) where it is employed by Apollonius to illustrate the agitation of the mind of Medea, trembling at the danger to which her lover, Jason, was soon to be exposed. In his accustomed style, Virgil has heightened and embellished what he has taken from the Greeian poet.

Ver. 38.—His limbs an azure mantle loosely dress'd;
 And his green locks a crown of reeds compress'd.

I pause for a moment on this description of the river-god, Tiber, merely for the purpose of remarking on a note of Dr. Warton's, upon the passage, which has just met my eye. "To this remark" (a remark of no consequence by Spence) says Dr. W. "I shall beg leave to subjoin, that the moderns, as well as the ancients, are apt to fall into this mixed allegory; not only in speaking of rivers, and river-gods; but in (on) other subjects, where the deity presiding over, and the thing presided over are confounded and put indiscriminately one for the other. Thus Thomson:

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
 While Autumn:.....

Thus far we have some idea of a personage representing the season, Autumn, crown'd with a sickle (which by the way is odd) and the wheatsheaf. But what follows?

..... nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on.....

Here ‘nodding’ applied to the god, Autumn, is plainly an epithet belonging to the corn, over which he presided,” &c.

In this remark of his, this ingenious man, for whose taste I feel much respect, is unquestionably wrong; for that part of the imagery, which he notices only as odd, is complete nonsense, and that part which he censures is perfectly accurate. To be crown'd with a sickle affirms an absurdity; but “nodding” is a human action, and strictly consistent with the personality (not deity) attributed by the poet to Autumn. If the epithet had been “waving,” the critic’s observation would have been just. May I trifle a little longer on this subject, and suggest that if Thomson had written “crown’d by the sickle” i.e. by the instrumentality of the sickle, as a conqueror may be said to be crowned in consequence of the power of his sword, the expression, with some effort of ingenuity, might have been defended.

From our Tiber Pope has drawn his Thames in his Windsor Forest.

High in the midst, upon his arm reclined,
(His sea-green mantle floating in the wind)
The God appeared.

*Ver. 58.—..... Arcadian bands,
Evander’s comrades, hold the neighb’ring lands.*

Evander, as is generally agreed by ancient authors, was a king of Arcadia, who led a colony of his countrymen, (at a somewhat earlier period than that assigned to the event by Virgil,) to the banks of the Tiber, where he founded a town on that hill, upon which the first walls of Rome were subsequently erected. To this town he gave the name of Pallanteum, either from the name of a village, called Pallanteum, in Arcadia, or, as Virgil tells us, from that of Pallas, one of his royal ancestors: and from this

Pallanteum were derived the Roman^t Palatinus and Palatum. The particular cause of Evander's emigration is variously stated; and Servius informs us that it was the death of his father, of which he had been the accidental occasion. He was accompanied in his exile by his mother, Nicostrata; who from her prophetic strains (*fatiæca carmina*) obtained in Italy the name of Carmentis. Of Argus, of whom Evander speaks as having been his guest, and murdered whilst under the protection of that sacred character, we have very little information. It is only said that, being suspected of treasonable designs, he was slain in an insurrection of the people.

*Verse 111.—At the new sight of ships and martial brass,
The waves and forests wonder as they pass.*

This navigation of the Tiber is described with much picturesque effect. Nothing can be more beautiful than the picture, which is here offered to the imagination, of armed vessels gliding amid forests over the bosom of a placid and sequestered river; and presenting to the pacific scene, for the first time, a spectacle of warlike exhibition. The contrast of the cottages of Evander with the proleptical view of their successors, the palaces of Rome; the address of Æneas to the Arcadian king, whom he finds sacrificing in a grove, with the reply of the venerable sovereign, and the subsequent story of the monster Cacus, are all in a strain of equal beauty and poetry, conceived by the mind and executed with the hand of a master.

*Verse 199.—From Salamis the princely train pursued
Their devious course, and cold Arcadia view'd.*

There is something peculiarly pleasing in all this passage, as it revives the past generation, and brings us into immediate fellowship with Priam and Anchises, in the full lustre of their fortunes and in their pride of heroic beauty and prowess. Arcadia, a mountainous country in the middle of the Peloponnesus, is remarkable for the coldness of its atmosphere, with reference to its latitude and to the general climate of Greece. From the

report of an intelligent and veracious modern traveller, Dr. Holland, who speaks from his own experience, an Arcadian winter may vie, in the intensity of cold, with a winter on the banks of the Elbe or the Vistula. For the information and entertainment of my readers, I will transcribe the passage, in Dr. Holland's narrative, to which I refer:

"After traversing it," (the plain of Tripolizza) "for some distance, the excessive cold and the impossibility of keeping the track compelled us to stop for the night at the village of Steno; where, in a wretched hovel, we huddled, together with a family of twelve people, over the embers of a wood fire. The cold, however, was such, that, even in this situation, we could procure no warmth. At seven the next morning my thermometer stood at 18° ; and I afterwards learnt at Tripolizza that, at six o'clock, it was as low as 16° of Fahrenheit. We continued our way to this city through the snow, actually crossing a considerable stream on horseback over the ice. Arrived at Tripolizza, we obtained a lodgings in the house of Theodosius, the Greek dragoman to the Pasha of the Morea; which might have been comfortable but for a degree of cold which neither the construction of the Greek houses, nor the nature of the fuel, the Greeks employ, are at all fitted to obviate. At 3 p. m: this day, the thermometer was at 29° , and it continued below the freezing point for the three succeeding days which we passed in this city, the wind being chiefly from the north and north-east. It had been my design to have made an excursion from Tripolizza to the site of the ancient Sparta, which is little more than thirty miles distant: but the snow lay so deeply on the intervening country that the route was deemed impracticable; and no one would consent to attend us. A Tartar arrived from Patras on the evening of the 29th" (of Jan. 1913) "so much affected by the frost, that I was obliged to have recourse to active means to save one of his feet. In short, the degree and continuance of the cold were such as I scarcely recollect to have experienced in England, and this in the very centre of Arcadia."—*Holland's Travels*, p. 426.

To a country, of which the climate is exposed to such a winter as is here described, well might our Poet attach the epithet of cold; and speak of the *Arcadia gelidos—fines.*

Ver. 323.—His starting eyeballs, and his strangled breath.

It is strange that Dryden, Trapp, and Pitt should represent the *cyes* of Cacus as torn, or scooped out of their sockets, by the singers, of course, of Hercules, when, immediately afterwards, the people are described as gazing on the terrible *cyes* (*terribiles oculos*) as well as on the countenance and the shaggy breast of this half-bestial monster. The *elisi oculi* are only the strained and projecting eyes of a strangled man.

Then from their sockets tore his burning cyes:

DRYDEN.

.....,..... scoops out his eyes.

TRAPP.

.. And from their caverns tore the balls of sight.

PITT.

Ver. 332.—Potitius first and the Pinarian race, &c.

Of the Potitian and Pinarian families, in which the priesthood of the Grecian Hercules descended, some account is given in the first book of Livy. The former of these continued till the censorship of Appius Claudius, A. U. C. 448; the latter till a much later period: but the time of its extinction is not precisely ascertained. The *ara maxima*, said to have been erected by Evander, was in the *forum boarium*, or ox-market of Rome.

Ver. 362.—“Thy hand, unconquer’d Hero! also slew, &c.

This beautiful transition, from the third to the second person, has very generally been admired, and the fine imitation of it by Milton, in the evening prayer of our first parents in Paradise, has been the subject of equal notice and applause.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood;
Both turn’d and, under open sky, adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven

Which they beheld; the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole:—"Thou also madest the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day;" &c.

B. iv. 1720.

Doctor Warton, who cites this passage from Milton, cites another of the same nature from a poem, which I conceive to be too much neglected, the "Leonidas" of Glover.*

..... If the hand
Of Oromasdes on precarious life
Shed wealth and pleasure, soon the infernal god
With wild excess or avarice blasts the joy.
"Thou, Oromasdes! victory dost give.
By thee with fame the regal head is crown'd:" &c.

B. iii. 55.

In the "Leonidas" are to be found some beautiful strains of poetry; and its author, however he may be now overlooked, was no ordinary man. His head was illuminated, and his heart upright and large.

• • •
*Verse 443.—Even then the dread religion of the place
With holy horror struck the peasant race:*

To introne, from the remotest times, on the summit of the Capitoline hill a visible Divinity, arrayed in all the terrors of the monarch of the Gods, was a sublime idea, which has been executed as nobly as it was conceived. I never read the passage without being affected by its awful grandeur. The darkness, with which Virgil has in this place surrounded the majesty of the God and has described as emanating from his *ægis* (*ægida migrantem*) is productive of the most sublime effect. In the Holy Scriptures darkness is attributed as an attendant on the glory of the Almighty. "It was dark under his feet."—"He made his pavilion of dark waters and thick clouds to cover him," &c. &c. How nobly Milton has availed himself of this idea is too generally known to require to be pointed out.

..... How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all ruling Sire

Choose to reside;
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throue.

PAR. LOST. ii. 268.

There is something* peculiarly sublime and awful in the simple idea of darkness.

Ver. 459.—And saw herds graze where now, in high command,
 Rome's forum and the rich Carinæ stand.

To a Roman, in the days of Virgil, this opposition of the former poverty of the place to its present grandeur, in consequence of the greatness of Rome, must have been wonderfully striking and particularly gratifying. To a modern Roman, who observes this identical spot restored to its former humility, in the *foro vaccino*, the effect must be of a very different character. The Carinæ were a street belonging to the subdivision of the Exquiliæ in the fifth region of the city. The houses of Cicero, Pompey, M. Antony, and many of the other great men of Rome, were in this street; and from this circumstance it is distinguished in this passage by the epithet of *lautæ*, rich or splendid. By Heyne, the Carinæ are placed in the fourth region of the city: but, on the authority of Olaus Borrichius, I conceive him to have been mistaken.

Verse 464.—Dare to spurn wealth, and like the god be great!

I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of citing Dryden on this occasion, who expresses sentiments in this instance, which must necessarily be mine, in language peculiarly forcible and happy. “What modern language,” says this great man, “or what poet can express the majestic beauty of this one verse amongst a thousand others:

*Aude, hospes ! contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
 Finge deo,*

For my own part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think on it; and myself when I translate it." Pitt, possibly, was not molested with any similar feeling when he translated it:

•Thou too as nobly raise thy soul above
All pomps, and emulate the son of Jove!

Dryden has performed better: but much cannot be said even of his success.

Verse 539.—The thunder now was swelling in their hands:

This whole description, of the labors of the Cyclopean servants of Vulcan, is very grand and magnificent. Their thunderbolt is composed of three material and three ideal ingredients—the former referring to its cause, and the latter to its effect.

Ver. 579.—The morn's white ray, and song of earliest bird
Awake Evander in his lowly shed;

The ideas which are here suggested to us, in their association with the simplicity of life in the heroic ages, are delightful to the imagination. The substitution of *alba* for *alma* in the original, (*lux suscitat alma,*) was a favorite correction with the late learned and ingenious Gilbert Wakefield, on which I have heard him converse with the endeavour to support it. But it is not abetted by any MS. and, as unnecessary, must consequently be rejected. In my translation I adopt it; but that circumstance is of no consequence. G. Wakefield's proposed change extended to the following verse, which he would write,

Et matutinos volucrum sub culmine cantus.

Ver. 788-90.—For there the god of fire,

Had wrought Italia's deeds in days to come;

If I were to enter into any observations on this celebrated shield of Aeneas, I should be led much beyond the limits as-

signed to my present notes. I must, therefore, refer my readers to the ingenious and just remarks on it which have been made by Mr. W. Whitehead. I shall content myself with suggesting, as a general caution to the reader, that the sculpture on the shield is here described and explained by the Poet; and that, consequently, the motion and successive action, seemingly attributed in some instances to the figures, belong to the explanation which sometimes mingles the future with the present. The painter or the sculptor can give only one point of action: but he who explains the painting or the sculpture will naturally illustrate its design.

Verse 832.—The shields of destiny, that fell from heaven;

*
..... *lapsa ancilia cælo.*

The *ancilia* were small, unangular, and (as some say) oval targets which were hallowed by the faith of Rome, and consigned to the guardianship of a peculiar college of priests, twelve in number, and called the Salii. One of these shields was reported to have fallen from heaven in the time of Numa, accompanied by a voice, which declared that the city where it was preserved should be the most powerful of states. For its greater security, therefore, other targets were made so precisely resembling it, as not to be distinguishable from the genuine *ancile*. As it was impossible to translate a word, thus appropriated to a specific object of Roman superstition, I have called these targets "The shields of destiny," in allusion to the fable from which they derived their sanctity. I thought that some explanation of my expression, in this place, was necessary; or I would not have obtruded on my readers this note of school-boy information.

"The fleecy crowns," *Lanigeri apices*, are the caps which were worn by the Flamens, or, more properly perhaps, the tufts of red wool, with which these caps were surmounted, and from which, as some imagine, the name of this class of priests was derived: *Flamines* from *flamma*, in reference to their flame-colored crests.

*Verse 841.—And, far apart, in bright Elysium's breast,
Cato appear'd, presiding o'er the bless'd.*

I cannot but be surprised at the opinion of those, who insist that the person, who is here so honorably distinguished, is not the younger but the elder Cato. The circumstance, of his being immediately opposed in this passage to Catilæne, is surely decisive of the question in favor of the former. The murderous conspirator is placed in Tartarus, the undaunted patriot, by whom he was resisted, in Elysium. That, in another part of his poem, Virgil has assigned a different situation to suicides among the dead, is an argument without weight on the occasion. A poet is not to be compelled to such rigorous consistency; and, though the multitude of suicides might be condemned to a state of middle punishment, one illustrious soul might be exempted from their lot, and stationed, by the power of his virtues, among the blessed with the *

..... . . . manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi.

Beside, it is to be remarked that the suicides, whom Virgil represents as suffering in Hades, are they who wantonly threw away their lives from the mere impatience of existence;

..... . . . qui sibi letum
Insontes peperere manu; lucemque perosi
Projecere animas;

and not they, with whom the act of self-destruction was justified by the motive, or consecrated by the cause in which it was committed. The Athenian youth, who destroyed himself to avoid the contaminating violence of Demetrius, would not have been placed in a state of punishment by Virgil, or even, perhaps, by a Christian Divine. Even Dido, by the lax consistency of our Poet, is placed in a region separated from that of the common suicides. That the ear of Augustus was patient of the praise of the stern republican, who slew himself at Utica, is sufficiently proved by the

..... *Catonis*
Nobile letum.

of Horace.

Verse 894.—As o'er the waves Iäpix swells her sail,

Iäpix was a wind which, prevailing in Apulia, derived its Roman name from the name of that country, which anciently was called Iäpyx. Its course was to the south-east; and, therefore, directly favorable to Cleopatra in her flight toward Egypt. The wind, as may be inferred from the accounts of those who have recorded this memorable battle, shifted during the engagement from the south-east to the north-west, from the former of which points it had favored the sailing of the fleet of Octavius when it proceeded to meet the enemy; and from the latter, it now speeded the flight of Antony's forces towards the Peloponnesus and Egypt.

Verse 909.—Respects the people's offerings, &c.

Dona recognoscit populum, &c.

Donatis refectisque militibus, xxxiv. diebus prædam RECOGNOSIT, says the historian respecting Alexander, after the battle of Arbela.

JUST. xi. 14.

BOOK IX.

IN this book we are brought back to the scene of war; and from the board of Evander we are hurried at once into the tumult of battles. Here, indeed, the contending parties are for the first time committed in the field; and the whole book is occupied with their conflict. As *Æneas* is absent, our attention is principally directed to the exploits of *Turnus*, who is here covered with glory that he may eventually augment that of his conqueror. The transformation of the ships, into sea-nymphs, has very generally been censured as a fiction too extravagant to be admitted by the epic Muse. Trapp, in particular, whose partiality for Virgil makes him slow in the discovery of his favorite's blemishes, is highly offended by it. He rejects every precedent which has been offered, from the classic mythology, for the violence of the change, and says: "After all which M. Segrais urges concerning the similitude in nature between a ship and a sea-nymph, for timber and cables to be changed into goddesses, is an idea which *common sense* will never endure." The introduction of such an obstinate and perverse thing as *common sense* into the question may not tend to decide it in favor of the Poet; and the defense of the incident by the French critic cannot be admitted as, in any degree, happy. But I cannot see any cause for all this turmoil on the occasion; and, though not blind to the faults of my author, I conceive that his conduct in the present instance is completely defensible. Poetic truth is constituted by an evident and strong connexion of the effect with the cause. In the case before us there is a full adequacy of cause for the production of the effect, and the latter is immediately and firmly united to the former. The mother of the gods, interested, as she might be supposed to be, for her consecrated pines, implores the power of Jupiter on their behalf. That part of her prayer, which seemed to involve a contradiction and was in opposition to the Fates, is

rejected by him: but he concedes to the powerful suppliant all that lay more immediately under his dominion; and by him, who is represented by the Poet as almighty, the creator of men, and of gods, *hominum sator atque deorum*, the holy pines are converted into intellectual and immortal beings. Allowing the intervention of omnipotence, there is surely no improbability in the result, for why might not *timber and cables* be as easily converted into goddesses as some other material substance had originally been into men and gods, by the power of Jove? I have nothing to do with the absurdity and the inconsistency of the Pagan theology. I must take it as the Poet is pleased to give it to me; and from these premises the conclusion is accurately drawn. The request is made on a sufficient motive by the person who had a right to make it; and the object of the prayer is accomplished by the power which was fully adequate to its accomplishment. Throughout the whole process, then, there is an obvious and strong union of the effect with its cause; and there is nothing inconceivable in the event. It is introduced, however, by the Poet with much caution, as an old tradition, the subject of ancient belief; and it is employed by him for profitable uses. With respect to the beautiful and pathetic episode of Nisus and Euryalus, I can only lament that the enterprise of these young and heroic friends is not made in some way or other to promote the great action of the poem. They perish only to excite our sympathy.

Verse 44.—A dusty tempest darkening all the field:

There is a fine passage in the “Anabasis,” where the appearance of the army of Artaxerxes, in its distant and nearer approach, is described by Xenophon, which I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing, particularly as I do not find it noticed by any of the commentators on this place in the *Aeneis*. I have borrowed from it, as I will confess, in my translation, the fine circumstance of the flashing of the arms through the black cloud—which I have ventured to call a cloud shooting flames.—
 ήνίκα δὲ δείλη ἐγένετο, ἡθάνη κονιορτὸς, ὥσπερ νεφέλη λευκὴ, χρόνῳ δὲ οὐ συχνῷ ὕστερον, ὥσπερ μελανίᾳ τις ἐν τῷ πεδίῳ ἐπὶ πόλιν. ὅτε δὲ ἐγγύτερον ἐγίγνουτο, τάχα δή κεῖ χαλκός τις ἔγραπτε, καὶ αἱ λόγχαι καὶ αἱ τάξεις καταφαγεῖς ἐγίγνουτο. *Αγαθ. Κυρου. VIII. 8.*

"When it was now evening, there appeared a body of elevated dust, first like a white cloud, and, not long afterward, like a certain blackness diffused over the whole extent of the plain. Speedily, on its nearer approach, gleams of brass lightened through it; and spears and military array became visible." In this description, the Greek historian must be allowed to excel the Roman poet: but the subject of the former was greater; and, to equal the truth, in this instance, the fiction must have been improbably aggravated. The advance of the Latin army and that of the sixty myriads of the Persian king were objects of disproportioned magnitude.

Verse 77.—As when a wolf around the sheepfold prowls;

This simile was suggested by one in Apollonius, (i. 1243) who compares the son of Elatus, as he rushes, on hearing the cries of Hylas, to the fountain in which the beautiful boy was lost, to a wild beast attracted by the distant bleatings of the sheep, and made furious by finding that they were secured from his power.

Verse 182.—But Troy has perish'd once, let that suffice:—

*Sed periisse semel satis est: peccare fuisset
Ante satis, penitus modo non genus omne perosos
Fœmineum.*

This sentence is remarkably perplexed and obscure. Its meaning indeed is sufficiently obvious: but I cannot construe it: and I have not found any person who could.

Verse 400.—Yes! by my own and by my father's head, &c.

In the third book of Apollonius (v. 151.) Venus employs a similar oath to confirm the promises which she had made to her son, Eros,

"Ιεώ νῦν τόδε σεῖο Φίλος κάρη, ἥδ' ἐμοῦ αὐτῆς,

This similarity has not been noticed by any of the commentators.

Verse 580.—Like some rich flower, in Nature's purple dress'd;

In this exquisite passage Virgil has united the rich spoils of Catullus and of Homer, from the former of whom he has taken the circumstance of the flower being severed by the ploughshare, and from the latter the beautiful image of the poppy's reclining its head under the weight of a vernal shower. See Catul. Car. lxii. 39. Ilia. 9. 306.

*Ver. 633.—“And is it thus, Euryalus! I see
Thy face? thus comest thou to unhappy me?*

The complaints of the wretched mother, at the sight of her slaughtered son's bleeding head, are intensely pathetic and highly natural. The sympathy of the surrounding warriors, the tears of Iulus, and the contagious torpor of grief, suddenly dissipated by the alarm of the trumpets, are circumstances of a very affecting and striking nature.

Verse 778.—Then first in war his shafts Iulus tried,

Virgil has been accused, as I conceive unjustly, of inconsistency in his several accounts of the age of Iulus, as estimated by the actions attributed to him. When the father hurried through the flames of Troy the boy was able to run by his side, a feat to which he could not well have been equal at a more tender age than five. He must consequently have been twelve when he rides in the chase at Carthage; and he is now thirteen when, with the assistance of Alecto, he kills Silvia's stag; and in this battle, with the especial favor of Jupiter, slays Numanus. His weapon is the bow, which an heroic boy at that early age was capable of bending with effect; and nothing is attributed to him beyond his years. If he was carried in the lap of Venus from Carthage to Idalia, surely the deed was not incompatible with the power of a goddess; and if he was caressed

and fondled in her bosom by Dido, his age was not such as to make the former act indecorous in the queen; and for the latter, the circumstance of her reclinancy on a couch will satisfactorily account. If we deduct one year from this estimate of the age of Iulus; and suppose him to have been only four years old when he accompanied his father in his flight through Troy, this difference will not give any improbability to his subsequent actions in the poem; and, to make him younger than four at the taking of Troy, seems to me as absurd as it is unnecessary; for a child of two or even of three years of age, at such a crisis of hurry and alarm, must certainly have been carried; a degree of speed and of strength being required on such an occasion which were quite incompatible with the weakness of absolute infancy.

*Ver. 916.—No common spear had forced the giant's breast;
He falls with a falaric lance oppress'd :*

Non jaculo : neque enim jaculo vitam ille dedisset :

When it is said, that Bitias would not have surrendered his life to a common javelin, nothing more is meant than that the armour, worn by this gigantic warrior, was so strong that it could not be penetrated by the spears which were usually thrown by the hand in battle: and to say this was certainly to assert enough. But Dryden, and his follower, Pitt, have made their author wildly extravagant; the translation by the former being,

A dart were lost within that roomy breast;
and by the latter, with an added impropriety of language,

In that huge bulk a vulgar lance ~~was~~ lost.

The falaric lance, thrown by Turnus on this occasion, was an immense weapon, employed chiefly in the defense of walls, and hence called *hasta muralis*. It was thrown from an engine. Livy describes it: (xxi. 8.) Heyne supposes it in this place to mean nothing more than a spear of a superior size.

*Verse 922.—Thus in' Euboic Baiæ rushes down
The stony pile, o'erwondering ocean thrown:*

The Roman nobles, who were fond of Baiæ as their winter residence, indulged their fancies and displayed their wealth by running vast moles, as the platforms of their houses, into the sea. To this ostentation of wealth Horace alludes in his address to his opulent contemporaries.

*Cæmentis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Apulum.*

OD. iii. 24.

About the time, also, of the writing of the *Aeneis*, immense moles were projected into the sea at Baiæ, by Agrippa, for the formation of the Julian Port.

*Ver. 1042.—Then fails his shield the battle to withstand ;
And death no longer rushes from his hand.*

This description, of the hero exhausted by the fatigues of battle, is derived from Homer, who in the sixteenth book of the *Ilias* (π. 102.) represents Ajax in a similar state. I will give the passage to my readers in Pope's translation of it.

Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd.
On his tired arm the weighty buckler hung ;
His hollow helmet with falling javelins rung :
His breath in quick short pantings comes and goes ;
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most ;
Yct scarce an army moves him from his post.

This passage, in the *Ilias*, had previously been imitated by Ennius ; and the Italian reader is familiar with the fine description of the wearied Soldan, in the ninth book of Tasso's noble

epic. This I shall indulge myself by transcribing, together with its version by Fairfax.

*Fatto intanto ha il soldan ciò ch' è concesso
Fare a terrena forza, or più non puote.
Tutto è sangue e sudore, e un grave e spesso
Anelar gli ange il petto e i fiarghi scote:
Langue sotto lo scudo il braccio oppresso:
Gira la destra il ferro in pigre rote:
Spezza, e non taglia; e divenendo ottuso,
Perduto il brando omai di brando ha l' uso.*

Meanwhile the soldan in this latest charge
Had done as much as human force was able:
All sweat and blood appear'd his members large:
His breath was short, his courage wax'd unstable.
His arm grew weak to bear his mighty targe;
His hand to rule his heavy sword unable:
Which bruised, not cut, so blunted was the blade,
It lost the use for which a sword is made.

BOOK X.

ALTHOUGH this book be replete with matter and rich in variety, it is the lowest, as I will confess, in my favor of all the books of the poem; and I am inclined to arrange it as the last in the respect of relative merit. Were I called upon, however, for the reasons which induce me thus to class it, I should be at a loss to assign them. The diction of this book may, possibly, betray a greater want of the revising hand of its author: and, possibly also, its battle may be too artificially managed, and its events too symmetrically disposed. In the composition of this book I think that I can discover, in more than one instance, an absence of that last perfect style which belonged to the pen of Virgil; and I cannot help wishing that the incidents of the conflict did not always happen so opportunely for the purposes of the Poet. When Pallas and Lausus are immediately opposed to each other, and must almost have touched, they are prohibited from meeting, that the former may die by the hand of Turnus and the latter by that of Æneas. When Pallas has just achieved sufficient glory for the object of his poetic creator, and has crowned his exploits by the conquest of Halesus, Turnus, under the direction of his sister (who, by the way, is very abruptly introduced to us) is suddenly brought against the young hero to remove him from the stage. On the subduction of Turnus from the field, Mezentius is instantly produced to supply his place and to make a splendid display of his prowess, that his fall may give the greater renown to his conqueror, Æneas. In all this there is surely too open an exhibition of artificial contrivance, and we are too forcibly reminded, that the whole is the creation of the poet, to be for a moment deluded into the reception of it for truth. But as these remarks are altogether my own, and unsupported by those of any preceding critic, they very probably may be erroneous; and when I speak of the inferior merits of this book, I speak of it only in its relation to the other great constituent parts of the admirable

Aeneis. Considered by itself, it must universally be admitted to be a fine poem, affluent in matter and beautiful in diction. The speeches, in the heavenly council, of the two contending goddesses, have been arraigned as discovering somewhat too much of rhetorical artifice. But I do not altogether feel the truth of the charge; and it cannot be denied that they are at once highly characteristic and poetic. The agitation of Juno's mind is evidently disclosed in the disorder of her arguments, and in the fallacies which she is hurried to advance. Her cause, on the admission of the supremacy of the Fates, is manifestly the worst; and by her management of it, under the confusion of passion, she makes it less speciously right. The catalogue of the Tuscan auxiliaries is richly poetic. In the formation of the phantom, and in the subsequent description of the rage and distress of Turnus, on discovering that he had been fraudulently withdrawn from the field of glory, the power of the great poet is nobly displayed; and into the death of Mezentius, preceded as it was by that of his pious son who had fallen in his rescue, so much interest and pathos are thrown, that we cannot but feel for the sufferings even of this most execrable of tyrants. In short, if the book, which is now before us, be the last in excellence, it is so only in the *Aeneis*. In any other poetic production of human geniuses (with the exception perhaps of two) it would have shone in the first place, and, like the planet of its hero's mother, have "flamed in the forehead of the morning sky."

*Ver. 85.—For Troy's poor sons their Troy we now implore;
To fight and perish on their native shore."*

Though Venus was assured of the eventual safety and establishment in Italy of the Trojans, in consequence of the disclosure of the Fates which had been made to her by Jupiter, she pleads for them as if they were now just upon the verge of final destruction. But she was distressed by their immediate sufferings: she was solicitous to hurry on their fortunes to their last prosperous issue; and it was her object, by aggravating the present wretchedness of their situation, to interest the compassion and the intercession of Jupiter and the heavenly synod in their favor. She speaks therefore of things as they were, and suppresses the confidence which she must have felt from her knowledge of their result.

*Verse 123.—Æneas wanders, absent from his host:
Still may he wander, and to them be lost!*

Æneas ignarus abest :—ignarus et absit.

On this Trapp remarks, “I do not understand the *sharpness* of this *repartee*.” It has no more wit in it than a plain *Tu quoque*.” I see nothing like a *repartee* or an endeavour at wit in the passage: it strikes me only as a burst of hostile and rancorous ill-will. “Is Æneas absent? what is that to me? I did not pervert his mind to induce him to the fatal measure. Still may he be absent, and by his absence be the ruin of his cause!” That this is Juno’s meaning, in this place, is obvious from the consequence which she attaches to this absence of the chieftain’s at this crisis of his fortunes, and from her artful endeavour to clear herself from the suspicion of having influenced him to this step, by any exertion of her power over his understanding. Of this at least she was innocent; and she piously wishes that the effects of the folly, which she had not suggested, may continue and may be fatal.

Verse 249.—Ilva’s iron-bowell’d isle, &c.

Ilva (the modern Elba) has accidentally risen into much recent celebrity in consequence of its having been the temporary residence of a dethroned Potentate, whose name will occupy and throw splendor over a large page of the history of the world. Of Napoleon Buonaparte the historian, in a succeeding generation, will record, that, with extraordinary intellect to discern and to combine, he possessed a mind, strong, ardent, comprehensive and sublime, which could soar and stoop, capacious at once of immensity and submitting to vulgar limitation: that his virtues were many and illustrious; his vices few, but fatally pernicious: that he betrayed the trust which was reposed in him, and crushed the cause by which he had been elevated: that he bartered the solid greatness, within his grasp, for a specious bauble which escaped from it; and, when he might have been a Washington at the head of Europe, preferred to be a Cromwell for the pue-

rilities of royalty : that he was the friend of toleration, the patron of the arts and sciences, an usurper, with whose prosperity his country flourished, and by whose ruin alone she was oppressed : that he lived to demonstrate the vanity of regal alliances ; to be proscribed by monarchs who were indebted to his generosity for their thrones : to inflict a deeper wound on the fair fame of Britain, by his vain appeal to her magnanimity in his distress, than he had been able as a conqueror to inflict on it with his sword : that he lived, in short, to give an awful lesson to mankind on the inadequate compensation of power for violated principle ; and on the instability of greatness not rising from the base of justice, how loftily soever the column may tower, and though it may be upheld by the force of armies, embraced by the majesty of kings, and crowned by the holiness of popes.

..... *I demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,*
Ut pueris placeas ; et declamatio fias !

But of this wonderful man, whose character it is impossible to draw within the compass of a note, the historian of after times may yet possibly have more—much more to record. Without the vision of a prophet however, I must not affect to throw my eye into the darkness which broods upon the future, and baffles penetration.

Verse 271.—The crime was thine, O Love ! &c.

Cujus olorinæ surgunt de vertice pennæ
(Crimen amor vestrum, formæque insigne paternæ.)

This passage, as it is thus pointed (and I follow the pointing of Heyne) has puzzled all the commentators, and they can make very little of it with all their ingenuity. “Love was your family crime,” say the best of them, and thus make love not only the crime of Cupavo’s family, but, (according to the syntax of the sentence) the ensign also which he bore of his father’s transformation. Trapp has a long note upon it, in which he endeavours to prove that Cyenus (the reading which he adopts for Cinyras) and Cupavo were brothers ; and by this change of names, in opposition to the authority of the best MSS. and by this gratuitous

suspicion, he would justify the use of the plural pronoun *vestrum*, in its reference to the two brothers. But the construction and the sense of the passage are easy and obvious.

*Cujus olorinæ surgunt de vertice pennæ ;
Crimen, Amor ! vestrum, formæque insigne paternæ.*

"From whose crest arise a swan's feathers, the memorial of your crime, O Love ! and of his father's form." That *vester*, with its plural reference (like our *your*) was occasionally applied by Virgil to a single person, cannot be doubted, when we read in the succeeding book, *vestra verba*, addressed by Camilla to Ornytus, who had just fallen by her hand; for surely to suppose, with Trapp, that her meaning on this occasion is not restricted to the man whom she had slain, but is extended to all his countrymen, is to suppose something very like nonsense. But many other singular applications of *vester* might be produced from Virgil's page, if the point in question were worth the time and the trouble requisite for their adduction.

*Ver. 296.—Their prince's ship an imaged Mincius leads ;
Benacus' offspring, crown'd with hoary reeds.*

*Quos patre Benacō velatus arundine glancā
Mincius infestā ducebat in aquora pinu.*

I feel convinced that Mincius in this place is not the river which conveys the galley to the sea, but an image of the river-god, crowned with reeds, which was carved as the frontispiece of the vessel. The circumstance of the crown of reeds seems to prove that it was the distinguishing ensign of the ship of the Mantuan Ocnus, as the Phrygian lions were of that of Æneas, the tiger of that of Massicus, the centaur and the triton of those, respectively, of the Ligurians and Aulestes. If I have Dryden, Pitt, and Trapp in this instance against me, I have Heyne, and the context, and the character also, as I conceive, of Virgil on my side. If Mincius had been the river in this place, the Poet would have spoken of the placidness of its waters or the verdure of its banks instead of unseasonably investing it with personality, and veiling its forehead with reeds. If the reeds had not been

intended as the chaplet of the carved prow of the vessel, but as the growth of the banks of the river, some other word, as I am persuaded, beside *relatus* (which is properly interpreted by *coronatus*, in the Delphin edition) would have been employed in this instance by Virgil. *Obductus*, indeed, would not stand in the verse: but even *vestitus* would be preferable for the expressing of the idea in question to *relatus*. In the succeeding paragraph, the sculptured Triton *conveys* (*vehit*) the host of Anlestes, as here the sculptured river-god, Mincius, *conducted* (*ducebat*) the forces of Oenus.

Ver. 337.—Already where thou badest, the Arcadian horse
Stand in array with bold Etruria's force.

We are here informed of a circumstance, of which we were previously ignorant; that Aenæas had sent before him, by land, a division of his forces, to keep the enemy in play, and thus to succour his camp till he should arrive with the body of his auxiliaries.

Verse 380, &c.—As when red comets, &c.

Or Sirius rising, with his torrid breath,
Loads the sick air with drought, disease,
and death.

The image of the comet in this fine passage belongs appropriately to Virgil; but that of Sirius, or the dog-star, he probably borrowed immediately from the Ilias (χ. 26,) where Achilles, as he rises on the sight of the unhappy king of Troy, is represented,

Παρφαίνοντ' ὥστ' ἀγέρ' ἐπισσύμενος πεδίοιο,
"Ο; γά τ' ὀπώρης εῖσιν" &c.

But there is another passage, not noticed, as I can find, by any of the Virgilian commentators, to which the Sirius of our poet still more nearly approaches. It is in the third book of the Argonautics, (v. 956.) where Jason, suddenly breaking on the view of Medea, is likened to this star, as it rises from the ocean, very bright and beautiful to the eye, but pernicious and bringing

destruction upon the herds. The scholar will, of course, turn to both of these passages in their original authors : but the English reader will perhaps thank me for transcribing Pope's fine translation of the first of them.

Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog, (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays:
Terrific glory ! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flamed his fiery mail.

It has been observed with much truth by Heyne, that Milton's comet is arrayed in more sublime circumstances than Virgil's, and is altogether a grander object presented to the imagination.

..... On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood,
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

P. L. ii. 706, &c.

*Verse 426.—..... The rustic band
Feel the first fury of Æneas' hand.*

..... *Primus turmas invasit agrestes.*

These rustic troops were, no doubt, the Latian peasantry ; who, under the influence of Tyrrheus, had attacked Iulus and the Trojans, when the stag was killed ; and had subsequently been arrayed and made part of the army, under the command probably of the sons of Tyrrheus. In the ninth book we find the Tyrrhidae commanding the rear of the Latian army ; but, by the new disposition which Turnus had just made of his forces, they were now stationed in the van. Æneas is here for the first time brought into the battle, and we must confess that he is intro-

duced with abundant grandeur and sanguinary effect. How the charge of deficient courage, advanced against him in the first instance by the flippancy of St. Evremond, could ever experience a moment's regard, really excites my astonishment. He is exhibited to us only in two battles, in this, and in that which follows the violation of the league, and in both of them he sheds blood enough to satisfy the greatest admirers of military prowess. For my own part, with Trapp, I should have been contented, if the number of his slaughters had been fewer. He is as irresistible as Achilles; and, in truth, he is made too nearly to resemble that chief, in the fierceness and rage and cruelty of his character, for the pious and temperate hero of the *Aeneis*. Some part of my objection to the present book is, indeed, founded on this very circumstance. The death of Pallas, however, was a strong excitement of his fury, and may be admitted in its extenuation, if not in its complete defense.

Verse 453.—Phorcus' seven sons. &c.

Tasso has translated this Virgilian incident into his "Jerusalem Delivered," where Latinus, with his five sons, assails the Soldan. In the same passage, also, the Italian poet has borrowed from the Roman the twins of Daucus, whose wonderful resemblance confounded the distinction of their parents; but who were, at last, fatally discriminated by the different wounds, with which each of them perished. The Thymber and Larides of Virgil are the very Pico and Laurente of Tasso, who has copied, in this instance, the expressions themselves of his predecessor.

..... SIMILLIMA PROLES,
Indiscreta suis GRATUSQUE parentibus ERROR.

*Rimanean vivi ancor Pico e Laurente ;
Onde arricchi un sol parto il genitore :
Similissima coppia, e che sovente
Esser solea cagion di dolce errore.*

The whole passage is too long for me to transcribe: but it is to be found in Ger. Lib. canto nono, The imitations of the Man-

tuan by the Tuscan bard are so numerous, as I have before noticed, that I can select only a few of them.

Verse 474.—But the spear rases great Achates' thigh.

This combat of Æneas with the seven brothers, the sons of Phorcus, is left unfinished. It is interrupted by the intervention of Clausus: but we wish to know something of the fate of Numitor, who is engaging, apparently on equal terms, with the slayer of his two brothers; and Æneas is suddenly and entirely withdrawn from our view, till the death of Pallas brings him forward again to fight and to destroy. This surely is not skilfully managed; and discovers evidently the hurried and unrevised composition of the Poet.

Verse 560.—The shepherd mid the stubble lights the blaze; &c.

According to the general interpretation of the word, *silvis*, in this place, which I have translated, stubble, it seems strange that the swain should be represented as voluntarily setting fire to the woods, and as subsequently rejoicing at the spread of flames, which were committing so much mischievous ravage. But I feel assured that *silva* is here used in the same sense in which it is in the Georgics, when the Poet says,

..... *subit aspera SILVA,*
Lappaque tribulique;

and is meant to express the superfluous and unprofitable growth spread over the surface of a field. To burn this is particularly recommended by our Poet as beneficial to the soil. See GEORG. i. 84. where, within the space of a few lines, the reader will find *silva* again expressing the inferior produce of the ground:

Aut, tenues fætus viciæ tristisque lupini,
Sustuleris fragiles calamos, SILVAMQUE sonantem.

The *silva* therefore, at the destruction of which the husbandman is here described as rejoicing, is unquestionably the stubble or the trash, which he burnt to clear and top-dress his land.

Verse 604.—Now Turnus, by his sister warn'd, &c.

I have already suggested that Juno (who must be the person intended) is here too suddenly and unceremoniously introduced to us. We had no previous intimation of her being in the battle; and we know nothing of her till her parentage and history are given to us in the twelfth book. It is somewhat difficult to conceive the manner of her appearance and agency on this occasion. She could not now be in the form of Metisca, which she subsequently assumed in her alarm for her brother's safety. Was she here apparelled in clouds and, visible only to Turnus, seated by him in his chariot? or did she glide into the battle merely to direct his force against Pallas? Here, as it strikes me, is another evidence of the unrevised state of this book. There is something here too abrupt, and too much in the vague and fragment style (as I may so call it) of some of our modern poets; which is very easy to the writer, and very difficult to the reader.

Verse 682.—And murder triumph'd in the genial bed.

This alludes (as some of my readers may, perhaps, require to be told) to the story of the Danaides, or the fifty daughters of Danaus, who, marrying the fifty sons of their uncle Aegyptus, were commanded by their father to assassinate each her consort during the endearments of the nuptial night. Of the fifty brides, Hypermnestra alone was so virtuous as to disobey the sanguinary mandate; and, with the hazard of her own, to preserve the life of her husband Lynceus. For this act of illustrious disobedience, (for which she had nearly been made the victim of her father's vengeance,) she has been consigned to immortal fame by the Muse of Ovid and of Horace. The Sapphic stanzas, in which the latter has celebrated the heroism of her conjugal fidelity, are exquisitely beautiful and pathetic: they form a part of the eleventh ode in the third book of the great Lyric poet of Rome. It has been asked, rather idly, why this subject, which stands no way connected with Pallas, or with any of

the agents in the *Aeneis*, should be chosen for the sculpture on the young hero's baldric? If it had been chosen by the Poet merely on the suggestion of his fancy, he would not, as I conceive, have been accountable for any offense. But the instant recognition of this baldric was to be decisive of the fate of Turnus; and it was, consequently, necessary that its sculpture should be remarkable and conspicuous; so peculiar as not to be mistaken, and so impressive as immediately to carry its effect to the eye: and where, among all the stories of the fabulous age of Greece, could another subject be found so fully possessed of all those requisites for the Poet's purpose as that of such a slaughter, perpetrated by such hands, upon such persons, and in such a place?—the murder of the bridegroom by the bride upon the bed itself of the first nuptial intercourse! The baldric of Pallas must have been instantly acknowledged by any eye which had only once previously seen it.

Verse 685.—Unhappy mortals! to the future blind:

This anticipation of the fatal result of the present triumph of Turnus, is beautiful and affecting. It was suggested by a passage in the *Ilias* (§. 201, &c.) where Jupiter on seeing Hector in the armour of Achilles, which he had torn from the body of Patroclus, makes some similar reflections. The English reader will find the subject of my reference in Pope's translation, xvii. 231. Milton indulges in a pathetic anticipation of a like nature.

O! much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose, &c.

P. L. ix. 404.

*Verse 741.—Him flying o'er the field the chieftain drove;
And, as he fell, hung shadowing from above:*

..... *Labsimque superstans*
Inmolat, ingentique umbrâ tegit:

Many of the commentators (and Trapp is among them) conceive that the *great shadow*, with which Encaus here covers his prostrate enemy, is the shadow of death, and that the expression is only to tell us that he killed him. But this meaning seems to me to be cold, and inconsistent with the usual character of Virgil's style. The preceding *Inmolat* makes the expression, under our review, as it is thus explained, tautological, and gives superfluous information.—“He sacrifices him, and he kills him :” if we respect also the strict and common reference of *ingens*, to corporeal bulk, it will not be very proper; and I much doubt if Virgil would have written *ingens umbra mortis*. But with the sense which I have assigned to it, the expression is highly just, poetic, and offering a clear and terrific phantasm to the imagination. The hero pursues his enemy over the field, and, when the foe falls, stands over and covers him with a mighty shadow.

And covers him with death's thick shade!

is Trapp's translation; Dryden and Pitt omit the shadow in their versions, and thus deprive the passage of its picturesque part. I find that Heyne is in this instance of my opinion.

• • •
Verse 775.—Who the still sceptre of Amyclæ held ;

TACITIS regnavit Amyclis.

Amyclæ here mentioned was a town in Italy, situated between Tarracina and Caicta; but in the epithet, attached to it, of *tacitæ* or silent, the poet alludes to a story belonging to the Laco-nian Amyclæ. In this latter town, as we are told, the citizens had been so often thrown into tumult by false alarms of the approach of the enemy, that a law was at last made to prohibit all similar alarms in future, and to enjoin on such a subject a general silence. When the enemy, therefore, actually approached, no man, under the inhibition of the law, gave an alarm, and the place was, in consequence of its silence, surprised. Unable to give, with any degree of grace, the full force of *tacitæ* in my translation, I have adopted an expression which may bear the allusion of my original, and yet will be intelligible without it.

Verse 811, &c.—“Thy horses, Lucagus! have not betray'd
Thy hopes; or fled by shadowy fears
dismay'd.

*Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga segnis equorum
Prodidit; AUT VANÆ VERTERE EX HOSTIBUS UMBRAE.*

This reply of Æneas, to his late insolent and now prostrate foe, evidently refers to the consternation and flight of the horses of Niphæus, which had just occasioned the death of their master. “You, Lucagus! cannot complain of your horses as having been too slow to assist your escape, or as having been ungovernable in their flight on the advance of the enemy, and thus being the cause of your disaster. They have been obedient and brought you fairly to the combat, and you now of your own accord desert them.”

Verse 840.—My suit, Almighty! would not vainly plead
For leave to rescue Turnus ere he bleed;

The interposition of some Power, to rescue Turnus from immediate death, was now indispensably requisite: and the Poet has managed the business very skilfully. Juno solicits the prolongation of his life from Jupiter; and, though he assents only to a short extension of it, she still flatters herself that he may subsequently be wrought into a further concession on the behalf of her favored youth. With the encouragement of this hope, slight as it is, she proceeds to his instant rescue. The phantom, which she forms on this occasion, is admirably adapted to her purposes; and withdraws her hero from the battle by the effects of his own valor. In the fifth book of the Ilias, Apollo fashions a similar phantom in the likeness of Æneas: but the Homeric phantom is introduced for no apparent or for no adequate end: whilst that of Virgil is conducive to the most essential consequences, as without it the action of the poem could not well have proceeded.

*Verse 931.—But now Mezentius to the fight succeeds,
By Jove impell'd;*

Mezentius is here introduced into the battle in much power and with much terrific effect. His strength and stability are illustrated by their being compared with a rock amid the ocean, bidding defiance to the storm which rages in the waves and in the skies : his fierceness is imaged by that of a wild beast, keeping the hunters and the dogs at bay, and forcing them to the safety of a distant war; and our ideas of the loftiness of his stature are elevated by its being likened to that of the constellation, Orion, represented as rising from the depths of the sea, walking on the earth, and hiding his head among the clouds. His acts are distinguished by a peculiar ferocity of valor ; and he dies, as he had lived, equally reckless of men and of gods. His concern for his son, and his anxiety, in his expiring moments, to preserve his body from violation, are all which discover him to be human, or susceptible of any of the softer sentiments of our weak nature. The sublime representation of Orion is altogether original with our Poet.

*Verse 951.—Whom, in that fatal night's disastrous gloom,
In which Cisseis' flame-impregnate womb
Gave Paris to the light,*

By Homer, Thcano is said to be the daughter of Cisseus, and Hecuba of Dymas : but Virgil in this instance follows Euripides and the tragic poets, who assigned to these personages of fabulous antiquity what parentage they pleased. In this passage, the reading of the common editions,

*Cisseis regina Parin CREAT: urbe paternâ
Occubat :*

sadly disturbs the sense and the grammar. The true reading,

*Cisseis regina Parin. PARIS urbe paternâ
Occubat,*

was happily restored by the sagacity of Bentley.

*Verse 1026.—From Jove's high palace, touch'd with
human woe,
The gods behold the frantic scene below.*

There is something very finely imagined in this description of the gods looking down on the battle and pitying human folly and human woe.

*Verse 1072.—. while the son, beneath
The high-raised falchion springing, braved
its death,*

The pious magnanimity of Lausus on this occasion, his consequent death, and the generous sorrow of his conqueror are most interesting and pathetic circumstances, which must touch the heart of every reader. The simile, which occurs at v. 1079, is particularly apposite, and belongs appropriately to our Poet.

*Verse 1118.—Meanwhile the sire, reclining on the ground,
With Tiber's wave refresh'd his glowing
wound.*

The picture, which is here drawn of the old wounded monarch in a state of panting exhaustion, reclining against a tree amid the circle of his selected youths, with his neck supported, and his beard floating over his breast, is very fine: its lineaments are specific, and its coloring vividly bright. All the objects stand extantly forward and strike upon the eye.

*Ver. 1160.—“ Rhœbus! we long have lived, if long there be
In the poor term of mortal destiny.*

This address of Mezentius, to his favorite war-horse, is in the spirit of those old and heroic times, when the horse was so

necessary a part of the hero's appointment in the field as to be raised, by its martial usefulness, into a sort of equality with man. The horse, in this instance, is with much propriety made the subject of our particular attention, as by his wound is occasioned the death of his master. The reflection, on the short duration of every thing that is mortal, is here peculiarly impressive and pathetic. A similar sentiment is very forcibly expressed by Cicero, *Quanquam, O Diu boni! quid est in hominis vita diu!* (De Senec. 19.) All that Mezentius says and does, in this the last hour of his life, is highly magnanimous and heroic. Of him it may be said, as of the thane of Cawdor in Macbeth,

..... There was nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. .

BOOK XI.

THIS book is crowded with beauties, and must be read with nearly uniform pleasure from its commencement to its close. The funeral of Pallas, with the lamentation of the hoary father over his body: the answer of Diomedes, in its report by Venus: the characteristic speeches of Drances and Turnus: the wild and romantic history of Camilla, with her death in the succeeding battle; and the equestrian fight with the rout of the Latins, are all in a strain of genuine and high poetry, which at one time melts us with the soft tones of the lute, and at another stirs our blood with the animating alarm of the trumpet. The whole book is full of interesting business, and it leaves us in panting expectation of the great result of the action of the poem. The two heroic leaders of the contending armies are here withheld from engaging, that they may be exhibited with more prominent effect in the terminating book.

Verse 1.—Night came and pass'd; &c.

I cannot but consider the word, *Interea*, as forming an extraordinary commencement of the present book. The last concluded with the death of Mezentius; by which evnt, as, in the absence of Turnus, he was the champion of the Latin army, we may naturally suppose that the battle was decided in favor of the Trojans. We may also without difficulty imagine that, the contest having continued throughout the day, night at this crisis covered the flight of the Latins, and gave to their enemies, whom it prevented from pursuing, to repose on the field of battle. This was all in the common course of things, and there was no occasion for the Poet to relate it to us. But with what propriety in this place can a word be employed, which distinctly informs us that *during* the course of these actions, the morning

arose? *Interea* (*inter ea*, between these things, or as they are passing) is susceptible only of one precise meaning; and I must necessarily regard its introduction, in this place, as one of the smaller effects of the Poet's unrevising haste. In this instance I have ventured to *substitute* instead of *translating*; and, as I have in other instances, to pay more respect to the meaning, than to the expressions of my original.

*Verse 156.—And, if his heart desire at once to end
The strife of blood, with me alone contend:*

The proposal to decide the war, by a single combat between the chiefs, is here first made by Æneas. He is the challenger; but it is for the purposes of humanity, to save any further effusion of the people's blood. The offer also is made just when he had obtained an important victory, when the impulse of disinterested heroism alone could induce him to forego the advantages which he had gained, and to place himself at once on a level with his defeated adversary. It is observable, too, that in this reply of his to the Latian legates, he advances no claim on the Latian princess. He challenges Turnus, only as this prince, having obtained by the popular suffrage the controll of Laurentum, was the sole author and continuator of the war. This remark, which will be found to be strictly just, and which I have made in another place, will rescue Æneas from the obloquy under which he has generally suffered, as the invader of another man's rights, and as the ravisher of a betrothed virgin. He sought Latium, as he tells the legates, only because the Fates had directed him to it as to his place of rest; and, deprecating the wretchedness of war, he solicits for nothing more than that establishment for his gods and his exiled host which Heaven had commanded him to obtain. When Lavinia is offered to him by her father, he does not reject her; and this is the whole amount of his offense. Turnus, who pursued an alliance in direct opposition to the gods, and who, for the objects of his own selfish ambition, overruled the sovereign and the father, and involved a nation in ruin, was unquestionably the guilty party; and his death, which is the consequence, is not more than the strict award of justice.

What Drancs urges in the council on this topic is unanswerably true. Of Drancs who is here for the first time introduced to our notice, it may be remarked that the epithet *senior* can mean only that he was the oldest of the legates. Had he been positively old, the challenge made to him by Turnus of sallying upon the enemy and thus proving his courage, would have been evidently and grossly improper. They, who discover Cicero in this orator of Laurentum and Marc' Antony in Turnus, are some of the same visionaries, who clearly discern Augustus in Æneas, and Antonius Musa in Iäpis! Some of these observations I have anticipated, that I might not delay my reader by obliging him to stop frequently on our future road.

*Ver. 632.—“ Tritonian Virgin! war’s great regent! hear!
Break in his hand the Phrygian robber’s spear!*

This prayer of the matrons to Pallas, and their procession to the temple of the goddess, is borrowed (as it may scarcely be necessary to observe) from the sixth book of the Ilias; and I wish, as I must confess, that the Power in the present instance had been some Divinity more particularly the object of Latian adoration. The Grecian or Trojan Pallas seems to have been hastily chosen on this occasion by the Poet. The passage in Homer may be found in §. 305. Pope’s translation will inform the English reader that the Roman bard has followed the Grecian in the prayer of the matrons with nearly literal punctuality. In the latter indeed, the supplicatory address is extended to a somewhat greater length.

Oh, awful Goddess! ever dreadful maid!
Troy’s strong defense! unconquer’d Pallas! aid!
Break thou Tydides’ spear, and let him fall,
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke,
But thou atoned by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare.

*Ver. 646.—So the stall'd courser, bursting from the rein,
Free, and now joyous master of the plain, &c.*

This fine simile, as is generally known, is taken, also, from the Ilias, (§. 506.) where it is admirably expressed and admirably applied. The several partisans of the Greek and of the Roman poet have adjudged the palm, each according to his fancy, to the former or to the latter. The balance, with respect to beauty of diction, appears to me to be nearly equal: but the similitude is more happily apposite in the former. The reader would have occasion to complain if I omitted to transcribe for him the translation of the Homeric passage by Pope.

The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground.
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides;
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides.
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies:
His mane, dishevell'd, o'er his shoulder flies.
He snuffs the females in the distant plain;
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.

vi. 652.

Tasso has copied this simile on two occasions; in his ninth book (stanza. 75.) where it is applied to Argillan breaking from his confinement, and rushing to battle; and in the sixteenth (stanza. 28.) where the object of it is Rinaldo, disengaging himself from the charms of his mistress and returning to the field. This, which of the two does not bear the most resemblance to the classic originals, has been cited from Fairfax's translation, by Dr. Warton. The first I will now give to my readers in its original language, and in ours from the old translator.

*Come destrier, che da le regie stalle
Ove a l' uso de l' arme si riserba,
Fugge, e libero al fin per largo calle
Va tra gli armenti, o al fiume usato, o a l' erba.
Scherzan sul collo i crini e su le spalle,
Si scote la cervice alta e superba :*

*Suonano i pie nel corso, e par ch' avvampi,
Di sonori nitriti omriendo i campi.*

As a fierce steed, seaped from his stall at large,
Where he had long been kept for warlike need,
Runs through the fields unto the flowery marge
Of some green forest, where he used to feed :
His curled mane his shoulders broad doth charge ;
And from his lofty crest doth spring and spread :
Thunder his feet, his nostrils fire breathe out ;
And with his neigh the world resounds about.

Verse 715.—Lo! Amasenus foams across his way ;

The circumstances of this escape of the infant Camilla were suggested to our Poet by those which are recorded respecting the escape of Pyrrhus in his infancy; when, carried in the arms of his nurse from the pursuit of his enemies, he and his party were stopped in their flight by a torrent, which separated them from a town where he could be protected. In the historie narrative, indeed, it is not the infant that is tied to the javelin and thus hurled across the swollen river; but a sheet of bark, on which were inscribed the name and distress of the young suppliant, for the information of the people collected upon the opposite bank; who, from the noise of the wind and of the waters, were unable to hear their implorers.

*Verse 810.—Alternate Ocean thus, with ceaseless roar,
Now rushing on the land, usurps the shore:*

This excellent and happy simile is the undivided property of our Poet; for that passage in the Ilias (λ. 305.) which has been adduced as the most like to it, can scarcely be supposed to have suggested its first embryon hint. The English reader may find the subject of my reference in Pope's translation—xi. 395.

Ver. 854.—Like the famed Amazons of Thrace, who stood
In pictured arms, and shook Thermodon's
flood :

Upon this passage Trapp remarks, “In this simile the ideas seem *too near akin*. It is almost comparing a thing to itself.” I conceive that, in this instance, the ingenious critic has not taken a right view of his subject. A simile may be employed either to illustrate or to elevate, and on the present occasion its object is the latter. To illustrate the strength or the activity, the fierceness or the beauty of these female combatants, the Poet could readily have found images adapted to his purpose; images which would have reflected a stronger light on each of these attributes of his Italian heroines: but, to illustrate them in their peculiar character as female warriors, the whole compass of nature would not supply him with a single object of comparison. They constituted in fact an entire genus, and could not be resembled to any thing but themselves. As he could not therefore make our idea of them, by any simile, more perspicuous, his purpose was to make it more grand; and he accomplishes his design by resembling them to the renowned Amazons of Thrace, assembled in their victorious legions under their martial queens, and shaking the field with their shouts of triumph. It must be recollect that these Italian virgins were only five in number, combating amid a host of men; and that they were distinct in every respect, excepting that of their military prowess, from the genuine Amazons. The peculiar custom, from which the Amazons derived their name, of extirpating one breast, that it might not impede their use of the bow, was not observed, as we know, by Camilla; of whom it is said only that she fought with one of her breasts exposed. She was simply an Italian huntress, who with her four female friends, her associates, doubtless, in the chase, now distinguished herself by fighting for her country. Of the Amazons, or of their country I shall forbear to say any thing; as all the requisite information on the subject is at every reader's hand, without his

being under the necessity of looking for it in Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, or Pausanias. Thermodon was a river, not of Thrace but, of western Asia, which discharged itself into the Euxine, near Themiscyra, a town of Pontus. Its modern name is the Pormon.

*Verse 971.—Thus, when a snake, her hooky talons' prize,
The tawny eagle rends amid the skies; &c.*

This simile is borrowed from a passage in the Ilias ($\mu.$ 200) but it is considerably varied and ornamented. I will transcribe the passage in question, for the English reader, in its translation by Pope.

Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies :
A bleeding serpent of enormous size, ,
His talons truss'd: alive, and curling round,
He sting the bird, whose throat received the wound. .
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey;
In airy circles wings his painful way:
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries :
Amidst the host the bleeding serpent lies.

B. xii. 233.

Ver. 993.—Bright mid the war, in Phrygian armour dress'd,

**Chloreus in pomp a foaming steed controll'd,
&c.**

The sumptuous dress of this Phrygian warrior is particularly described, and made the subject of our especial attention, as the pursuit of it occasioned the death of Camilla and the consequent defeat of the Latins. The description is exquisite; and we cannot wonder that such gaudy spoils should attract the pursuit of our heroine, who with all her manly force and magnanimity had still the woman in her heart. The remark is obvious, suggested by the *Fæmineo amore* of Virgil, and made, before me, by Addison, and, possibly, also by many others.

Verse 1048.—As when a wolf the lordly bull has slain; &c.

This simile is peculiarly apposite, and exquisitely expressed. The guilty and terrified savage is placed before our eyes in very distinct and vivid portraiture. The hint of it (and little more than the hint) is taken from the Ilias, (6. 586.) where Antilochus, having slain Melanippus, retires on the advance of Hector. But all the more specific touches of the piece belong to our poet. I will transcribe the passage from Pope's translation, observing only that the expression in italic is an ornament borrowed by the translator from the *Conscius audacis facti*, of Virgil. On more than one occasion, Pope has ornamented his Grecian original with some of our Virgilian spoils.

So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or ~~shepherd swain~~;
While *conscious of the deed*, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.

xv. 702.

Dryden in this instance has been neither happy nor correct:

As when a wolf has *torn a bullock's hide*,
At unawares, or *ranch'd a shepherd's side*; &c.

*Ver. 1056.—To draw the lance she strives: but fix'd remains
The steel within the bones, and mocks her
pains.*

Nothing can be more exquisitely described than the death of Camilla; and her dying speech to Acca is short, pathetic, and sublimely magnanimous. She is grieved only to be thus stopped in the career of victory; and she is interested "for nothing but the safety of her friends. Her very last breath issues in a direction for the conduct of the war. Trapp has observed that the line, which relates to the departure of her

soul, is the same which is employed on the death of Turnus; and, imagining this to be a distinction intended for our heroine, he censures Dryden for varying the two lines in his translation. * I must regard this as a mere fancy of the critic's; and I must ascribe the repetition in question, with some others, of a similar nature which occur in the last three books of the *Aeneis*, to the unrevised state of the poem.

The line is a fine one; but perhaps there may be something too much of fierceness expressed by it to suit the departure of a woman's soul. If the fault objected in this instance to Dryden be really a fault, I must also hold up my hand at the bar as a criminal.

*Verse 1168.—At once Aeneas in the horizon sees
The Latian armour mid the dusty breeze; &c.*

The approach of the two armies is here finely described, and our expectations are raised to the utmost for the conflict which is to decide the war: but the approach of night disappoints us; and we are left in a state of extreme and anxious eagerness for the result of the succeeding book. *

BOOK XII.

IN this book the great Poet has exerted all his powers; and, with the pride of an Olympian victor on his ear, stands at the goal, which he has nobly attained, in the conscious elevation of triumph. This book, indeed, may be regarded as an adequate close of the magnificent Æneis, and may justly be classed, as to relative excellence, with the most admired portions of the preceding poem. It is filled with the most sudden and surprising, but, at the same time, the most probable changes of fortune; and it every where impresses us with the strongest effect of the concentrated interest of the drama. If there be any parts of it which seem to discover the want of its author's last revision, those parts are of very trifling consequence. I cannot regard the appeal of Latinus to his sceptre as happily introduced; and I feel strong objections to the immensity of the stone, which Turnus is prevented from throwing with effect only by the interposition of the Dira, as to a fact better suited to an Orlando than to the Latian chief, and more consistent with the extravagance of gothic romance than with the sober dignity of the classic epic. When the enraged Achilles dashes his sceptre on the ground and declares that, as it never could again be united to its native tree, so he never more would be united with Agamemnon, we feel the propriety of the act as strongly illustrative of the sentiments of the agent; and when some of the chiefs of the Homeric heroes throw stones, which no two men in the age of the poet were able to lift, we are not offended by any improbable display of human strength, as it might have subsisted in those earlier times, when man was trained to war from his cradle, and his bodily force, on which his future fame was to depend, was assiduously fostered by simple living and a continued course of robust and martial exercise. But the case in both these instances is different in Virgil. The pacific Latinus refers to his sceptre only to declare that he will be true to his engagements; and the

circumstances of this regal ensign being cut from its parent tree, of its having once blomed, and of its now being adorned by the hand of the workman, are all, if not improperly, at least superfluously introduced: and as for the rock wielded by Turnus, which twelve chosen men in Virgil's time would have been unable to raise from the ground, its mass is so stupendous as fairly to overwhelm our credulity in its utmost exertion of power. I cannot agree with the judicious Heyne in placing the trial of his arms by Turnus, on the night preceding his single combat with his enemy, among those parts of the present book which the revising poet would have erased. On the event of this combat depended empire, life, love and glory: and is it unnatural that 'the mind of a young and ardent hero should be so agitated and inflamed, at the near approach of such a momentous decision, as to fit on his arms, to examine and to exult in them? Objections have been made to the machine of the Diræ, and this immediate interposition of Jupiter, to depress the powers of Turnus, has been considered as derogating from the heroism of Æneas, whom this supernatural intervention alone could enable to obtain the victory. But the objection is altogether frivolous. The superiority of Æneas to his rival had already been sufficiently discovered. In the tenth book, nothing less than the exerted power of Juno could rescue her favored youth from the Dardan hero's hand, and obtain for him a short prolongation of life. In the beginning of this book, the manifest disparity, of their prince to his opponent, influences the Rutulians to break the league; and this inferiority of his force is acknowledged by the manner and the countenance of Turnus himself. When Æneas retires from the field in consequence of his wound, Turnus rushes upon the Trojans with irresistible impetuosity; and when his great adversary returns to the battle, the Latian hero cautiously avoids the encounter with him. When compelled at last, by the distress of the city and the imperious requisitions of honor, to stand the single engagement, Turnus rushes to the adventure in the phrensy of despair, and with the conviction that its issue would be fatal to him. In the subsequent combat, he is disarmed by the superior power of his adversary's armour and is saved only by flight; and, finally, when armed with his own Vulcanian sword, he is evidently in

such a situation that, from the disparity of weapon alone, he must necessarily fall. The introduction of the Dira, therefore, can be intended only to invest the great consummating action of the poem in a point of sublime horror, adapted to its importance. The death of Turnus alone was now necessary for the establishment of the Trojans in Italy, and consequently for the future existence of Rome. Was an event of such momentous issue not to be distinguished from the common deaths of a battle? Virgil thought that it was: and every reader of taste will, as I feel assured, approve of his conduct in this instance, and will admire its successful result.

The remarks of Segrais on this book, are made with his accustomed sagacity and fine taste: but Trapp's preface to it seems to me to be so full, and so much, in every way, to the purpose, that nothing but its length prevents me from transcribing it. I would particularly recommend it to my English readers.

*Verse 1.—When Turnus saw, by adverse Mars depress'd,
The heart subsiding, &c.*

We have just left the two armies opposed to each other, and prevented from immediately engaging only by the approach of night. As soon, therefore, as the day reappeared, we might naturally expect to see them rushing to the sanguinary conflict, which was to decide the fortune of the war. But we are disappointed; and a new event, which had indeed been previously suggested but which was now withdrawn from our attention, breaks suddenly upon us with the strong effect of surprise. In the present depressed state of the spirit of the Latins, the consequence of their repeated defeats, the sentiments of Drances, respecting the single combat of the rival heroes, becoming popular, their general reception is so far discovered as to be felt by the sensibility of Turnus; and, with the quick jealousy of honor, he resolves to answer the public demand on his prowess by accepting the challenge of his adversary. His rage on this occasion, under the pains of questioned and irritated courage, is illustrated by that of a wounded lion; and he is placed before our eyes with all the impression of the most vivid poetic painting. His fiery address to Latinus; the quiet, humane, and judi-

cious reply of the hoary sovereign; the pathetic dissuasives of Amata; the silent pleading of the tears and the blushes of Lavinia; the martial ardor of the young hero, now augmented by love; the haughty defiance which he sends to his rival; his rushing to his palace to view his horses, to examine and essay his arms, are all circumstances which must forcibly strike and be felt by every sensitive reader. All that immediately follows is in a style of equal grandeur and poetry. The morning opens with peculiar magnificence; and the conditions of the combat are ratified before the altars of the gods with a greatness of solemnity without example; for the religious ceremonial which precedes the combat of Paris with Menelaus, in the third book of the *Ilias*, shrinks from a comparison with the subject of our present attention. The simile of the lion is taken from that in the *Ilias* (e. 136.) where Diomedes, returning in fury to the battle after he has been wounded by Pandarus, is likened to the same lordly savage, enraged and not subdued by the dart of his assailant. But the Homeric simile is finely improved and adapted to his particular purpose by our Poet. The simile of the bull preparing to rush upon his enemy is original in Virgil, and is derived from his own *Georgics* (iii. 232.): How Orithyia, an Athenian princess carried away into Thrace, could give the sires of the horses of Turnus to Pilumnus, an Italian prince, has, very idly as I think, been made the subject of a question by more than one critic. A poet, surely, is not to be confined by such very narrow limitation as to be obliged minutely to account for every circumstance to which he may occasionally allude. It will be sufficient that he abstains from shocking probability. In the present instance no violence is offered to probability. Thrace and Italy are not so far disjoined as to make the supposition of an intercourse between their sovereigns, even in those early times, an incredible circumstance. Pilumnus might even have visited the Thracian queen, and have received this present from her munificence. The horses of Thrace were famous in poetry; and those of Boreas had been already celebrated by Homer (Ili. v. 223.) That I may not retard my reader with many more remarks in our progress through this book, which alone would supply the subject of a volume of notes, I will now observe that the league, by the agency of Juturna working

with the loyal fears of the Rutulians as with her instrument, is as naturally broken as it had been solemnly ratified.

Ver. 412.—O cease, my Hosts! nor thus invade my right!
By the seal'd league, 'tis mine alone to fight.

The conduct of *Eneas*, on this occasion, rushing unarmed among the enraged combatants, endeavouring to recall his troops from any further outrage on the sanctity of the treaty, and claiming *Turitus* and the decision of the war for his own sword, is, surely, highly noble and magnanimous, and equally worthy of the pious man and the hero. The wound, which he receives in his unarmed state amid the fury of the fray, is a most probable incident, and is productive of a new and unexpected change of fortune in the scene. How different is the conduct of *Turnus*! Far from wishing to compose, he avails himself of the disorder; and no sooner does he see his great antagonist wounded and compelled to retire from the field, than, unmindful of the treaty to which he had just sworn, he rushes on the Trojans in their consternation, and satiates his sanguinary fury with slaughter. From the moment of his appearance in the poem, his lawless violence, in opposition to the oracles of the gods and to the authority of his sovereign, exempts his fall from every charge of injustice; and, though we may be induced by the power of the poet to pity him in his last distress, our compassion is only the result of our weakness. His irresistible progress through the conflict, with his chariot wheels tearing through heaps of carnage and his horses' hoofs throwing on every side gory dews, is greatly and terrifically described: but the picture, noble as it is, must be allowed to be inferior to that, drawn by Homer, of Hector's chariot and horses, in the eleventh book of the *Ilias*, (λ. 531.) I will gratify my English readers with a translation of the passage in question by Pope.

Thus having spoke; the driver's lash resounds:
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds.
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcasses and hills of shields.

The horses' hoofs are bathed in heroes' gore;
 And, dashing, purple all the car before:
 The groaning axle sable drops distills:
 And mingled carriage clogs the rapid wheels.

xi. 65.

But the beauty, and the energy of the Greek language are not transferable to the English or even to the Roman. If Virgil, however, be inferior to his great master in this passage, I conceive him to be superior in that which immediately precedes it, where Mars is described as driving in all his terrors to the battle. This certainly excels, in imagery, its prototype in the *Elias*, (v. 298.)

Verse 481.—So when Edonian Boreas wildly raves, &c.

This fine and apt simile belongs appropriately to Virgil. The Edoni were a people of Thrace, and Edonian is here used generally for Thracian.

*Verse 515.—But now the son of Iasus is near,
 Iapis, most to sovereign Phœbus dear:*

The dissertation on the character of Iapis, by the famous Atterbury, which is inserted by Dr. Warton in his edition of our author, is one of those vague and shadowy things which may amuse the ingenious man in his idleness, but which cannot for a moment arrest the attention of him whose pursuit is truth, and who seeks her as she stands upon the ground and not as she dissolves from his embrace in the rainbow. From the beginning to the end of this essay, to identify Iapis with Antonius Musa the physician of Augustus, gratuitous assertion supplies the place of evidence; and the prelate cannot find any thing to support his hypothesis, but the single circumstance of the poetic and the historic personage being alike practitioners of the healing art. Antonius Musa recovered Augustus, when he was in Cantabria, from an inflammation of the liver; and Iapis is here endeavouring, in vain, to extract the shaft from the thigh of Æneas. Can any person, therefore, doubt of the identity of these medical men! This fancy of the bishop of Rochester's is still

more light and baseless than that of the bishop of Gloucester's, which I have noticed in my preface to the sixth book; and its futility cannot be more strongly expressed. Atterbury seems to be one of those many men, who have obtained more celebrity from their contemporaries than has been determined to be their due by the impartial award of posterity. He was certainly a man of talents, and (in a limited sense of the term) a scholar: but for the green laurel, about his brow, he is indebted to the partiality of Swift and of Pope.

Ver. 545.—And culls from Cretan Ida's bloomy brows
The flower of dittany; &c. :

On the subject of the dictamnus, or dittany, I will cite a passage from Savary's Letters on Greece (Let. 23.), in which that pleasing and scientific traveller, who has since filled a high character on the theatre of the world, gives a very satisfactory account of this celebrated plant. "Among the medicinal plants of Crete, dittany holds the first rank. It is astonishing how highly the ancients have extolled its virtues. Theophrastus, who gives us the received opinions of his time, says, 'Of all the known plants which the earth has produced, dittany is the most precious.' The father of medicine, the celebrated Hippocrates, ordered an infusion of it to be given in several disorders of women, and especially during the pains of labor. For this reason the statue of Diana was, according to some writers, crowned with dittany. I will not here repeat, with several authors, that the wild goats, when wounded by the arrows of the hunter, freed themselves from them by eating this precious plant; that it possessed the virtue of healing them even when the arrows were poisoned; and that its odor was so powerful as to drive away venomous reptiles, and destroy if it only touched them. These accounts are evidently exaggerated: but, on the other hand, we are possibly too indifferent to the real utility which medicine might derive from this plant. Its leaf is extremely balsamic, and the flower diffuses a delicious fragrance. The inhabitants, at present, apply it with success on many occasions. An infusion of the dried leaf, with a little sugar, yields a liquor more pleasing to the palate, and more finely flavored than tea

It immediately removes languor of the stomach and restores it after digestion. Dittany is peculiar to Crete, and is to be found in no other country. It grows in the crevices of the rocks, and at the foot of precipices. Pliny has not sufficiently discriminated it in his description. ‘Dittany,’ says he, ‘has slender branches, resembles pennyroyal, and is hot and rough to the taste. Its leaves only are used; it has neither flower, nor seed, nor stalk.’ Virgil knew it better; and his description of it is more consistent with truth.” With modern botanists its name is *origanum dictense*.

*Ver. 592.—Thus when, from bursting constellations hurl'd,
Black tempest traverses the watery world,*

This sublime simile was suggested by one in the Ilias (l. 275, in Pope's translation, iv. 314.), but it has been greatly ornamented and improved by our Poet. From the circumstance of their rising at the stormy period of the year, certain constellations were supposed to be the causes of the inclement weather, which prevailed during their ascendancy. Hence in our Poet we read of the tempestuous Orion, the watery Kids, and the showery Hyades, whose name is derived from their imaginary connexion with the rain of our atmosphere. In the present instance, to denote the greatness and the suddenness of the storm, the constellation, from which it issues, is said to burst, to give ample room for the magnitude of the eruption, which was an aggregate as it were of all its stores of tempest. This I regard to be the Poet's meaning in the *abrupto sidere*, which I cannot with Heyne, believe to be used simply for *abrupta nube*. It would be difficult, as I conceive, to produce a passage in which *sidus* and *nubes* are employed to express the same idea.

Verse 624.—As the black swallow, &c.

This apposite simile belongs entirely to our Poet.

*Verse 689.—As, fierce from adverse quarters, fire invades
The grove; &c.*

This accumulation of similes is finely poetical. The similes are original only in their combination; as the former of them may be found in the Ilias (λ. 155.) and in the Argonautics (l. 1026.); and the latter in a passage, which I have already cited (in a note to the second book) from the Ilias (δ. 452.)

*Ver. 733.—Now his bright Mother prompts Eneas' mind
To turn his hosts, &c.*

This sudden resolution of Eneas, to assail the city, produces a new change in the scene, and accomplishes, by very probable means, the catastrophe of the battle and the poem.

*Ver. 775.—So when the shepherd in their rocky cell
Has found the bees, and smoked their cit-
adel; &c.*

For this simile Virgil is indebted to Apollonius; who, in the second book of his Argonautics (v. 130.) compares the confusion of the routed Bebrycians to that of bees, attacked with smoke in a rock: but from the hand of our Poet, the property, which is thus borrowed, derives much ornament and enhanced value. In the same book also, (v. 88.) Apollonius likens the combat of Amycus and Pollux to that of two bulls, encountering for their favorite heifer; and thus precedes Virgil in the simile, which illustrates the fury of the single fight between Eneas and Turnus. In this last instance, however, there is no pretence of competition between the sketch of the Greek poet and the finished and terrific painting of the Roman.

*Ver. 795.—And, eager to resign detested breath,
Ties to a lofty beam the knot of hideous death.*

Trapp observes on this mode of death by which Amata finishes her career, “This is an ugly death for a queen; and I wish

Virgil had sent her out of the world another way." But Virgil was not, perhaps, solicitous for the honor of a woman, whose violent opposition to her husband and the gods had plunged her family and her country into such an abyss of woes. It must be observed also that hanging was not an infamous mode of death in the heroic ages; and that it seems to have been in peculiar request with the ladies of that period; Deianira, Clitè, Epicaste, Phædra, Phillis, Anticlea, and other illustrious females having despatched themselves by suspension.

Ver. 813.—When the breeze, fraught with blind and shapeless fears,

Wafts a dread murmur on his boding ears;

There is something peculiarly striking and fine in this *illætabile murmur*, these confused and indistinct sounds of distress which, borne to the distant ears of Turnus, alarm him in the midst of his imaginary triumph, and at once check his career. Why some of the translators should introduce Sages with an arrow sticking in his face; and why Dr. Warton, in a note on the passage, should point out to us the beauty of such an image, I cannot affect to conjecture—*adversa sagittâ Saucius ora*, wounded in the face by an arrow, is all that Virgil says upon the subject. *Adversa* can mean only that the face was fully opposed to the flight of the shaft.

Verse 849.—And is it thus,—thus terrible to die?

Usque adeone mori miserum est?

When the execrable Nero, deserted by all the world, was debating, in the last exigencies of his fallen fortune, on the measures to be pursued by him as the means of safety, one of the by-standers, as Suetonius informs us, repeated aloud this question of the Rutulian hero's in his distress. But it was long before the tyrant, as cowardly as he was cruel, could prevail on himself to profit by the hint.

*Verse 899.—As when, from some high mountain's forehead rent,
A rock precipitates with fierce descent : &c.*

In the thirteenth book of the *Ilias*, Hector rushing upon the Grecian phalanx is compared to a rock bounding from the summit of a mountain, and bearing all before it in its course to the plain: and if any thing can excel, in poetic representation, the rock of *Virgil*, it is that of the Grecian bard. It will be found in the original in v. 137, and I will gratify my English readers with it in its admirable translation by Pope.

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies with fury borne ;
(Which from the stulbhorn stone a torrent rends,) Precipitate the ponderous mass descends :
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds :
At every shock the crackling wood resounds.
Still gathering force, it smokes ; and, urged amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain :
There stops.—So Hector, &c.

There is also a fine imitation of this simile by *Tasso*, in the eighteenth book and 82d stanza, to which I shall content myself with thus directing the attention of the reader.

*Verse 923.—Towering in high supremacy of state,
He seems like Athos, or like Eryx great : &c.*

This description of the hero, leaving the city which was just in his possession, and, on the demand of personal glory, towering in his pride as he rushed to the decision of the single combat with his adversary, is certainly very noble and sublime. In the *Ilias* (v. 754.) Hector, with his white plumage, is compared to a snowy mountain: but in the passage under our review, the specification of the mountains wonderfully enlarges the idea; and the image of Apennine, shaking his forests and exulting in his snowy head, so particularly magnificent and

grand. The agitation also of the woods counteracts the idea of quiescence which would otherwise be attached to the immovability of a mountain. Milton's imitation of this Virgilian imagery in the fourth book of his *Paradise Lost*, where Satan is represented standing,

Like Teneriff o: Atlas unremoyed,
is too generally known to require its being pointed out.

Ver. 958.—To prove the event that shall the fight betide;
Whose scale shall mount, whose, charged with
death, subside.

In the last of these two lines, I have not given, as I will confess, the precise translation of my original: „for I feel assured that Virgil intended to express in this, whole line only the sinking of the scale which contained the fates of the unfortunate combatant. I cannot persuade myself that *Quem damnet labor* ought to be understood otherwise than according to the obvious meaning of the words: “Of whom the labor shall be fatal; and which scale shall sink under the weight of death.” It is not unusual for our Poet to express the same idea in two different forms, when from the last of them it will acquire strength: and we ought not in any instance to exchange the plain meaning, which is under our hands, for one which is to be laboriously and circuitously obtained. I am not surprised at the interpretation of this passage by Servius; *Quem damnet labor*—“Whom his successful labor shall oblige to the discharge of his vows:” for in numerous instances Servius blunders strangely in the explanation of his author; and, blind to what is under his eyes, sees what is invisible to every person excepting himself; but I am astonished that he should be followed in the present case by Trapp, who is generally the critic of common sense. My translation, however, is innocently wrong, as it does not betray the general meaning of my author. Dryden adopts Servius's interpretation, and supports it with the old commentator's arguments; and Pitt, as usual, treads in the steps of Dryden.

Verse 1040.—Meanwhile to Juno,

• • Spake heaven's great Lord:

Nothing can be more artificially and happily interposed, at this crisis of the poem, than this conference between the two Potentates of Olympns. No footstep of Troy was discoverable in the language or the manners of Rome; and this circumstance would naturally be objected as a strong argument against her Trojan parentage; for surely it was improbable that the conquering and the more civilized people should be so entirely lost, amid the conquered and the more rude, as not to survive and be visible in some at least of her arts, her laws, or her more polished dialect. To account for this unexampled event, the chiefs of the gods are here introduced, and the name and the memorial of Troy are finally abandoned to the implacable enmity of Juno. The heroic leader, indeed, of Troy is to be deified; and her exiled sons are to be safe, to flourish, to reign, to be the remote founders of an universal and eternal empire: but Troy is to exist only as she is blended with Latium; and the common offspring of the two nations is to be entirely Latin in language, dress, and customs. Every trace in short of the renowned Phrygian city and people is to be so blotted from the earth as to be sought for in vain by the investigating eye; and this is to be in consequence of the resentment of the queen of the gods—*sacra memorem Junonis ob iram*, which was proposed in the exordium of the poem as the cause of the perplexities of its action. Juno triumphs finally over the city of Dardanus, though Aeneas, under the shield of Fate, plants the germ of Rome, and becomes the progenitor of her Cæsars. An example of the same skilful management had already been given by Homer, in the seventh book of the Ilias, to account for the entire disappearance of the Grecian fortifications; and Milton with equal judgment, in the eleventh book of his immortal epic, has contrived to prevent our inquiries for the Paradise of Eden.

Ver. 1253.—And the soul, groaning, springs in rage to night.

If we should be shocked by this act of a hero's plunging his sword into the bosom of a suppliant enemy, we must recollect the sentiments of those times to which the act is referred: and we must not forget, the source from which our own greater softness of heart, and our more benignant as well as more pure system of morality are derived. Before the promulgation of the Gospel, revenge was one of the foremost virtues in the popular code of morals, and the death of the enemy, by whom he had fallen, was regarded as the most grateful offering to the Manes of the slaughtered hero. In the present instance, the death of Turnus had been especially demanded from the hand of Æneas, by his host and friend, the father of Pallas; and, after all, the hero would have extended mercy, if his rage had not been suddenly inflamed by the sight of his friend's spoils insultingly worn as a trophy by his victor. We must, likewise, remember that this friend had been particularly confided to Æneas by the fond and anxious father; and that the youth had been slain, with circumstances of great aggravation, by a man of much superior force, who seeks the combat with animosity; who wishes that the father were present to witness the fall of the son; and who engages with a consciousness of that disproportioned power which assures him of the victory. It was, in fact, a revengeful murder, rather than the fair slaughter of an enemy.

The action of the *Aeneis* is now complete; and the poem is drawn to a perfect end, as it has proceeded from a satisfactory beginning, and passed through a connected middle. Its body of information, on the subject of which it professes to treat, is whole and entire; and it leaves us nothing, which it may be necessary for us to know, previously to its commencement or subsequently to its close. By the death of Turnus the last obstacle to the establishment of the Trojans in Italy was removed. Amata had before been taken from the scene; and Juno had just been reconciled to the consummation, which she had hitherto opposed. The scheme of the Fates is accomplished; —the great catastrophe of the drama has been effected, and all the interest of the piece is now finally terminated. Any con-

tinuation of the *Aeneis*, indeed, even by the hand of its mighty author, must necessarily have languished, and been at most a beautiful superfluity. For what could properly have been made the subject of a thirteenth book? Would it be satisfactory to us to see the walls of the new colony ascend? to view the aged Latinus, humbled by defeat and broken by afflictions, brought to the embrace of his son-in-law and victor? to behold Lavinia, stained with tears for the loss of her mother and her lover, given to the man who had won her with his sword; who had been the cause of all her misfortunes; and whose hands were still red with the blood which had been most dear to her? All this we know must inevitably happen; and the certainty of our knowledge in this respect is all that is requisite for the integrity of the action of the poem.* If the events themselves had been shown to us in their state of actual occurrence, the exhibition would have tired us with its impertinence, and hurt our feelings with its impropriety. I could easily dilate upon this subject; and I could also advance something on the last and supernumerary book of the *Odyssey*; a poem which ought to have terminated, and which possibly, as it came from the hand of its author, did terminate, with the hero reposing in his own recovered palace, and in the arms of his faithful consort. On all these topics I could say something; and, indeed, am tempted to say much. But the subject has been amply treated by other critics: and my readers, patient as they may have been, must at length be desirous of my valediction. I will now then take leave of them; and, if I could hope that they would be kind at my request, I would address them with the Roman dramatist's final, and emphatic

PLAUDITE!

